

# BACKSTAGE IN CAMELOT

ively look at a twice-fabulous  
musical comedy: on page two

OVER BY LEWIS PARKER

erner and Loewe, whose *My Fair Lady* made them  
amous, come to Canada with stars Robert Goulet  
and Julie Andrews for the tryout run of *Camelot*

Dr. Hans Selye says: you can "train" your heart to survive

# MACLEAN'S

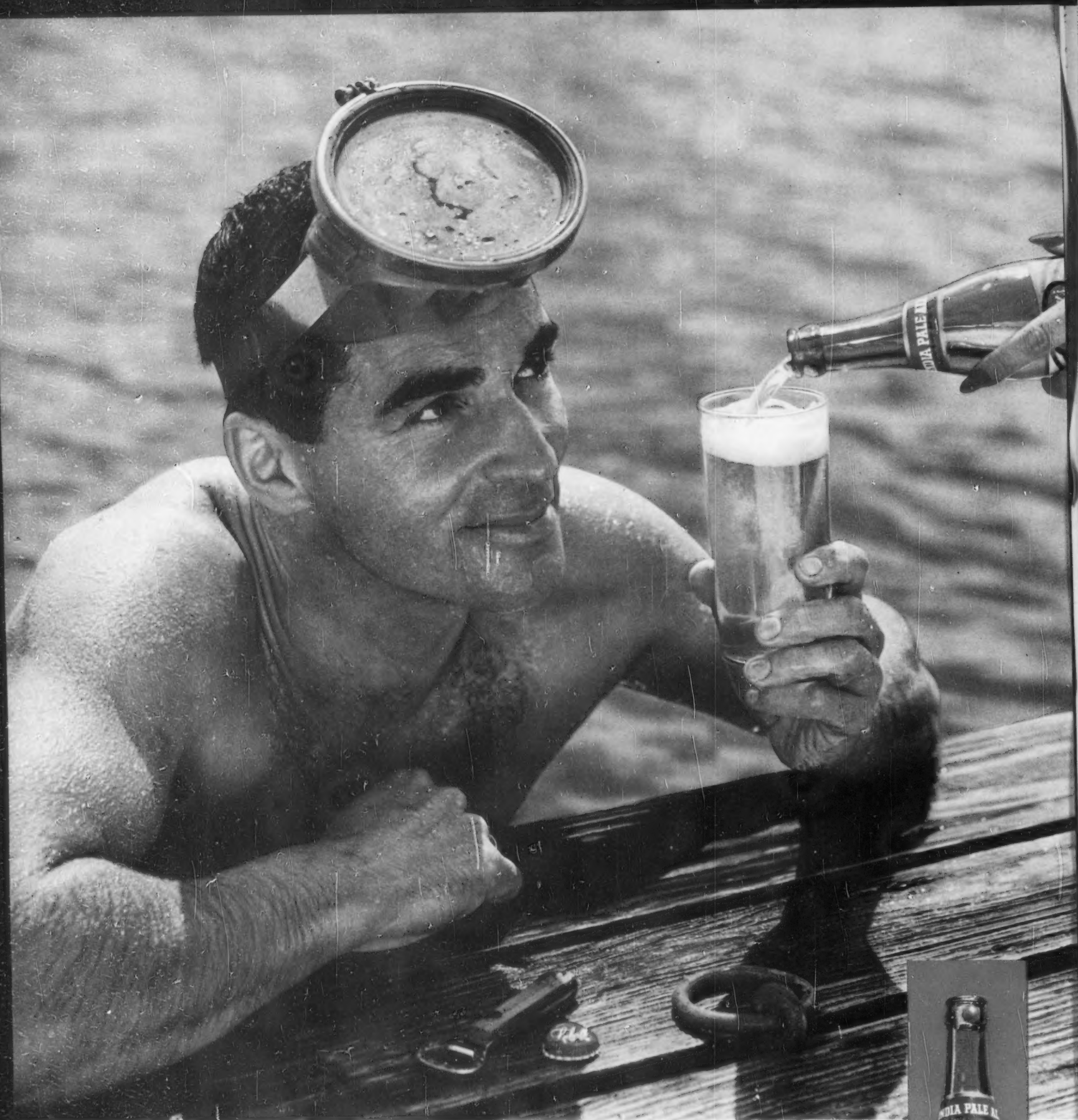
OCTOBER 8, 1960

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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**Labatt's INDIA PALE ALE**



AM60-25



## How Uncle Sam will soft-sell us on U.S. investment

**UNCLE SAM'S** spokesmen in Canada are quietly stepping up a propaganda campaign they hope will offset the growing agitation against American ownership of Canadian industry.

But it won't be a hard-sell campaign. Even if the issue becomes a hot one in the next federal election — as seems likely — the Americans won't risk being accused of meddling in Canadian affairs.

At its booth at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto last month, the U. S. Information Service offered a sample of the bland, "informational" approach it will probably take during the months ahead. The exhibit, called *Foreign Investments in the United States*, stressed — in graphs, pictures and a give-away booklet — that foreign capital was largely responsible for building the U. S. and is still important in industry there. The booklet says the U. S. was a debtor nation from the days of George Washington until the end of World War II. In 1803, it says, foreign investment in the U. S. amounted to \$60 million; foreigners held 53% of the U. S. national debt, owned 62% of the stock of the national bank and controlled 25% of U. S. corporations. Today, it adds, Canadians own the largest distillery in the U. S.



(Hiram Walker, in Peoria, Ill.); and a British company, Bowater, owns the largest paper mill (at Calhoun, Tenn.).

The exhibit, which had previously been displayed in other countries, made no references to Canadian feelings about U. S. investments. Visitors were left to draw their own conclusions.

Now the USIS will try to put the same oblique message across, in press releases, speeches, booklets and a "teachers' packet" of booklets and pamphlets that were first assembled last year. These packets are available to any teacher who asks for them; 17,000 were sent out last year, and the USIS expects to distribute a greater number this year.

Two basic points the Americans will try to make: ✓ The predominance of American investors' money in Canada is not a part of a U. S. government plot but simply the result of a natural flow of money into an orderly, secure country that needs capital; ✓ If Canadians want to restrict U. S. investments, it's up to Ottawa — not Washington — to take action. But the implication here will be strong and plain: such a move would inevitably lower Canadian living standards.—KLAUS NEUMANN

## Trains vs. trucks: will railways regain lost ground?

**CANADIAN RAILWAYS** seem likely to regain some of the ground they've been losing to truckers for 10 years.

While the railways hopefully await a report (due next spring) from the MacPherson Royal Commission on Transportation, there are signs that they are already giving blow for blow — or better — in the fight for freight dollars.

One sign: it's the truckers now, more than the railroaders, who are complaining loudly of "unfair competition." A current publication of the Automotive Transport Association of Ontario declares: "Powerful interests, working openly and secretly, are trying to cripple the trucking industry by advocating excessive taxation and additional restrictions on trucks."

Actually, truckers have been hit by the railways' having:

✓ built their "piggyback" services to the point where truck trailers (and their loads) have become the

railways' fifth largest cargo (after wheat, iron ore, lumber and coal). When piggybacking started in '52, casual observers took it as a sign that the feud was dying out; but truckers say they couldn't afford *not* to go piggyback. Trains can operate on Sundays; trucks can't unless they're carrying perishables. And piggybacking also eliminates some of the unpredictability of long road hauls and saves money by releasing tractors (i.e. motorized units) and their drivers for other work.

✓ captured many accounts from truckers by streamlining operations (e.g., switching to diesels) and by cutting rates (e.g., lower rates brought them contracts to haul beer in Saskatchewan and liquor in southwestern Ontario).

✓ decentralized their cumbersome administrative systems to speed up local service. The CPR has just reorganized its two regions (east and west), which both reported to Montreal, into four regions, bossed from Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Now railwaymen are optimistic that the MacPherson commission will recommend the long-sought Crow's Nest Pass subsidy, to compensate them for hauling grain westward at 1899 rates. Parliamentary approval could bring them \$70½ million a year.

Truckers, though hopeful that the provinces may soon let them increase their load limits, see little chance of early action on a second change they want: interprovincial agreements making a truck license from any province valid in all provinces. (A truck now must bear a license from every province it passes through; licensing one truck for coast-to-coast runs costs about \$7,000 a year.)

What will the outcome mean to the public — which ultimately pays the freight?

"Whatever develops," says A. R. Treloar, transportation and customs manager of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, "both sides are getting very conscious of competition — and that's going to be good for the public."—FERGUS CRONIN

## No more mixed-up babies / Ads in fortune cookies / Cordless lamps

**NEWBORN BABIES** who get mixed up and sent home from hospital with the wrong mothers have been the objects of countless disputes. Now doctors at Cook County Hospital, Chicago, think they've found a foolproof means of identification: photographs of each baby's ears. (Fingerprints won't register; a newborn baby's skin is too soft.) In 206 experimental photos, the doctors found no two babies with ears of identical size, shape and formation. They're urging all hospitals to take up the same system.

**DIRECTOR TO WATCH:** Just two months ago, Leon Major, 27, of Toronto, was broke and dispirited and was planning to make a new start in England whenever he could square away the bills he ran up during a flop production he helped finance last winter. Now he is to be assistant director (to Michael Langham) at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival next season, has a six-month contract as a CBC producer, and will direct two plays for the Crest Theatre in Toronto, including its prestige production, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. Early in August, when he began directing Stratford's production of *The Teacher*, by Toronto playwright John Gray, Major didn't know where his next meal was coming from. But the morning after its first performance, though critics were cool about

the play itself, Major began getting offers. "If I'm not doing all right by the end of this season," he says, "I should get out of the theatre."

**FURRIERS** are out to capture a whole new market for mink: toilet-seat covers. In New York, cutters are making the seat covers out of mink tails — and matching bath mats from coatmakers' leftovers.

**ALCOHOL** may come to the rescue of farmers who haven't enough water for their crops. At the University of Illinois, scientists managed to make corn flourish with only two thirds the usual amount of water, after coating the plant roots with a fatty alcohol. Their theory: the alcoholic substance forms a film that reduces evaporation.

**BEWARE OF FREE FORTUNE COOKIES** — unless you're prepared to read an ad instead of the traditional piece of Oriental advice. Ghen Tateyama, whose Toronto firm makes five million fortune cookies a year, has teamed up with a promotion man. Together, they're producing cookies with commercial messages inside, for clients who want them as novel give-aways. Actually, Tateyama is just catching up with fortune-cookie makers in the U. S., where advertisers have included the Bank of America and several beer companies.

**TWO HOUSEHOLD ITEMS** due to fade in importance: can openers and appliance cords. A frozen-juice company is already test-marketing an aluminum-topped can that you open by seizing a loop-shaped tab and pulling off a thin band of pre-scored metal around the circumference. And with battery-operated electric shavers already on the market, appliance designers are working on vacuum cleaners, lamps, dictating machines, clocks and electric lawn mowers that will all be cordless, operating on long-lasting batteries.

**LAYMEN WILL BE TAUGHT** how and when to cut open a human chest and massage the heart, if Dr. Claude S. Beck of Cleveland has his way. He's urging his colleagues to teach the technique in first-aid courses. Many accident victims, he says, now die of coronaries when they could be saved by skilled laymen.

**NEXT STATUS SYMBOL** for suburbia: solar-controlled drapes. A Toronto firm, Porter Fabrics, began developing them three years ago for banks and supermarkets. A photoelectric cell turns on a motor that opens or closes the drapes, depending on the sun's intensity. With its industrial model a success, Porter is almost ready with a smaller unit for living rooms.



# BACKSTAGE IN

**A fabulous story becomes a fabulous musical — Lewis Parker sketches rehearsals of Camelot, a sell-out before it hits Broadway or Toronto**

Richard Maney, press agent for the newest Lerner-Loewe musical, once wrote, "A sold-out house is the most potent advertisement in the theatre." By this yardstick Camelot has already been advertised to the point of embarrassment. Long before it went into rehearsal in New York, the first eight to ten months on Broadway were sold out. For its three-week tryout, starting October 1 in Toronto's O'Keefe Centre, 20,000 mail orders poured in the first two days the box office was open. The sale may have been helped along by the casting of a Canadian matinee idol named Robert Goulet as a medieval matinee idol named Lancelot. Advance business is so brisk that Maney calls it "a little obscene." Another financial success is apparently in the bag for the team that created My Fair Lady.

Therefore, when Lew Parker and I visited Camelot rehearsals last month we found the producers, with all the logic of showbusiness, starting to worry.

Producers, of course, have routine worries when they tackle, in 22 days, the staging of a \$480,000 show with 12 principals, 40 singers and dancers, 17 scenes, and six fountains supposed to spout real water ten feet into the air. For example, director Moss Hart is concerned about Robert Goulet's contemporary slouch, which seems unsuitable for that ardent, upright Boy Scout, Sir Lancelot: Goulet's special elevator shoes only partly correct it. And the wigmaker is wondering whether purists will object to his cloaking Miss Andrews, as Guenever, in four feet of ash-blond, rather than brunette, hair. "I know she's supposed to be dark," he says waspishly. "But both the leading men are dark." And the propmakers are worried about the horse costumes, which the dancers wear like life-preservers-with-prows: nothing wider than 27 inches can get through the wings at the Majestic, the Broadway theatre where Camelot will play after the Toronto tryout.

But in addition, since they can't worry about box-office security, everyone has hit on worrying about Toronto.

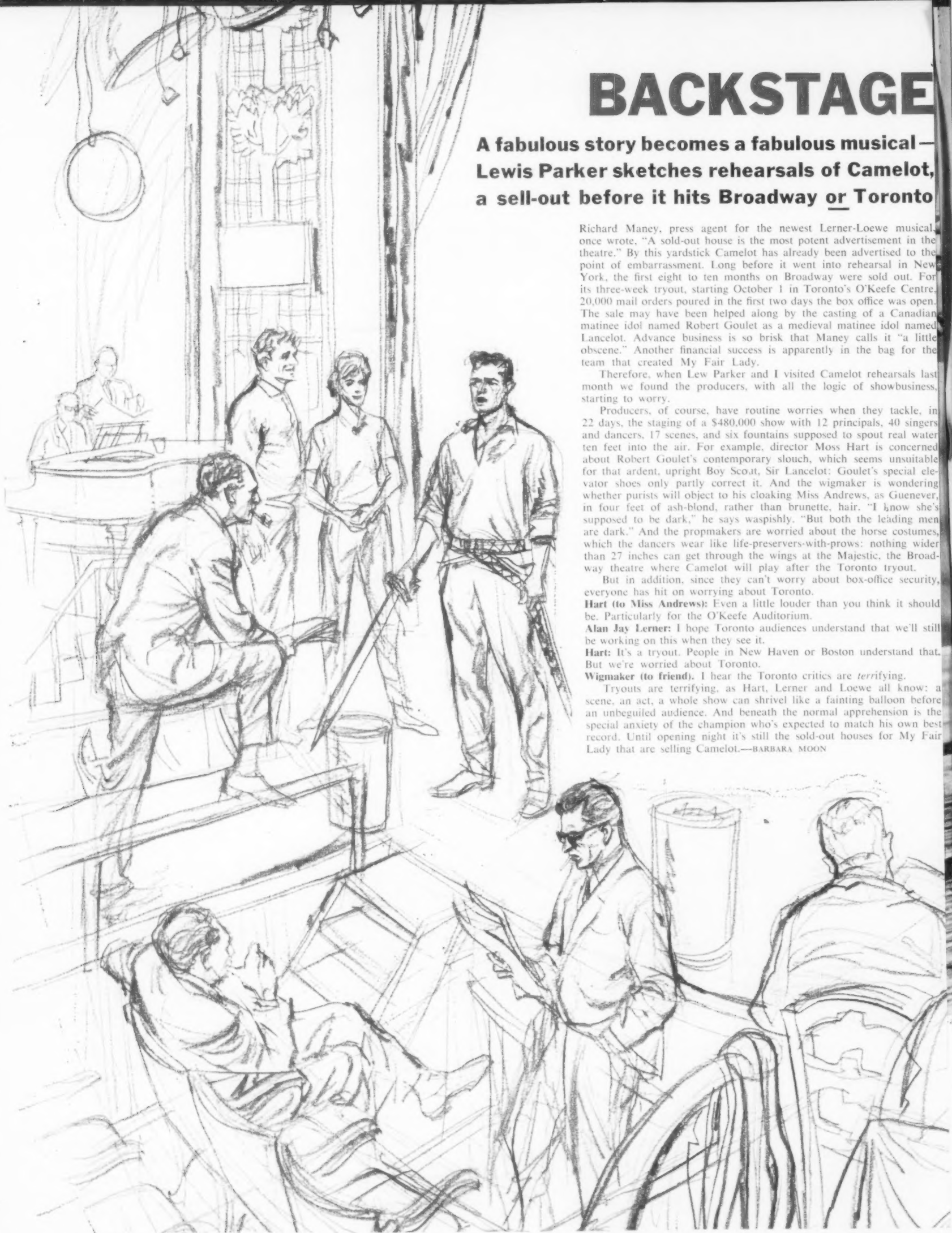
**Hart (to Miss Andrews):** Even a little louder than you think it should be. Particularly for the O'Keefe Auditorium.

**Alan Jay Lerner:** I hope Toronto audiences understand that we'll still be working on this when they see it.

**Hart:** It's a tryout. People in New Haven or Boston understand that. But we're worried about Toronto.

**Wigmaker (to friend):** I hear the Toronto critics are terrifying.

Tryouts are terrifying, as Hart, Lerner and Loewe all know: a scene, an act, a whole show can shrivel like a fainting balloon before an unbeguiled audience. And beneath the normal apprehension is the special anxiety of the champion who's expected to match his own best record. Until opening night it's still the sold-out houses for My Fair Lady that are selling Camelot.—BARBARA MOON



The My Fair Lady team shapes a new show. Director Moss Hart (pipe) is quiet-voiced; Loewe (sitting in chair) is watchful; Lerner (with script) is tense. Arthur (Richard

Burton) and Guenever (Julie Andrews) watch Lancelot (Robert Goulet) sing. As the tension mounted among the cast, Hart grew tougher about letting outsiders into rehearsal.

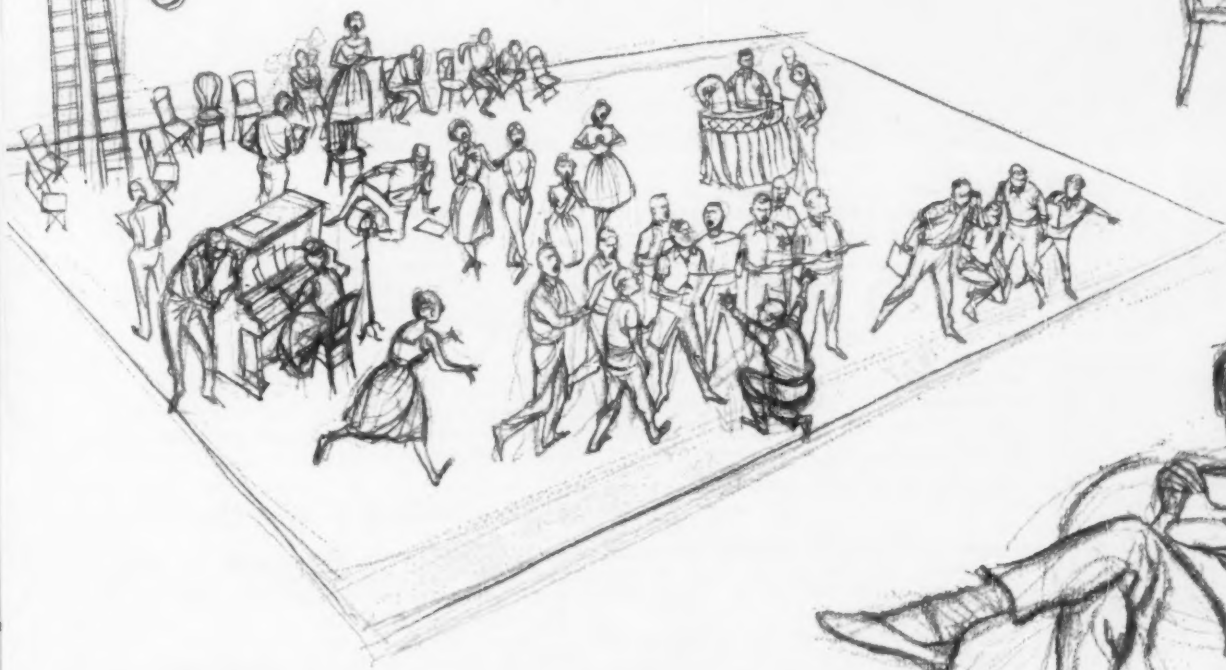


# IN CAMELOT



In rehearsal the actors are absorbed, hardworking. During breaks they ease tension with mild horseplay. Miss Andrews and Burton duel with a pennon and a paper rose. Left: Hart, inspired by Miss Andrews' makeshift court train, whirls her into a waltz.

Tea is served at four each day onstage. "We have to," says Hart. "We've got so many English stars in the cast." One of them, Robert Coote (a Col. Blimp-ish Pickering in *My Fair Lady*) plays a Col. Blimp-ish medieval king. Even the English sheepdog he's petting can boast theatrical credits — a Broadway appearance in the *King of Hearts* — and the only signs of temperament, so far, in the cast. Hired from Animal Talent Scouts to play the king's unkempt pet, Horrid, she sulks at the purposeful neglect of her coat and has to be solaced with squiffs of lemon verbena cologne. London-born Roddy McDowall, former child star, is also in the cast.



Medieval jousts are being stylized into dances. With a chorus of 20 dancers and 20 singers, assorted rehearsals needed three halls and went on from morning till 11 at night. To pick up pace and keep tempo crisp, choreographer Hanya Holm and musical director Franz Allers use voice, gesture and frenzied body-English. Miss Holm's assistant is Canadian-born Pat Kelly, who says of Canadian-born Robert Goulet, making his Broadway debut in *Camelot*, "He's got a gorgeous voice. His diction — it's perfect."



# COMMENT

## EDITORIAL: When mercy seasons justice in Canada, justice is served

**BECAUSE WE ARE OPPOSED** to capital punishment and hope to see it abolished in Canada before long, we were sorry the government decided to save Robert McCorquodale from the gallows. If the man is guilty as charged, of murdering a little girl, this was the kind of mad-dog crime that makes any parent's blood run cold, and is commonly used as the strongest argument in favor of hanging. In our view, this particular exercise of the prerogative of mercy was a mistake, more likely to hinder than help the general cause of penal reform.

But far more disturbing than the error of judgment has been the public reaction to it. To hear some critics, and some eminent ones at that, one would think the very exercise of judgment was an error. People talk as if the government, in commuting death sentences to life imprisonment, were interfering with the due process of law and overruling courts of justice.

This is a monstrous misunderstanding. The royal prerogative of mercy is not an interference with justice, but an essential part of it. Without this final intervention our legal system, in capital cases, would be an inhuman death-dealing machine instead of the flexible if fallible instrument which in fact it is.

Canadian law leaves no freedom of choice to the judge in murder cases. The Criminal Code states that anyone convicted of murder "shall be sentenced to death" — no alternative sentence is allowed. This wise

provision relieves the judge of a burden of decision too terrible for any man to bear alone, the decision to take away another man's life.

Under our system, that terrible decision is twice taken, and twice shared. It is taken once by the twelve on the jury, when they find the man guilty or not guilty of murder. (They may, in many murder cases, find him guilty on the reduced charge of manslaughter, which does permit flexibility in the sentence.) But when the jury has found a man guilty and when the judge has passed (as he is obliged to pass) sentence of death, there remains another shared decision before the sentence is carried out. No man is killed by the state in this country without the express warrant of the state's highest authority, the Governor-General in Council.

All governments of Canada exercise this power of life and death. Some, like the government now in office, may extend mercy to many convicted men, some to few; the question is always one of judgment, and always a grave one. No doubt mistakes are made from time to time, in this as in other human enterprises.

But if mistakes have to be made, surely mercy is the better side to err on. Surely vengeance has no place in the rituals of a Christian society. If this latest act of mercy was an error it was an honorable one, and we hope the ensuing outcry will not make the government afraid of making similar errors again.

## MAILBAG: Sad tales of vanity publishers' clients / Joyce Davidson a "spoiled child"?

I am a victim of Mr. Buehler of Greenwich Book Publishers (How a vanity publisher wooed a "deft, nimble" poet, Background, Aug. 27). He apparently heard that I was trying to publish a book of short stories and wrote to me asking to see them. Within a very short time I received a contract and very much the same type of letter as the one mentioned in your article. I swallowed the bait and coughed up \$2,150, borrowed from the bank. I am still paying it back out

Wiring back. I explained that while \$450 might not be much in New York, it was too much for me, but if the book was as good as he implied, get it published and deduct all fees from the proceeds.

This offer brought back another letter, still enthusiastic. I could pay in installments and they would do their best to get it published. My answer was as before.

After that there was silence for several months until I asked them what they intended to do, but refusing to pay what I considered too much for retyping, although agreeing to the reading fee. The result is that I now have my manuscript — still in need of retyping.

You are doing well in warning against vanity publishing and I think the warning should be extended to vanity agents. — L. JOHNSON, WASKESIU LAKE, SASK.

ceutical products that are customarily sold in drug-stores.

We have proved that [our] way of dispensing can be reasonably profitable to the proprietors and at the same time effect considerable saving to the drug-consuming public. — W. E. ELLERBY, WINNIPEG.

### How not to catch bank robbers

Re: Det. Inspector Bedard's article, How I captured the Red Hood Gang (Aug. 27). Sending four squad cars to a bank at night with sirens screaming, after



of my modest salary as a very junior civil servant and my royalties after over a year of publication have amounted to the magnificent sum of \$24. — A. DE COURCY DENNY, PORT HARDY AIRPORT, B.C.

✓ About a year ago I finished a novel and submitted it to three of the top Canadian publishing houses. Two returned it with the usual comment . . . The third [said] the plot was good, the background of RCMP life in northern Canada very interesting, but they could not make an offer owing to the high cost of production and the low public interest in fiction except by established authors, advising me to try other houses. All this being encouraging, I decided an agent was what was needed and having no way in this remote spot of finding out about them, chose one who was advertising. [I got] an airmail letter full of enthusiasm. " . . . We want to publish but it needs professional typing. We will do this at a minimum charge." I agreed, and the next letter was details of the minimum charge \$450 to be paid at once.

### Chemists not cut-rate druggists

How druggists hope to squelch cut-rate competition (Preview, Sept. 10) mentioned our firm of dispensing chemists, Ellerby & Hall Chemists Ltd., in connection with cut-rate drugstores. So little of what you said has application to our firm and so much of the article is derogatory that we feel that we are entitled to explain.

Ellerby & Hall is not a cut-rate or a discount drugstore. We are not a drugstore in the common use of the term. We fill prescriptions for drugs, for which we charge a fee of one dollar per prescription plus the wholesale cost of the drug. Whatever the "typical discount drugstore" may do, we most certainly take phone orders and deliver. In fact, the bulk of our business is just of this character.

I do not suggest for a moment that the local druggist is charging a price which is exploiting the public. To a large extent, the charge that he makes is quite reasonable considering his costs of carrying a large stock of drugs which turn over slowly. Also, the consumer pays for the convenience of having a neighborhood pharmacy. But this druggist is not receiving his most serious competition from a firm like ours, but from supermarkets who compete in the non-pharma-



being advised that intruders were inside, was a brilliant piece of police work. They heard the sirens (remarkable) and escaped through the roof. — J. SADLER, OTTAWA.

### Joyce Davidson's "vindictiveness"

In my humble opinion it is too bad that Marika Robert discovered Joyce Davidson in your September 10 issue. — MRS. RUTH MORRITT STEPHENSON, COBBLE HILL, B.C.

✓ It was a kindly article, well designed, which does Miss Robert much credit. But the quotation about Mrs. Davidson's great joy at leaving her former circle of acquaintances to enter the charmed circle of writers, interviewers and actors, appears to me as the vindictive outburst of a spoiled child. [Nevertheless] I enjoyed the biographical sketch. — M. J. SPRATT, REGINA. ★



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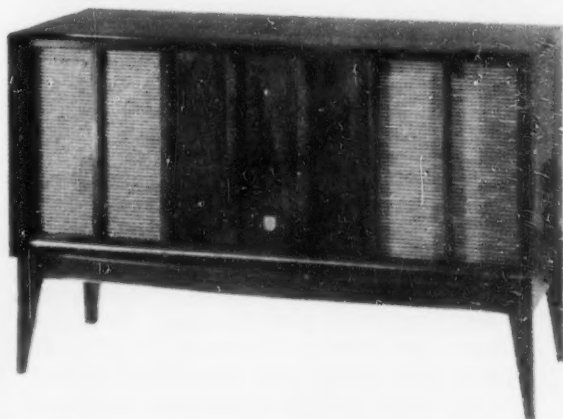
At Philips, we recorded 132 different instruments ... from glockenspiel to tuba ... from violin to 16-foot organ stop. It was one of the more than 100 tests our engineers created to prove that Philips Stereo High Fidelity Units will reproduce every sound exactly as played ... with "photographic" realism!

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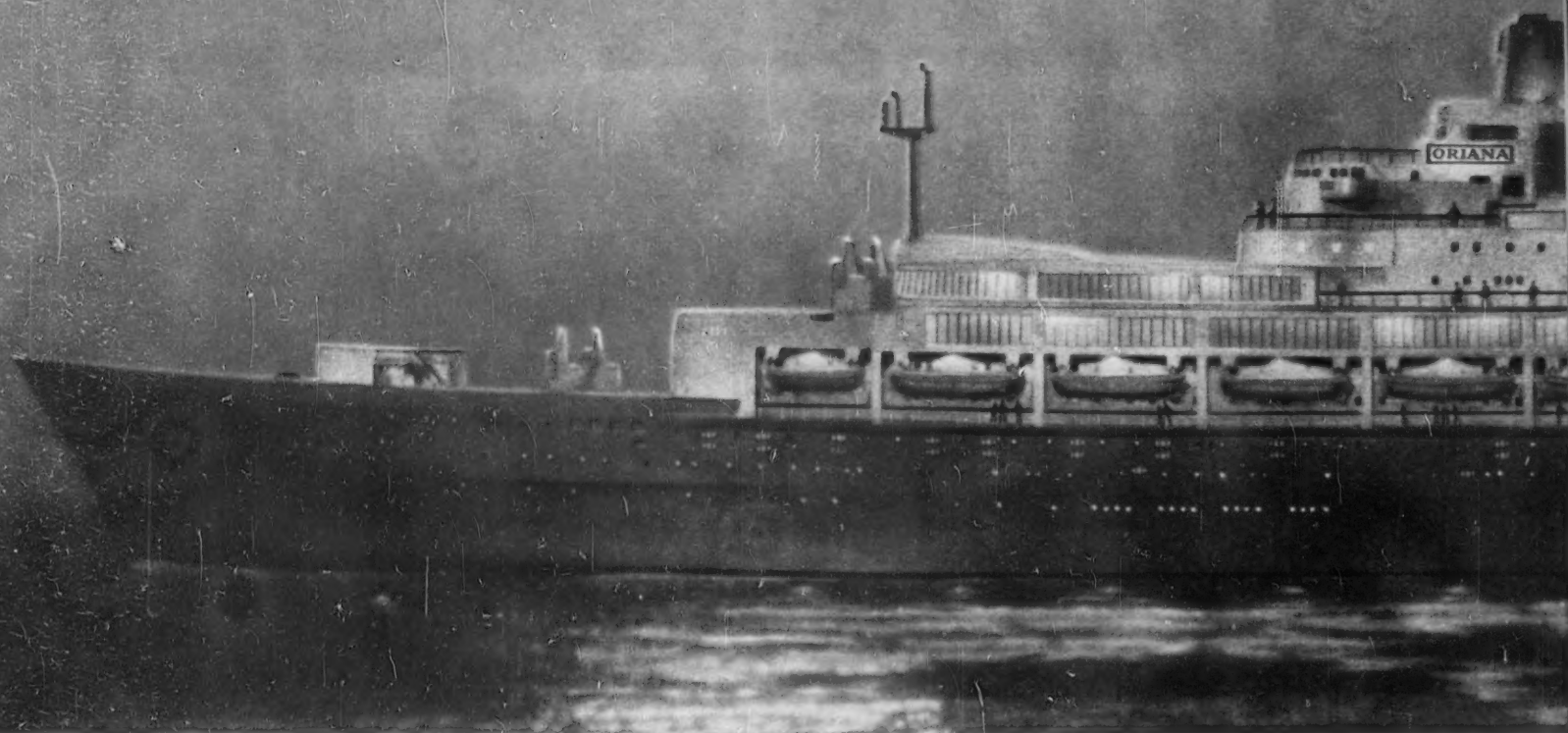
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Let your own critical ears be the final test. Wake up to the new experience of Stereophonic sound with Philips Fidelity. The sound and the style will prove to you that Philips takes the time to build the best.

The Strathcona FM/AM Stereophonic High Fidelity Furniture-crafted all-wood Cabinets house four famous Philips Expanded Frequency Speakers that deliver 'Symphony Hall' fidelity. Space-Scanner FM/AM Tuner gives finest reception. Precision 4-Speed Record Changer with Micro-Fine Flipover Cartridge brings you the purest stereo sound. Model F614.



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## On February 3, a majestic new British ship makes the Pacific the world's most comfortable ocean!

P&O-Orient's new 40,000-ton S.S. Oriana sails February 3 from Vancouver on her maiden voyage to the South Pacific, Mediterranean, and Europe. Your fare: as little as \$15 a day!



**ORIANA** is the first of two new superliners to join P&O-Orient's fleet of 16 fast passenger liners. She was launched in November 1959, by H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent.

The 40,000-ton *Oriana* carries 638 first class and 1496 tourist class passengers. She is longer (804 feet) than two football fields. Yet she can sail *sideways* up to a dock as gently as you'd park a car. Her cruising speed of 27½ knots cuts the record time between the West Coast and London by almost two weeks!

### 903 British seamen

Five minutes after you've stepped aboard this remarkable new ship you'll know why the Pacific has suddenly become the world's most comfortable ocean.

There are 903 British seamen aboard *Oriana*—almost one for every two passengers. You feel as though you were on a luxurious private yacht. Teak decks are spotless. Paint and brightwork sparkle in the sunlight. A steward is never more than a finger's wave away.

Every first class cabin has its own private bath or showers, as do many in tourist class. There is a special tap for ice water in each cabin. All

cabins are air-conditioned. Some even have their own television sets.

### Seagoing television

*Oriana* is the first ship ever equipped with a complete closed-circuit television system that can pick up and rebroadcast European, American and Oriental programs. Each cabin has a radio speaker with individual controls which offer a choice of two channels.

There are eleven passenger decks on *Oriana* with more things to do than you find in most fair-

sized cities. The ship's diagram at right will give you a guided tour of a few of the decks. Exact locations are pin-pointed by letters.

There is a fully equipped two-story theater (A) for feature movies, television shows and concerts.

### Five open decks

*Oriana* has three swimming pools (B) two in tourist and one in first class. Each is happily near a seagoing sidewalk café where you can quench your thirst with tankards of English ale.

There are five games decks (C) open to the gentle sun and trade winds for days of tennis, quoits, shuffleboard and cricket, and nights of starlit dancing.

In first class you can eat in the Grill (D) which has walls of silver coins and a charcoal grill where steaks are broiled to your order. Or in the magnificent Restaurant (E) that is paneled in Brazilian Rosewood and glowing silks from Thailand.

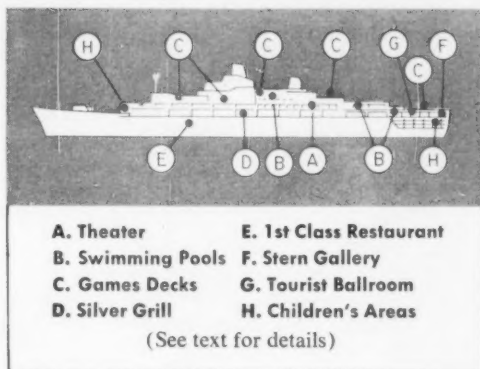
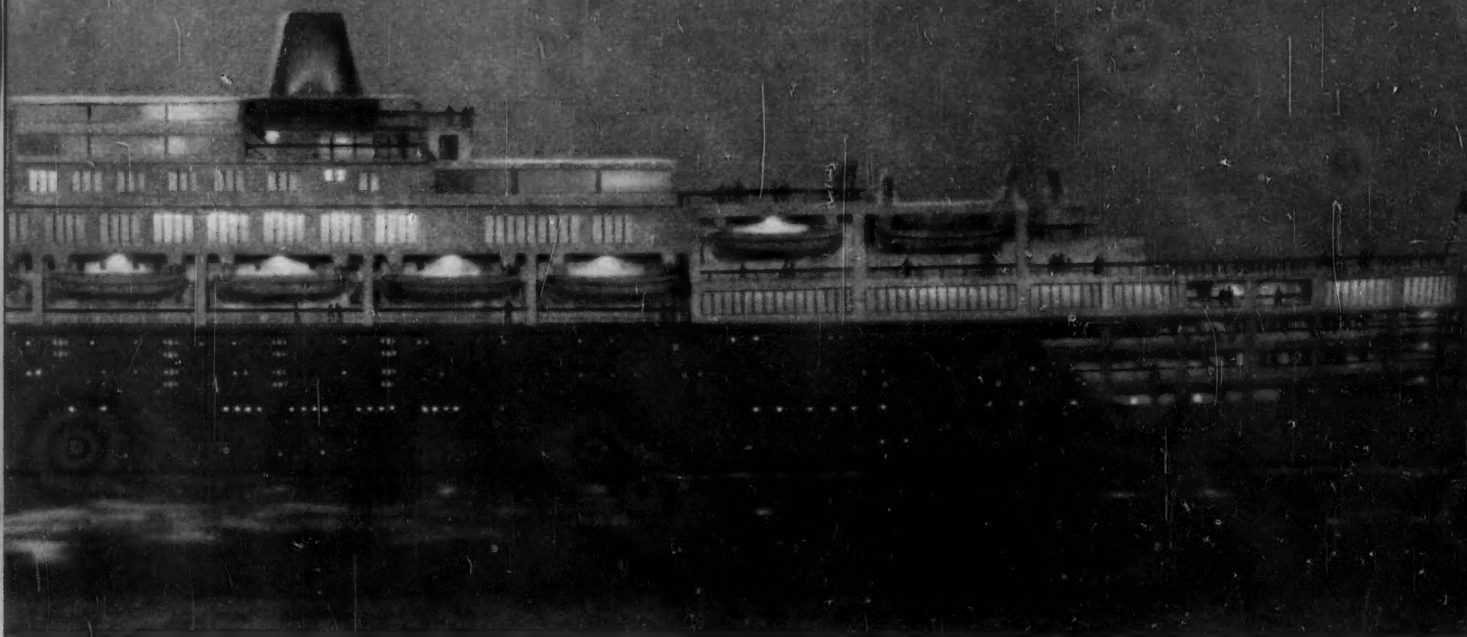
Probably the most spectacular lounge afloat on any ocean is in tourist class on *Oriana*. The Stern Gallery (F) has a 130-foot sweep of windows that look out over the wake stretching serenely back to the horizon. Just forward of this is a lovely 250-foot long ballroom (G) that runs the



Temple of Apollo at Pompeii. Vesuvius still grumbles and smokes in the background.



## RUN AWAY TO SEA—ON P&O-ORIENT LINES



full width of the ship and has its own orchestra.

If you bring your family you'll have plenty of time for yourself. Children have their own play decks and game rooms (H) supervised for you by English nannies. At night when you go out you can get an automatic baby sitter put in your cabin that will flash a light on the main switchboard if your child gets restless and cries.

### How to plan your trip

You can sail on the maiden voyage of *Oriana* to Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, the Mediterranean and Europe for less than you'd pay at a resort hotel. As little as \$15 a day!

If you like, you can make the maiden voyage the first part of a trip around the world. Or you can get off along the way and sail home on another P&O-Orient liner. Read the itinerary below. Then make *your* choice.

**February 3:** *Oriana* sails from Vancouver.

**February 5-7:** San Francisco. Don't miss Chinatown.

**February 8-9:** Los Angeles. You have time enough here to explore Hollywood and Disneyland.

**February 13:** Honolulu. Ever felt like beachcombing? Waikiki is made for going native.

**February 19:** The Fiji Military Forces Band greets you at Suva with a stirring concert.

**February 22:** Wellington. It's summer now in New Zealand (you follow Spring and Summer around the world the entire way) so bring light clothes.

**February 25-March 1:** Sydney. If you like kangaroos, horse racing and delightful people, Australia is for you. Tip: Go across country to Fremantle where you can pick up your ship again for the trip to Ceylon.

**March 11:** Colombo. Fascinating temples, tea plantations and bazaars. Best buy: star sapphires.

**March 14:** Aden. An Arabian Nights' world.

**March 17-18:** Egypt. You can get off at Suez and drive part way along the Canal. *Oriana* sailing across the desert makes an unforgettable picture.

**March 20:** Naples. The Mediterranean's most beautiful port. Pompeii is only 20 minutes away by train.

**March 22:** Gibraltar. Free-port paradise for shoppers. Spain is just the other side of the city gates.

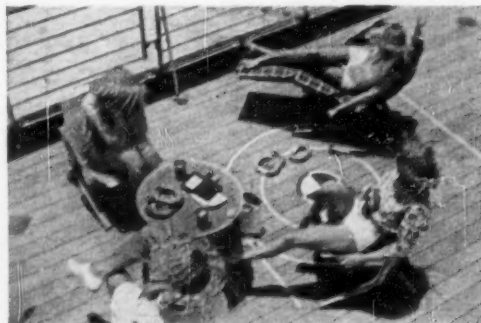
**March 24:** You land at Southampton in time for England's glorious Spring.

### What does it cost?

P&O-Orient Lines offer you a delightful *choice* of ways to sail the Pacific.

If you want to be comfortable, keep an eye on your budget, and still travel in good style—you can go P&O-Orient's tourist class. If you feel like spreading yourself lavishly, you can go first class.

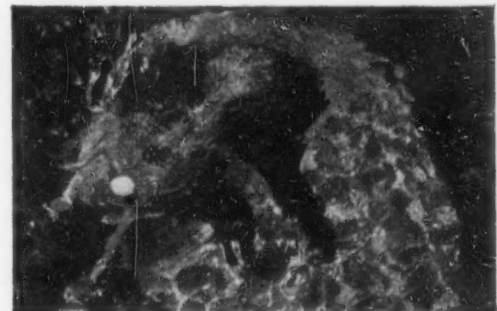
Fares for *Oriana's* maiden voyage from the



*Oriana* has five open decks for sun and games and moonlit dances. The palm hats are from Fiji.



"Sundowners" at a seagoing outdoor café in the South Pacific. A dry martini sets you back 20¢.



Three pools on *Oriana* brim with blue Pacific water. Children have their own paddling pools.

West Coast to England range from \$1170 to \$2610 first class, and from \$731 to \$977 tourist class. The fare is lower if you get off at an intermediate port. You save ten per cent on your ticket by taking a *round trip* on P&O-Orient. And the same saving applies if you fly back.

Your travel agent will be glad to show you cabin plans and make all reservations for you. Why not see him *now* and start your plans well ahead of time?

For free illustrated literature on *Oriana* and the routes of the P&O-Orient fleet, write: Dept. 9, P&O-Orient Lines, 629 Hornby Street, Vancouver 1, B. C. Elsewhere in Canada: Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents.



## STRESS: HOW DOES IT AFFECT YOUR BODY?

Stress—physical, mental or emotional—can be either good or bad for you.

In fact, a normal amount of stress is actually a good thing. For example, if you get "keyed-up" over an interesting or challenging job, you may do your work more effectively.

But prolonged or intense stress—caused by too much work or worry or anxiety—can threaten health.

That's because continued stress upsets some of the body's chemical processes. In particular, severe or persistent stress causes overactivity of certain glands that produce hormones, the body's "chemical messengers."

If this glandular overactivity is continually triggered by stress, it may upset almost every system of the body. And this may lead to illness, including heart trouble, high blood pressure and digestive disorders.

All of us should recognize the threat of undue stress. Its importance is made plain by the fact that so many people who seek medical attention today

have ailments brought about or made worse by prolonged stress.

If you find that it's frequently difficult or nearly impossible to relax or "take things easy" or get a good night's sleep, chances are you're under too much stress.

Here are some ways to help you keep the mental and physical stresses of life in check:

**When your work load** seems overwhelming, remember that some things can almost always be set aside until later. Concentrate on one particular job. That way your work will go faster and you'll be under less strain.

**When tense and upset**, try physical activity. It helps relieve tenseness so that you can come back and tackle irritating problems more calmly.

**Talk out your troubles**—with your clergyman or family doctor or with an understanding friend or member of your family. Getting things "off your chest" prevents a lot of unnecessary emotional stewing.

**Have regular medical check-ups**. If you keep physically fit, you'll be able to handle your tensions more easily.

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### THE COVER

The sketch of Robert Goulet and Julie Andrews in their costumes for Camelot was done by Lewis Parker under trying conditions. Final details of the stars' costumes weren't ready by the artist's deadline, so Parker had to guess at them. He hopes he's good at guesswork.

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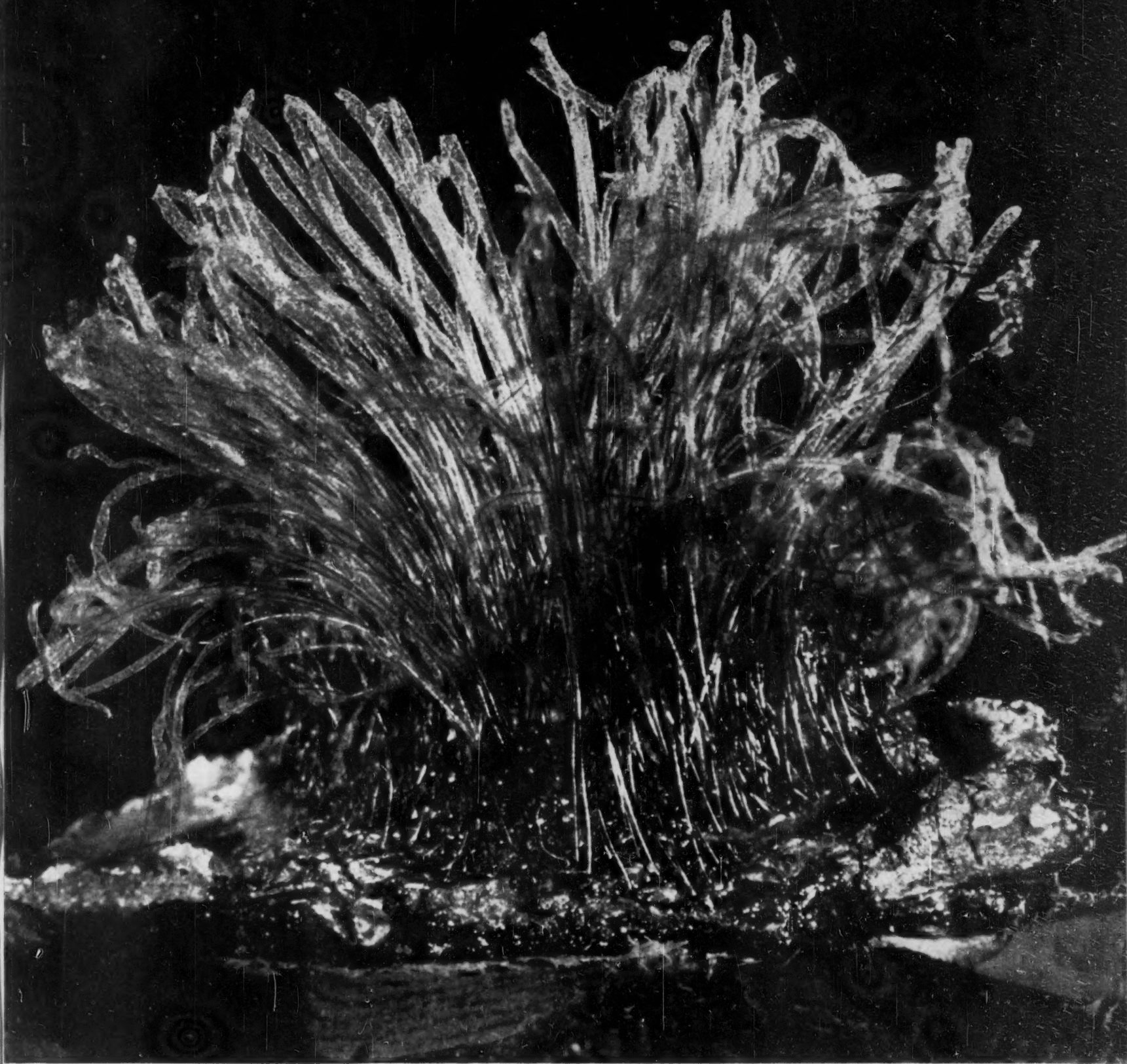
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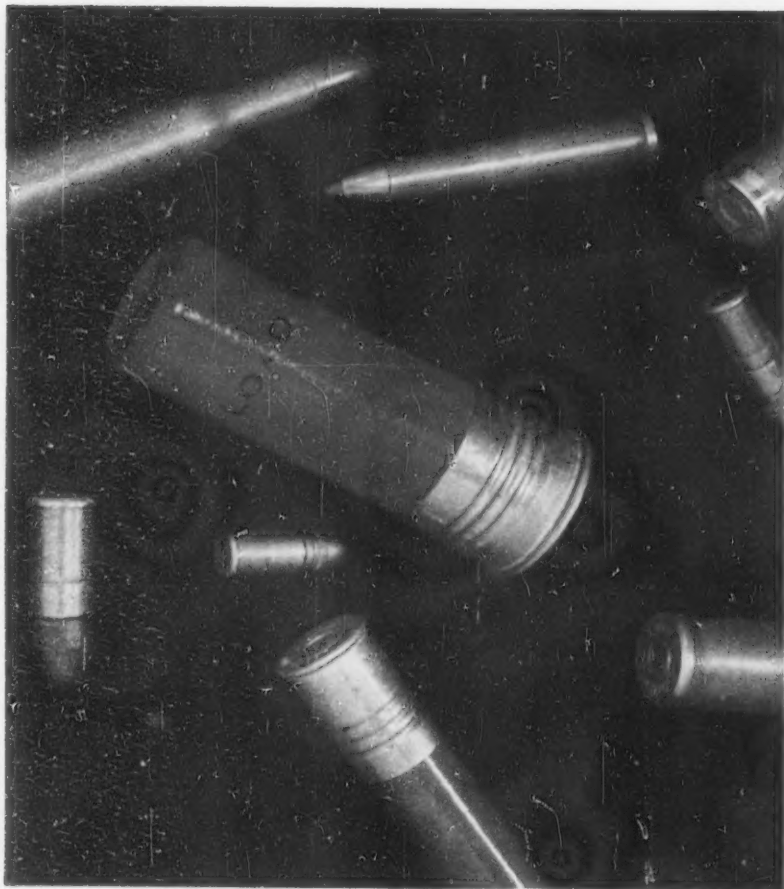
*Slime Mould, by Harold V. Green, Photography-Microscopy Group of the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada.*

## Woods worker...with a dual personality

One of nature's enigmas, these moulds change from animal to vegetable and back again. Living off bacteria in decaying wood, they help transform forest litter into food for tree growth, thus fulfilling a useful function in the life cycle of the forest. In the forests, the pulp and paper mills also fulfill a dual function. As they harvest mature trees, they conduct a continuing program of forest management that encourages new growth. While assuring

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## For the sake of argument



**JOHN B. WITCHELL CONTENTS**

### One man can do something to ward off nuclear war

Last year I gave up a \$6,900-a-year job as a professional engineer with the Defense Research Board. I have a wife and six children to support, and I appreciate the value of a steady income as much as any man. But the issues over which I resigned are of such tremendous importance that I feel I was justified in risking my household in order to place the facts in the clearest terms before the government and people of this country.

I am not a pacifist. I believe that Canada needs *more* defense, not less. I have many friends in the defense department and the armed services. They are serving their country in all good conscience, often in frustrating circumstances. I do not suggest that they should resign. Mass resignations would not improve the situation, but would create an even greater confusion, when what we need above all is a clear, rational defense policy. What we have now, instead, is a policy of planned national suicide.

There are really three lines of genuine defense. The first is our policy in international affairs, which should aim at keeping us out of troubles that are not our concern. We should decisively separate ourselves from U.S. belligerence. Positive efforts for peace, both in and outside the UN, should be actively encouraged. This first line of defense is by far the most important, since we cannot expect our present way of life to continue unless it is held.

The second line of true defense consists of a complete Canadian rejection of nuclear weapons of every description. This is essential for at least two reasons. One is the effect upon world opinion — a factor of incalculable importance that the West has grossly ignored. The other is the fact that if nuclear war does start, all the nuclear nations will be obliged to devour one another. The atomic club is a suicide club.

It will be said that non-nuclear armed forces are useless. This depends upon their purpose. Our armed forces and civil defense form the third line, and the third line only, of a true defense system. They are the disaster team, which will come into action only when all else has failed. They could also do much to prevent disaster — by providing troops for a permanent UN police force, should this be established.

What we need, I contend, is a large and highly mobile Canadian army, one built around rugged equipment and men trained in survival techniques.

#### McCarthy's ghost still walks

As we move from the already tense age of the manned bomber into the age of the missile, we move into a situation that will allow only a tiny fraction of time for making decisions that will mean the survival or non-survival of the human race. The data on which these decisions are to be based are provided by a fantastically complicated network of apparatus spread over half the world. In effect, this is the fuse of an infernal machine on which we are all sitting. This in itself is an intolerable situation. When to it is added the fact that the Russians will undoubtedly achieve full missile capability before the U.S., it becomes evident that the sole result of our present association with Washington is that we will share with the United States a one-way ticket to Valhalla.

Too many scientists in government employment have been so intimidated by the ghost of Joe McCarthy that they are unable to convey the terrible facts even to their own governments. I did not feel that I could square the principles of Christianity, or even my professional integrity as an engineer, with a meaningless contribution to a

MR. WITCHELL HAS BEEN AN ENGINEER WITH A QUEBEC PLASTICS FIRM SINCE HE RESIGNED LAST YEAR FROM THE DEFENSE RESEARCH BOARD.





### *A walk into a changing world*

Here in a child's sheltered world of enchantment, a woodland walk brings only the happy discovery of a changing season. To Susan's grandfather, this canopy of green and gold brings also each year the gentle reminder that the leaves of life keep falling, touching old and young.

This autumn, as you enjoy the memorable moments that keep a family growing together, it is prudent to pause—to plan for your family's future, with the help of Royal Trust.

Such a precaution is well worth taking, for it may involve everything you own—your home, savings, securities, insurance, family valuables and belongings of every kind. Preparations made

now to protect and manage your assets will afford added security in the years ahead, and bring you deep satisfaction and peace of mind today.

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# Live it UP by living

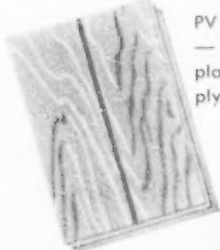
**Lord Chumley says: "Build a family fun centre in your basement with PV's personality panels... it's easy!"**

"It's all the rage today," says Algernon, ninth Lord Chumley, a long-time PV fan, "and why not? Dash it all, what's the use of a dark, dingy basement except to store cricket bats and old rugger togs in? Can't understand a fellah leaving it, really, when he can build a top-hole recreation room with PV's simply magnificent selection of hardboards and plywoods. Hard work? Poppycock! Look at these smashing basement rooms, each built in a few week-ends by home craftsmen."

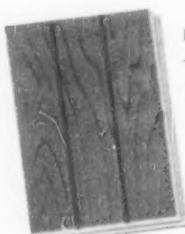


"Ever dream of Tonga or Tahiti? Imagine a South Seas setting like this in your basement! Hear the surf? Feel the golden sand? That's PV Shan-Tong plywood on the bar front — Drift Wood on the walls. Perfect foil for the rattan furniture, Oriental lanterns and tribal souvenirs, don't you think. All these three rooms were panelled completely with PV plywoods and hardboards, even to the


ceilings (built in record time with light, 4' x 4' panels of Coppertone Squaretex). Plan your own personality room this Fall with PV Panels. Consult your Building Supply Dealer — he'll help you with plans and advice. And remember, you can finance the entire job with a Home Improvement loan at extremely low interest . . . act today!"



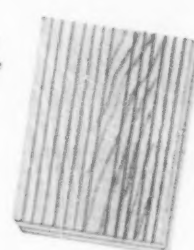
PV Drift Wood  
— etched,  
planked  
plywood




PV Ranch Wall  
— planked  
prime-stained  
plywood




PV Pioneerply  
— knotty, pine  
plywood



PV Fiesta  
— etched and  
grooved  
plywood,



PV Colonial  
Board —  
planked  
hardboard



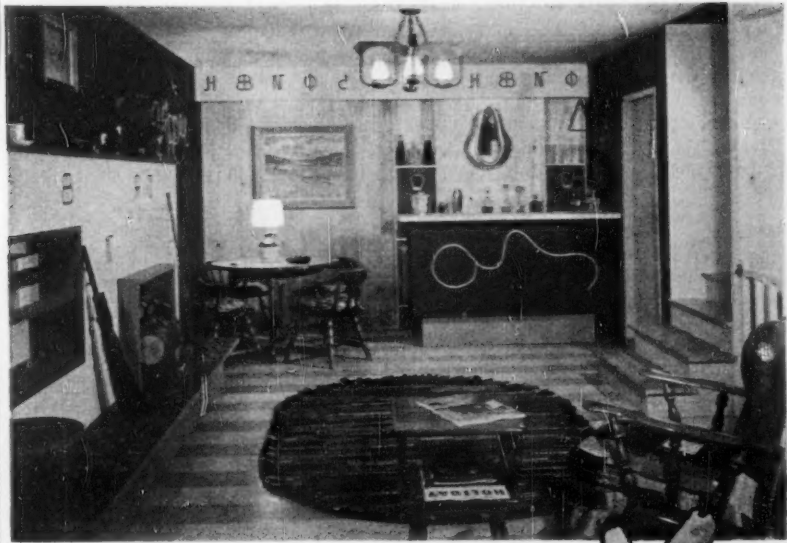
Only a few of the wide range of . . .

## PLYWOODS and HARDBOARDS

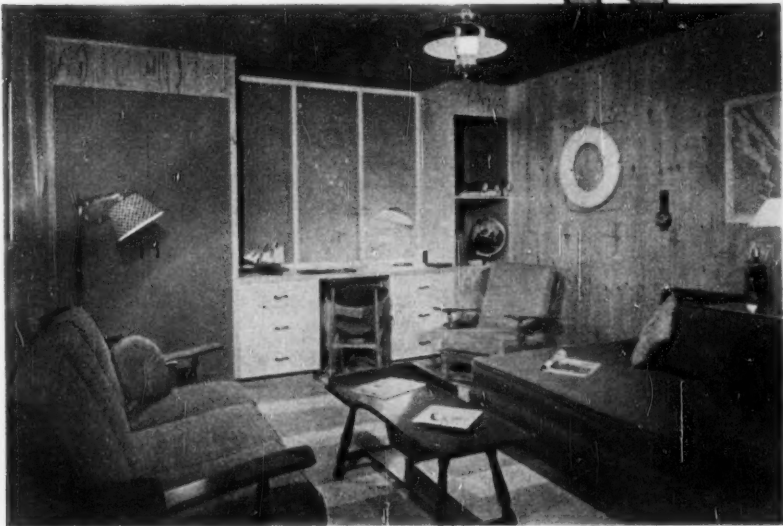
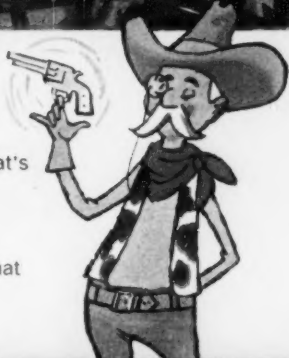
Manufactured by Canadian Forest Products Ltd., Pacific Veneer & Plywood Division, New Westminster, B.C.



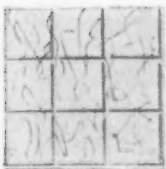
# DOWN!



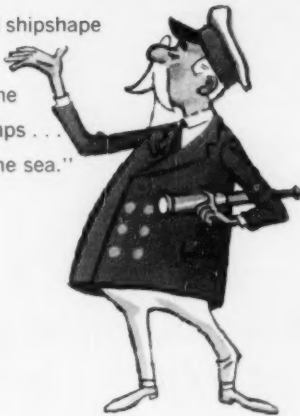
"Meanwhile, back at the old Bar-X . . . what Canadian wouldn't thrill to a room like this? It's as Western as the Calgary Stampede! That's PV Ranch Wall on the walls — knotty PV Frontierply on the end wall. Fireplace and ceiling — Coppertone Square-tex. Incredible, what you can do with versatile PV panels!"



"As for all you old sea dogs, here's as tight and shipshape a room as you'll find below decks anywhere. Knotty PV Pioneerply on the walls — Coppertone Square-tex on ceiling. Charts, ship models, lamps . . . just the place to chat and swap yarns about the sea."



PV Coppertone Square-tex pre-finished hardboard



## U.S. REPORT BY IAN SCLANDERS

### Why the professors are back in politics

WASHINGTON — When Dwight D. Eisenhower won the 1956 presidential election, there was a great deal of talk about the part played in his victory by a shadowy crew known as "the boys from Madison Avenue." To the advertising business, New York City's Madison Avenue is, of course, what Wall Street is to the financial business. Many Americans were convinced that bright young men from Madison Avenue, using scientific consumer-research methods, had ascertained what sort of president the country wanted to buy, had persuaded Eisenhower to conform as closely as possible to this image, and then had marketed him with techniques similar to those developed to sell soap, toothpaste, cigarettes, cars and beer. This, no doubt, was a highly exaggerated version of what actually happened, but it was widely believed.

The idea that Madison Avenue's hucksters could influence voters in much the same way they influence shoppers stirred resentment. In the present contest, the boys from Madison Avenue may be active but they're also silent and invisible. And the men the public see advising the two presidential candidates, John Kennedy and Richard Nixon, are not from the ad agencies but from the Ivy League universities. Half the faculty of Har-

vard seems to be on the advisory staff of either Kennedy or Nixon, and most of the other famous universities are in on the act.

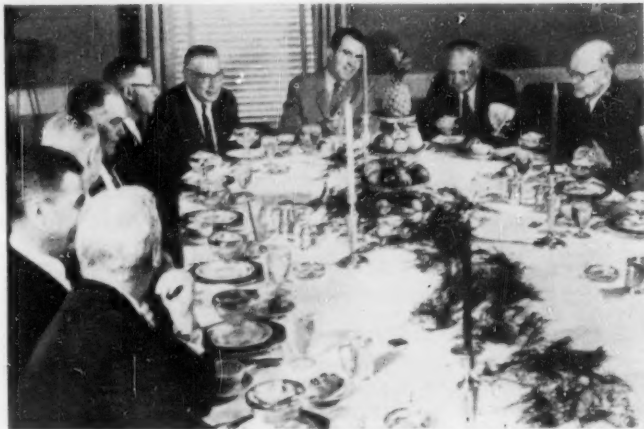
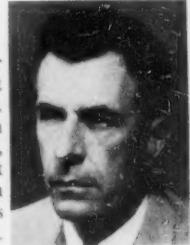
For the professors, this is a remarkable political comeback, a renaissance that has swept them almost to the lofty heights they occupied in the early days of the New Deal. Confronted by enormous and acute problems in 1933, Franklin Delano Roosevelt asked university professors to help him solve them. They flocked to Washington, eager to put textbook theories to a practical test. Before they were through, they'd rewritten the social and economic policies of the U.S. In the process, they filled the capital with alphabet-soup agencies, so styled because they were identified by initials like CCC and NRA, and made innumerable enemies.

Business cried that they were pinks, reds, dangerous radicals, incompetents and idiots. It claimed that with a mixture of malice and ignorance, they were strangling free enterprise with regulations and bleeding it to death with taxes. The propagandists of big business sharpened the inherent distrust many Americans seem to have for intellectuals. Even some of the professors decided, as attacks on them increased in violence, that their re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87



For Nixon: Professor Arthur Burns (left), an economist from Columbia University. For Kennedy: Professor John Kenneth Galbraith (right), a Canadian-born economist from Harvard. Below, Nixon dines with a group of his advisers from the universities.





It's 50° below at the Quebec Cartier open pit mine—but the work goes on year-round, thanks to Shell Research

## No frozen joints for this ground hog

Rocks crumble as the great electrically driven shovels grapple with earth and the elements in the biting bleakness of Canada's northland. Quebec Cartier needed a grease that would defy the gnawing cold, could be pumped at 50° below zero through the long dispensing lines to protect vital moving parts.

Shell Research answered Quebec Cartier's problem and developed a special new product, Shell Microgel Grease Lowtherm, that now keeps these ground hogs from being stopped in their tracks by the cold. Finding better lubricants is another example of the way Shell Research works for Canadian Industry.



*Leaders in Industry rely on Shell*



This story was "told" to me by a man who still can't talk, can't write, can't use any of the ordinary sign language of the deaf and dumb because even now he can't move, except with the greatest difficulty. Paralysis still cuts him off from all ordinary communication. Nevertheless he managed, by painful effort over a period of weeks, to type out a complete account of his ordeal. His sister sent it to Maclean's, and it provided a kind of first draft for this article. I was assigned to get a lot more detail from him, and then do a rewrite of the whole.

At Lancaster Veterans Hospital I found my man

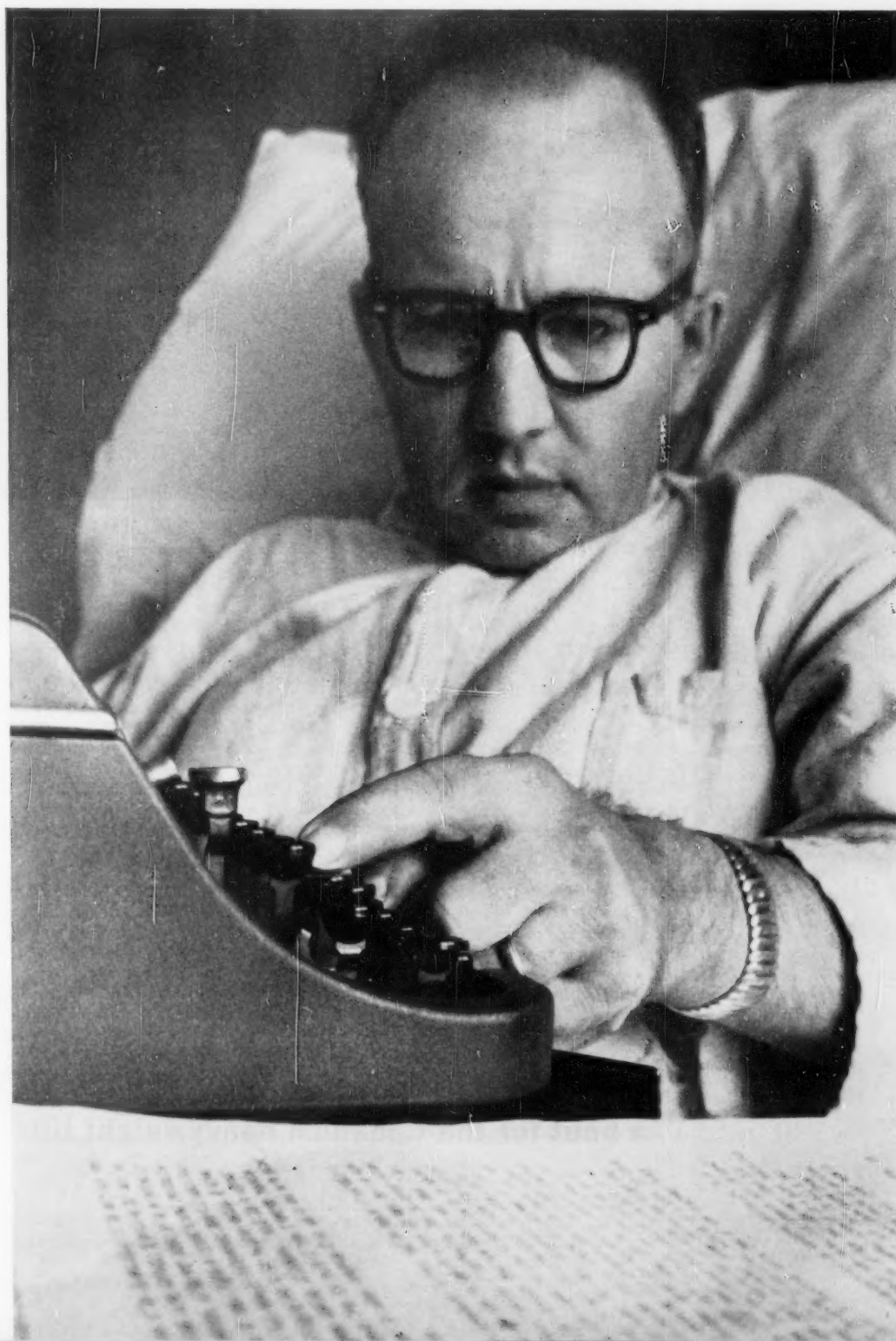
propped up in bed, a portable typewriter at his side and an alphabet card near his left hand. For three days we worked on the story. I asked the questions, he spelled out the answers on his card. In the evening I would leave him with a dozen or so typewritten queries and he would have the answers typed and ready the next morning. Awkward as this interview technique was, Cormier proved to be as articulate as anyone I've ever interviewed. His wife and three children came to visit him one Sunday morning. Work ceased almost entirely as he watched the boys frolic around his bed, picnicking

on orange pop and potato chips. Ivan's face may be paralyzed, but delight shone from his eyes that afternoon. He wants desperately to go home for good, but realizes that if he is to recover further use of his limbs he must have the therapy that only the hospital can provide.

When I left he was hard at work on a humor article that recalled happier days. *How Not to Catch a Mackerel*, it was called. When I began to suggest possible markets he stopped me. "First," he spelled out, "I have to learn how to write."

He is a remarkable man. — DERM DUNWOODY

# I came back from the dead



For weeks after a blood vessel burst  
in my head, the only part of my  
body I could move was my eyelids.  
In the months since then,  
I've come part of the way out  
of my silent helplessness.  
And I'll walk again if it kills me

By Ivan Cormier, with Derm Dunwoody

EARLY ONE BRIGHT February Sunday in 1959, a few weeks before my thirty-ninth birthday, a paralytic stroke shattered my world. One moment I was a well man stealing a few extra minutes in bed while my wife took the baby downstairs for breakfast. The next moment I was a helpless cripple, paralyzed from head to toe, robbed of the power of speech, almost dead.

It was, in effect, the end of my life — the end of my existence as a normal man with a growing family in a small New Brunswick city.

Yet today, still in hospital and with no hope of ever regaining full use of my limbs or my vocal cords, I know no bitterness. Every morning I give thanks for being alive. Little things I used to pay no attention to seem so precious now — the greenness of the grass, the smell of fresh air, the warmth of the sun. I have ended one life and begun another and it's just possible that, with God's help, I can make my next thirty-nine years richer by far than the first thirty-nine. I've learned a great deal in the past eighteen months — about myself, about my fellow-man, about life. I've discovered that faith *can* move mountains. And I know that if I don't give up, if I keep hoping and trying and praying, I will walk again with my wife and three children at my side — and that will be the happiest moment of my life.

I am telling my story in the hope that it will help other stroke victims. It really begins on a Tuesday, two weeks before Christmas of 1958. Our home then was Edmundston, my birthplace, on the Quebec side of New Brunswick. I was deputy registrar of deeds and was studying by correspondence toward a law degree. That Tuesday, I remember, I had finished lunch and was getting ready to go back to the office. Jessie Ann, my wife, was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

**JUDGE**  
Irving Phillips



**PROMOTER**  
Eddie Quinn



**CLEROUX'S SECOND**  
Freddy Brown



**SPARRING PARTNER**  
Dave Shoulders



**OLD RINGSIDE HAND**  
Joe (Meatwagon) Brown



**CHUVALO'S TRAINER**  
Tommy McBeigh



**CHUVALO'S MANAGER**  
Jack (Deacon) Allen



**CLEROUX'S MANAGER**  
Al Bachman

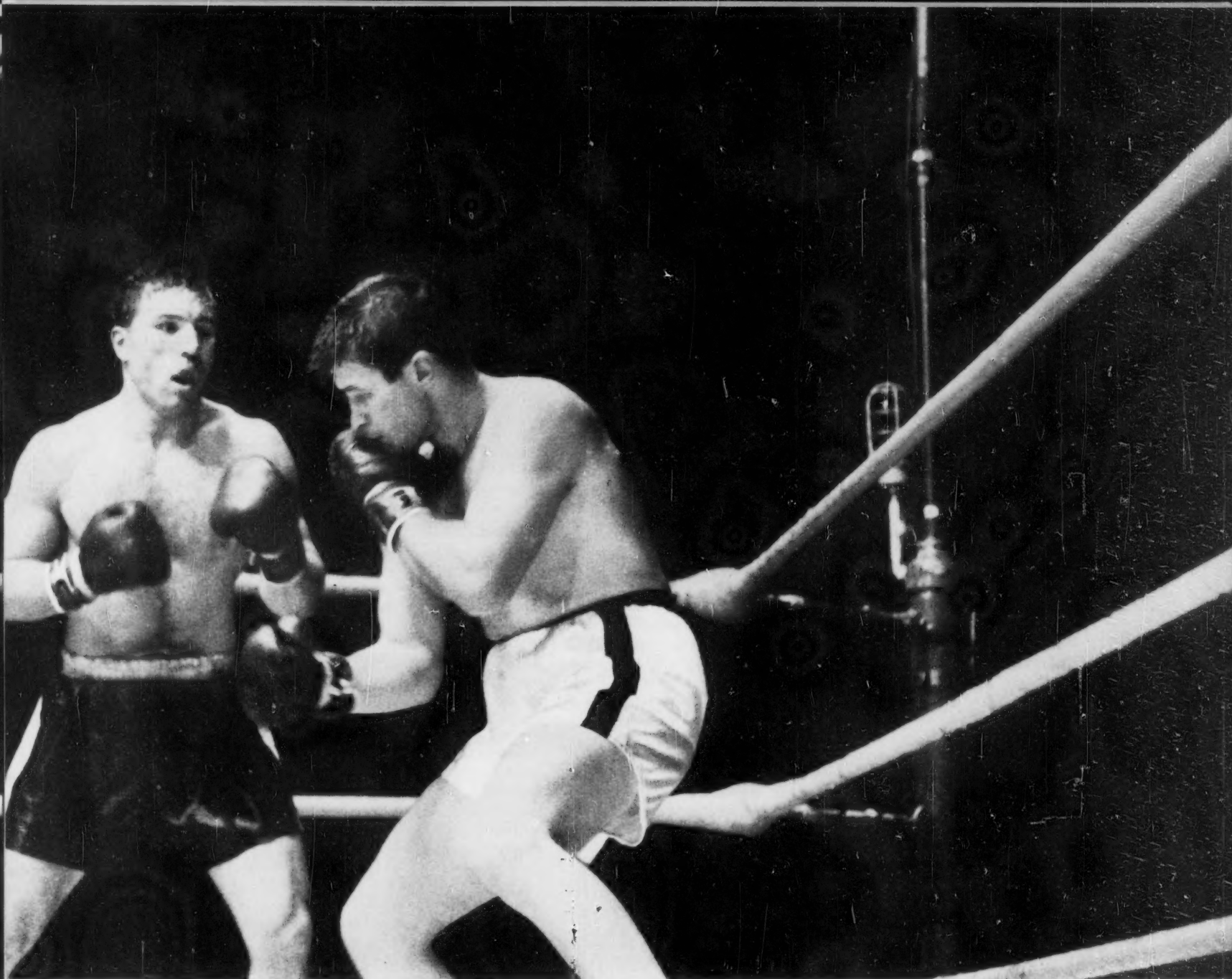


# ANATOMY OF A PRIZE FIGHT

BY HERBERT C. MANNING

What happens before, during and after  
a bout for the Canadian heavyweight title





Referee Jersey Joe Walcott, a former world's champion, watches closely as Canadian heavyweight champion George Chuvalo (dark trunks) trades punches with Robert Cleroux.

## THE CHAMPION

EVER SINCE GEORGE CHUVALO of Toronto knocked out four opponents in twelve minutes one spring night in 1956 to win a boxing tournament sponsored by the former world champion Jack Dempsey, he has been a controversial figure in Canadian prize fighting. He has been described variously as a potential world champion himself, as a muscle-bound puncher with little skill and no future, and as a shiftless young man of many talents, too lazy to work his way up to a lucrative career. Tonight, under white-hot ring lights in Montreal's Delorimier Stadium, where he will defend his Canadian heavyweight championship against Robert Cleroux of nearby L'Abord-à-Plouffe, Chuvalo is abundantly aware of all these arguments because, for the past month, he has heard little else from his own advisers. They have not lacked evidence on which to base their conversations.

At twenty-two George Chuvalo has all the physical endowments of a champion. He is big (six foot two, 210½ pounds) and tremendously strong, with the wide sloping shoulders of a man who has hefted meat carcasses and swung an axe and pick for a

living. His upper arms and chest bulge with the straining, rippling muscles of a weightlifter. He has a wasp waist — for his size — of 33 inches and heavy hips and legs that seem to be carved from stone, there is so much muscle and so little fat on them. He is good looking, with high cheekbones from his Croatian parents, shining white skin from constant greasing with vaseline to prevent abrasion, a high-ridged nose and wide-set eyes ("He likes to look in mirrors," says a friend).

But if Chuvalo is proud of his physique, he has shown that he can use it for purposes other than decoration. Although he is not ranked anywhere among the world's leading heavyweights, he is acknowledged to be one of the hardest punchers in that division. He knocked out a poorly conditioned James J. Parker of Barrie, Ont., to win the Canadian heavyweight title, and he stopped Yvon Durelle, the Baie Ste. Anne, N.B., fisherman, in defense of it. On top of this, he has another asset much prized in boxing: he can take a punch. In 18 professional fights (he's won 14 and tied one), he has never been knocked off his feet. He says he has never been hurt by any of his opponents.

Yet it is the curious alchemy of professional boxing, where a single defeat can turn a champion

into a bum, that George Chuvalo, at twenty-two, could be washed up as a heavyweight attraction, depending on his fight tonight. Two of his most recent bouts were embarrassingly poor.

After his defeat by an uninspired boxer named Pat McMurtry in New York, Chuvalo lost to an ex-Olympic champion, Pete Rademacher, in Toronto. These two performances almost caused his trainer for five years, Tommy McBeigh, to give up his contract. "They pecked his ears off. I thought I was training a bum." His manager, Jack (Deacon) Allen, was happy to accept tonight's fight in Montreal and escape the chance of further disfavor in Toronto.

For Chuvalo, these two episodes have assumed the proportions of mountains in the nagging voices of Allen and McBeigh. In a month, he has appeared to mature ten years, and work as he never did before. He is inclined to be soft in training. He takes long vacations between fights. He dislikes roadwork, essential to getting a boxer's legs in condition for a twelve-round bout such as tonight's. He likes to have friends around and blames his loss to McMurtry on the fact he was alone in New York. Now he has taken up a whole new set of habits. He is physically tough and his nerves rasp in anticipation of the fight. "My teeth tingle," he says. CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

# A South African's farewell to the land he loved but couldn't live in

By Arthur Keppel-Jones

A FEW DAYS BEFORE I left South Africa a friend asked me to answer a question that had been on his mind: When I looked back from the other side of the world, what would I miss most? What would the nostalgic memories fasten upon? He thought of this as he drove home from Durban to Pietermaritzburg, past the edge of the Valley of a Thousand Hills, their wintry yellow lit up by the setting sun. Could anyone bear to leave this? It was a hard question; I cannot recall that picture without getting a lump in my throat. But if I were to choose one scene that tops all others in nostalgic power it would be somewhere along the coast of False Bay, Cape Town's maritime back garden. And this comes to my mind now in all its moods, changing with the hour and the season. For me it is a memory reaching back to childhood, when the pink light on the opposite mountains, the freshness of the southeaster and the salty air in the nostrils were compounded with sunburn, sandy feet, the tingle of the water and the prospect of supper in a grandmother's house. A recent immigrant to South Africa, who cannot have had these memories, was so enthralled by this coast that she felt as if it had always been, as it had become, an inseparable part of her. This was pointedly told me by an aunt in Cape Town, who was too kind to make any direct criticism of our emigration.

At two o'clock one morning last March my friend in Pietermaritzburg, a Liberal, was rudely aroused by the police, forbidden to speak to his lawyer, torn from his family and hustled off to prison. My aunt sent me a newspaper with news of the crisis; at the foot of one page she had scribbled: "How wise you were to go." Across the golf course that one of my childhood homes overlooked, and where in winter I had often sailed boats and caught frogs in the pools, thirty thousand Africans now tramped on their protest march into the city.

These contrasts reveal something of the paradox, the paralyzing dilemma in which South Africans are involved. In a country blighted by tears and hatreds the people of all races have at least this in common, a deep emotional love of the land. Yet this no more binds them together than two men are bound together by loving the same woman. At the height of this year's crisis, Parliament heard the Nationalist view of the problem summed up in four words: "They want our country!" Reporters and officials braving the crowds in the African townships were greeted by a cry that welled up from other depths — "Izwe lethu (our country)."

What then makes a South African shake the dust of his country off his feet forever? In my own case, at least, it was none of the obvious things. I have often been asked whether, for instance, my freedom of speech was ever restricted. It wasn't; I lectured to students as freely as I do in Canada, and denounced the government in speech and writing without let or hindrance. Did I see some African of my acquaintance being beaten up by the police? No. Even the imprisonment of

my Liberal friends was not a factor, since that happened after I left. The estrangement was more subtle, gradual and indirect.

There were few white South Africans of my generation who didn't absorb racial consciousness and prejudice in the air they breathed from infancy. Looking recently at a childish diary of mine, I was horrified to find it sprinkled with contemptuous references to "niggers." If my school friends wrote diaries, they would have struck the same note. Yet they and I were hardly grown up before we were publicly protesting against J. B. M. Hertzog's curtailment of the native franchise. Our views had radically changed.

What had changed them was a university education. In the University of Cape Town our crude notions had withered under the fire of rational argument, directed by young lecturers whose own minds had been formed at Oxford, Cambridge, or the London School of Economics.

In my case there was another influence, one of those chance remarks that strike home and are never forgotten. It was the comment of one of my elders when Prime Minister Hertzog first mooted his plan to secure white supremacy for all time: "What I say is that all these schemes are merely putting off the evil day." Whether the day was evil or not, I now had my yardstick. And every scheme, from Hertzog's to Verwoerd's, has proved to be an elaborate piece of self-deception by people determined not to face the inevitable.

The withering of prejudice under the academic glare has been going on ever since. Sometimes the result is achieved by shock therapy. An Afrikaner girl, more deeply imbued with the traditional attitudes than I had ever been, was studying English at the University of the Witwatersrand soon after the last war. In difficulties with an essay on King Lear, she went round to the house of one of my colleagues for help. On entering the house she saw something incredible — a tea party at which black and white people were amicably chatting together. Her mouth dropped open, she tried to mumble an excuse and turned to go. But the host was insistent, "I am rather rusty on Lear," he said, "but you should ask Dr. Vilakazi. It's more in his line." Dr. Vilakazi, the Zulu poet, had indeed been re-reading Lear quite recently, and solved the student's problem for her. Willy-nilly, she stayed to tea. The treatment worked; before long she was an ardent liberal.

No student at an Afrikaans university is exposed to such influences. There is little room in it for any deviation from Afrikaner nationalism and white supremacy, and none for non-European students. But the English-speaking universities have long been the spearheads of the attack on racial discrimination. This was especially true of Cape Town and the Witwatersrand, where segregation was reduced to a minimum. In one year at the University of the Witwatersrand I had a postgraduate class that included almost the whole racial spectrum: Afrikaner, English, Jewish, African, Indian. CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



# WHY KEPPEL-JONES HAS GONE

## Became foreigner in his own land Union on a "crazy course leading to destruction"

PROFESSOR ARTHUR KEPPEL-JONES, noted historian and philosopher, has left South Africa because he says he has been made a foreigner in his own land — the land he once loved.

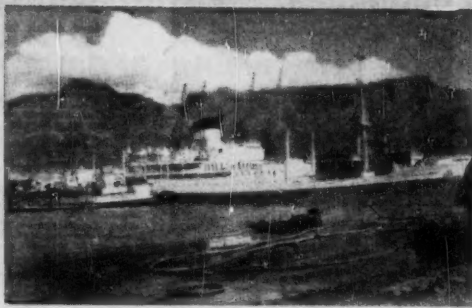
In the poignant, moving farewell article to South Africa, printed on this page, Professor Keppel-Jones makes these points in giving his reasons for emigrating:

"The scale of values that has emerged from British history, but which is shared by all the civilised nations of the West, has been turned upside down in South Africa."

"In place of the sanctity of the individual personality, the freedom of thought and communication, the guarantee of civil liberties, government by consent, the rule of law, and the tolerance, forbearance and charity that come of confidence, we are now in the presence of a society in which the individual is treated as a mere tool of the state."

"The notion of saluting the Vervorel as my President and regarding the Queen as a foreign potentate is, of course, grimly ludicrous. But we are now separated from this ultimate humiliation by only a hair's breadth."

"The non-British and anti-British state is already in its essential an accomplished fact. I cannot give my allegiance to it. No I have found myself a citizen of a state which is altogether foreign to me, though it has imposed itself on a land which I love."



I have had the privilege of knowing my country in most of its scenes and moods... Table Mountain in the clear air of the south-easter...

Author of prophetic book

In 1961 the Keppel-Jones wrote his prophetic book, "When Smuts Goes". In this "South Africa, a Short History" was published by Heinemann's University Library as one of a series called British Empire History, edited by Sir Reginald Couland. This is a highly critical work, and it was the subject of a public debate in the House of Commons in 1962.

Assumptions

Keppel-Jones has made several assumptions in his book, which are based on the premise that the South African government is acting in the interests of the white minority.

Deep roots

Keppel-Jones has deep roots in South Africa, having spent most of his life there. He was born in Cape Town and studied at the University of Cape Town.

Patriot

Keppel-Jones is a patriot who loves his country, but he believes that the current government is acting against the interests of the South African people.

The pass

Keppel-Jones has written about the pass system in South Africa, which he believes is a tool of oppression against the black population.

Frustrated

Keppel-Jones is frustrated by the lack of progress in South Africa, particularly in the areas of race relations and political freedom.

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### Keppel-Jones the scholar

DR. ARTHUR KEPPEL-JONES was professor of history at Natal University, Durban, from 1954. Before that he was senior lecturer in history at Witwatersrand University. From 1952 to 1954 he was visiting professor of history at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, Canada, where he is now taking up a professorship.

He was born on January 20, 1907, at Rondebosch, Cape Town.

Education at S.A.C.S. and at the University of Cape Town, he went on a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford University where he took an M.A. degree. He obtained a Ph.D. at Cape Town University.

He was president of the Transvaal Workers' Educational Association from 1939 to 1952, chairman of the Johannesburg Council of Adult Education from 1945 to 1952, and a member of the Council of the South African Institute of Race Relations.

From these facts naturally the suppression of everything associated in any way with England, right down to the police administration, is a deliberate policy against people whose language is English.

Gone crazy

Keppel-Jones has gone crazy, according to his critics, because of his criticism of the South African government.

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The sparkle of the Karoo in winter...

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Keppel-Jones on deck the day he arrived in Canada.

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And for your convenience we would have placed this unhappy country at the end of a Black continent, where the White man's desire to rule is unrelenting and unrelenting.

The pass

There is no one in the place who has come to. The gods are in the place to preserve us from destruction.

We could have changed this

There is no one in the place who has come to. The gods are in the place to preserve us from destruction.

We could have changed this

There is no one in the place who has come to. The gods are in the place to preserve us from destruction.

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We could have changed this

# How much **NOISE** do we have to put up with?

Trucking companies, sports-car drivers and lazy suburban lawn-trimmers are raising a din that's no mere nuisance but a menace to public health. Here's a plea for stiffening the anti-noise laws we already have but aren't using

BY JUDITH KRANTZ



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FROM THE TORONTO STAR, July 20, 1960:  
ISLE OF CAPRI, ITALY — (UPI) — Traditional wooden sandals worn by natives of this Mediterranean pleasure island were banned yesterday because they are too noisy.

Mayor Carlo Federico said foreign tourists were complaining that the clippety-clop of the sandals on the cobblestoned streets was unbearable.

Mayor Carlo Federico of Capri — come to Canada! Come and ban power mowers, jet aircraft and groaning trucks. While you're here, ban raucous washing machines, children who turn up the television, and music piped into shopping plazas, bars and elevators. Don't forget to ban everyone involved in building the extension of the Toronto subway before you return to Capri where, I hope, your law-abiding citizens will have switched from wooden

sandals to tennis shoes. Canada is noisy, Mayor Federico, and it is getting noisier by the hour. Every step toward progress is accompanied by new sounds, and any sound becomes noise when you don't want to hear it.

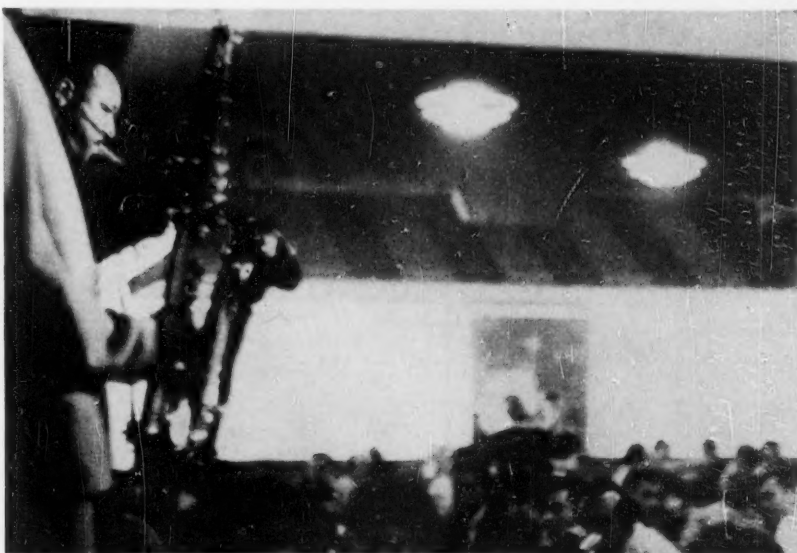
Last year, people who live in farm country north of Toronto were delighted when their rural road was finally paved. Now they wake at 4:30 in the morning to listen to a maddening procession of heavy trucks, each one of which can make as much noise as 90 to 100 cars.

New factories bring industrial noise into once-peaceful residential neighborhoods; new homeowners rush to buy power mowers so that suburban weekends are filled with roar and rattle as neighbor after neighbor decides that his grass needs cutting; new sports cars by the thousands add their deliberately powerful growl to ordinary traffic noises; jet-aircraft service has arrived in Canada and people who live

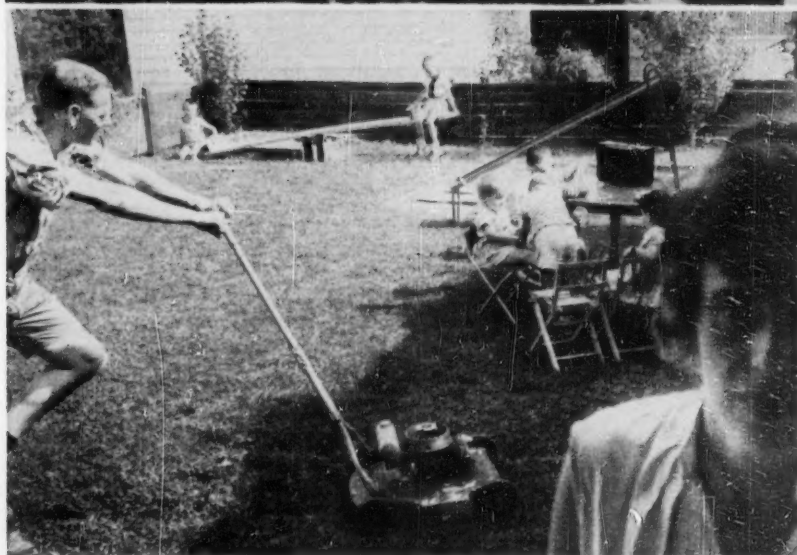
near airports are exposed to a more penetrating and horrible noise than they've ever heard or imagined.

The human ear, that frequently unwilling receiver of all these sounds of economic progress, is a fantastic instrument with one drawback: it cannot be turned off. We can close our eyes for relaxation and rest, but we are always on the alert for sounds, even, to a degree, when we're asleep. If our hearing was only slightly more acute we could perceive the tiny murmur of the circulation of our own blood as well as the ultrasonic waves that research promises us will eventually be used for purposes as exotic as dispersing fog. Shut off as we are — happily for our sanity — from the lower and upper realms of the sound spectrum, we still hear within a vast range. The constant ocean of noise surrounding us every day may have numbed and dulled us into taking it for granted, but it is a subject for serious concern. *It most definitely harms us.* CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

Toronto Nightclub  
103 decibels



Suburban Garden  
110 decibels



Vancouver Trains  
76 decibels



Among the hundreds of Canadians who now claim the title of professional actor, only a handful make a living by acting. One of that handful is Lou Jacobi, the character actor. After a quarter of a century of training (and of living his roles), Jacobi has become in fact the epitome of

## the working actor



BY JOHN GRAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIC GREENE

THERE IS PROBABLY nothing an actor likes better than work. His is a crazy, often insecure profession, and about the best insurance an actor can have is a variety of talents.

Lou Jacobi, a forty-seven-year-old Canadian performer, as he calls himself, knows this well. He loves the theatre, and while he prefers straight acting roles (like the one he now has on Broadway in the Tyrone Guthrie production of Paddy Chayefsky's hit play, *The Tenth Man*) his training was in a harder school, and if necessary he can always go back to it.

"If things go sour for me on Broadway," he says, "I can always find work — in the Catskills, in Muskoka, in England, somewhere." Lou's Canadian apprenticeship, which lasted until he left Canada for England when he was thirty-nine, included jobs as a singing waiter, a summer-resort social director, a teacher of dramatics, a performer in Toronto's annual revue *Spring Thaw*, and an interminable series of dates as a minstrel-raconteur at Jewish banquets, stags, *bar mitzvahs* and weddings. He can tell jokes, recite, mime, sing, act — even play the violin, if pressed.

"You're pretty good, Lou," a friend said to him during one of his stints as a resort social director. "What do you do in the wintertime?" "I wear an overcoat," Lou said.

"You had to be versatile," he says, recalling his days on the borscht circuit, "and you had to put salt and pepper on everything. But if you didn't identify with your audience right away you were dead; they wouldn't spend two seconds on you. You had to get to them fast and hold them like steel. That's where the psychology came in; you had to have an understanding of humanity. And you had to like people. I've always liked people."

People have returned the compliment. In terms of an acting career it's more important that some people like you than others, of course — people like producers and directors for example. One man who liked Lou Jacobi was the New York writer-director Garson Kanin (who was responsible for *Born Yesterday*). About five years ago Kanin met Lou in a London dressing room after

a performance of *Guys and Dolls*, in which Lou had a small part. Lou had gone to England to make his fortune, and Kanin, as it turned out, was it.

"Lou started talking and I knew right away that there was something remarkably original about the guy," Kanin says. "I now know why. He's so sure and so exact, and he has an instinctive shrewdness about all facets of human relationships — to say nothing of his humor." Kanin later cast Lou in a play he was producing in London, called *Into Thin Air*, which took a cue from its title and evaporated after three performances in the West End. But by this time Kanin had accepted an offer to direct *The Diary of Anne Frank* in New York, and he offered Lou the important supporting role of van Daan, one of the occupants of the Amsterdam attic in which Anne Frank and her family hid from the Germans.

Kanin's estimate of the Jacobi talent and of Lou's approach to his work was more than justified, for Lou applied to this part his basic philosophy as an actor. He is convinced that life teaches more than drama schools. Van Daan was a simple man, frustrated by being confined in an attic for so long, "unable to understand or reconcile the circumstances that have put him in that position," Lou says. "I remember how my Uncle Max paced the kitchen when he was out of work during the Depression. I did the same thing for van Daan with an angry, caged-lion sort of walk. And it worked."

It worked so well that Lou got good notices, and after a long run with the play on Broadway and the road he was chosen to play the same part in the movie version. This part was the break that marked the beginning of his growing reputation as a leading character actor. Today he has all the work he can handle.

During the New York run of *Anne Frank* Lou met and married Ruth Ludwin, a New Jersey girl. The Jacobis live in a small furnished apartment on the twenty-second floor of a building overlooking Central Park that gives them a magnificent view of Upper Broadway, Fifth Avenue, the Hudson, and the New Jersey shoreline. Lou leads a quiet life, whose pattern is currently set by his nightly assignment in the role of Schlissel, a loudly self-proclaimed atheist in Chayefsky's *The Tenth Man*, a play about the







Jacobi the performer: at far left, on top of his Manhattan apartment block; left, in the role of Schlissel in *The Tenth Man*. Jacobi off-stage: below, with his wife.

#### JOKES LIKE THIS ONCE KEPT LOU IN BORSCHT:



1 My neighbors were upset about their son's poor academic record. "What a disgrace!" exclaimed the father. "Twenty out of a hundred in arithmetic." "Why not send him to Hebrew school?" suggested the mother. "He might do better there." So the boy went to Hebrew school.



3 "Mr. Principal. This is Joe Bromstein. I send my boy to you because he's a little backward and we're embarrassed about it. Next thing I know you're teaching him the kaddish. His mother and I aren't dying. God forbid. Anyway it's a very difficult prayer to learn."



2 A week later his father asked him what he had learned. "Well, Dad, I've learned the kaddish, the memorial prayer for the dead." "The kaddish! I spend a fortune and they teach you the kaddish. Let me get that principal on the phone."



4 "Don't worry, Mr. Bromstein," says the principal, "you should live so long till he learns it."

efforts of a group of elderly orthodox Jews to exorcise the dybbuk, or evil spirit, that they believe possesses the granddaughter of one of them. When the play is over he often drops into The Russian Tea Room on 57th Street, a hangout for music and theatre people next door to Carnegie Hall where Lou can indulge his weakness for borscht, beef stroganoff and talk. His days are spent sleeping (until noon, with catnaps before and after dinner), reading, feeding the squirrels in Central Park, and even (when a mad mood comes) sawing a little on the violin his father, Joseph Jacobovitch, encouraged him to play as a boy in Toronto.

Lou's family ties are very close, and he makes sure his father and mother are on hand whenever significant events take place in his life. He flew them from Toronto to New York for the openings of *The Diary of Anne Frank* and *The Tenth Man*, and they were on the set in Hollywood for the first day's shooting of *Anne Frank*. They are his most loyal fans. When he got his first bit part in a modest English movie called *Always a Bride*, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobovitch traveled halfway across Toronto to see it when it played there. They sat patiently waiting for Lou's brief appearance, and when it came his father didn't wake up in time to catch it. "But they were loyal," Lou says. "They sat through the whole damn thing again." One of the happy results of his success was that last spring he was able to send his parents to Israel for two weeks, realizing one of their life's dreams.

Lou's approach to his work is refreshingly relaxed. "Any actor has got to have desire," he points out, "but he can get along without that tyrannical drive that's so nauseating and obscene. I give a good-sized chunk of myself to my work, but I won't make it my whole life. I don't want to be that lopsided."

He also knows — it is the legacy of that harsh training on the borscht circuit — that in the end the public is boss. "To hear some actors talk," he says, "you'd think the theatre works on debit and credit. 'Look what I'm giving,' they say, 'what's the public doing in return?' They forget that nobody asked them to be actors. They can get out whenever they want." And he adds, with the wry smile of an actor in work who knows — more or less — where his next job is coming from, "It's an overcrowded field anyway." ★





# Why husbands and wives

Men and women do differ in their attitude to earnings,  
but there's also the fact that a couple's  
"money troubles" may be only a cover

BY SIDNEY KATZ

NOTHING IS MORE LIKELY to dampen the relationship between a man and a woman than an acrimonious discussion about money and personal finances. The situation was aptly described by the Italian writer who said:

"To drink from the eyes of a woman who is a perfect fountain of delight; to feel the doors of paradise opened to us by her lips; and then, all at once, to be obliged to speak of income amidst such intoxicating pleasures is hard, cruel and abominable — but it is necessary."

The Toronto psychologist, Dr. William Blatz, has observed that, in his experience, family finances have figured in virtually every case of marital discord. "Married couples forgive adultery more readily than a lack of trust in handling money," he says. Dr. Paul H. Landis, the American sociologist, after scientifically eavesdropping on hundreds of couples, concluded that "sexual adjustment in marriage is achieved more quickly than economic adjustment" and that "money is the major problem area of married couples today." This finding is confirmed by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion. When Canadian families were asked recently to list the main





# wives fight over money

problems facing their marriage, almost thirty percent singled out money matters. Job problems ran a poor second, with seventeen percent.

Why has money become such a burning issue in mid-twentieth-century marriages? Are men and women *really* different in their attitudes toward earning, spending and saving money? If they are different — why?

Of course one simple reason why people nowadays worry more about money troubles is that they have more money troubles to worry about. Young couples, emboldened by social security and a continued cycle of prosperity, tend to live beyond their income. More than half the retail sales are now done on the installment plan. Josephine Chaisson, executive director of the Visiting Homemakers Association in Toronto, says, "We used to have people in debt \$200 and \$300; now it's \$2,000 and \$3,000. It's frightening." One woman was discovered making weekly payments on twelve large items. Family budgets could be a restraining influence, but J. V. Cressy, former supervisor of the Business Development Department of the Imperial Bank of Canada, shares the view of many

other experts that "hardly anybody uses a budget any more." A family social worker added, "People now loathe the very word 'budget'."

Money has achieved the status of the Great Family Debate because father is no longer the unchallenged keeper of the pursestrings. It's mother who now spends an estimated 85 percent of the family income. Women have become the beneficiaries of 80 percent of all life insurance; they inherit 70 percent of all real estate; they hold 66 percent of all privately owned government bonds. Half the shareholders in Canadian companies are women. In addition, Canadian banks report that two out of every three depositors are women.

Today, in Canada, more than half the married women are employed outside the home. This leads to a variety of conflicts, the most obvious one centring on how to spend the wife's income. "For one reason or another," says Mario Galeazzi of the Catholic Family Services in Toronto, "most men, deep down, resent their wives working." The experience of even having once worked often is the source of irritation between a stay-at-home wife and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

Where do so many (more than half a million) good Canadians go before they die? Where do motel owners fly the Canadian flag, even though all they may know about Canada is that its money comes in several colors? Where else but in

## Florida, Canada's hottest province

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN



MORE THAN HALF A MILLION Canadians went to Florida last year. Some went there armed with permanent visas, determined never to shovel snow again. According to the last analysis, which was made in 1957, two thousand former Canadians are now registered voters in Pinellas County, the tiny piece of Florida between Tampa Bay and the Gulf. But most went there for visits, ranging from four or five days to the maximum six months allowed on their tourist permits. In the 1958-59 season, according to estimates based on a tourist registration, the number of Canadians who visited the city of St. Petersburg — one of the most popular areas with Canadians — was 105,450. This was a greater number than from any state of the Union except New York.

For Canadians, part of the fun of visiting Florida, along with that of picking oranges and having grits for breakfast, used to be running into other Canadians. Now the Canadian visitor often finds himself driving against a line of cars in which seven or eight out of ten are from Ontario or Quebec. A clerk in the Suwannee Hotel in St. Petersburg said:

"Our bookkeeper is from Toronto. Ten years ago, if a Canadian registered here we'd say 'I have someone I want you to meet' and introduce him to the bookkeeper. We never do it now. He'd be swamped."

A woman in Streetsville, a community of 4,823 just outside Toronto, when I asked her over the phone how many people she knew who went to Florida for the winter, named twelve families from her community. She recalled their names by mentally going up and down the concession roads. All these people go to New Smyrna Beach, a small town just south

of Daytona. They hold an annual picnic in Orlando, Florida. At last winter's picnic there were thirty-eight people from in and around Streetsville.

Last winter a customer in Furchgott's department store in Daytona Beach noticed a clerk who was wearing a duplicate of the dress she was wearing. She smiled and said, "Oh, well, I guess it doesn't matter. I'm from Toronto."

The clerk said, "So am I."

In another Daytona store, a man told a salesclerk that the pair of slacks he was wearing came from a place in Toronto called Eaton's. The clerk whipped open his jacket like an FBI agent showing his badge. The label on the inside pocket read "The T. Eaton Company, Toronto."

"I used to work there," he explained.

A Canadian woman driving in St. Petersburg saw a Union Jack flying outside a house and slammed on her brakes to have a better look. Another Canadian woman driver ran into her. She'd been looking at the Union Jack, too.

For the Canadian tourist Florida is largely a state of mind, and what it's like depends on the visitor's idea of a holiday. There's Miami Beach's palm-decorated hotel area, where the breeze is scented with suntan lotion and the privilege of smelling it costs from \$24 to \$60 a room. There's a Florida of bars and nightlife, and such sterling performers as Sheela the Peelah, who was last seen undressing in Daytona Beach; and the deepsea fisherman's Florida of the remote keys south of Miami where the Caribbean mixes colors with the Gulf of Mexico. There's a Florida of trailer parks; a Florida of yacht owners who fly to

Miami while their captains take their sixty-foot motor sailers down the inland waterways, waving regally to the bridge tenders; the Florida of small-boat owners who live in quarters the size of a bongo drum, and a floating community of boat bums who scrounge rides aboard big pleasure boats as crew. There's an illusive, secluded, mysterious Florida behind the high, snooty coquina walls of Palm Beach, and a bench-sitters' Florida of old pensioners who rent a room for two or three months, at \$15 or \$20 a week, and spend their days sitting in the sun watching the pigeons, mockingbirds, and other tourists.

But the Florida of most Canadians is a workingman's winter resort, populated by middle-aged couples of average means who drive down from Ontario or Quebec, taking four or five days for the three-day trip to sightsee on the way. They start arriving in October, but most come down after Christmas. Each year more and more are giving it a try in summer, which is now a secondary season in Miami and the biggest season in the central and northern parts. There, a cottage that would rent for \$100 a month in winter rents for \$300 to \$400 a month as soon as school is out.

The Canadian tourists head for Fort Myers, St. Petersburg, Tampa, Clearwater or Sarasota on the generally warm and languid Gulf of Mexico, or for towns on the more active Atlantic coast — St. Augustine, Daytona Beach, Ormond Beach, New Smyrna Beach, Vero Beach, Cocoa, Melbourne, Fort Pierce, or the built-up strip of towns between Fort Lauderdale and Miami. Or they head for the quiet rural orange-grove area of inland Florida, to stay in or near cen- CONTINUED ON PAGE 69





# My mother, Lilli Marlene

The daughter of the German singer who made Lilli everybody's sweetheart in World War II now lives in Winnipeg. Here she sifts fact from fable and tells how a song conquered the soldiers of both sides

By Carmen-Litta Magnus, as told to Robert Metcalfe

WHEN I WAS A CHILD in Zurich, Switzerland, in the 1930s, a frequent visitor to our house was a lovely, vivacious blond lady who spread gaiety and charm wherever she went.

Her name was Liese-Lotte and she was an actress. I called her Lilotte. She was almost like a child herself and there was fun and laughter whenever she came. I always knew when she was expected because it was then that we prepared her favorite dessert, kaiserreis, a rich, delicious dish of strawberries, rice and whipped cream.

The first visits I can remember came when I was about five. In later years I was sometimes taken to the theatre, where she was pointed out to me in the chorus line of a musical, or as a bit player in a drama. I thought how wonderful it was to know somebody on the stage.

When I was nine, I was told that Lilotte was my real mother, and that her real name was Liese-Lotte Wilke. Later, she became famous in Germany under her stage name of Lale Andersen, but it was by the name of another girl that she became a world figure. For mother created the image of probably the only woman ever to become the darling of two opposing wartime camps — Lilli Marlene. She was better known to British troops than Canadian, perhaps, but by coincidence her first contact with the Allied forces came when a Canadian sergeant found her, at the end of the war, on a German island in the North Sea.

When mother visited me in Winnipeg in 1954, we considered making an attempt to track down the sergeant, but characteristically she had never learned his name.

It was the woman I loved and worshipped as my mother, Aunt Theda, who told me that Lilotte was my real mother. Aunt Theda is my mother's elder sister, and I called her *mutti*, which is German for mother. She's loving and kind and we've always been very close.

When my school chums learned about Lilotte they thought it sad that I should suddenly have to change mothers. But I wasn't disturbed; I was rather proud. I boasted to my friends that I was better off

than they were because I had two mothers.

But I never became a daughter to Lilotte; she always denied the existence of my two brothers and me, and kept us forever in the background. Yet I accept her reasons ungrudgingly. In a letter to me a few years ago she wrote: "I have always believed it best for an actress to keep her family and career separate."

It is important to her, now more than ever, for my mother is a living legend. The wistful melody she made famous can still arouse poignant memories of blackouts and marching soldiers.

A failure to begin with, it became famous only by accident, and it was probably the first song in history to become the favorite of both sides in war. Soldiers of Germany's Afrika Korps were the first to adopt Lilli, but Allied soldiers quickly took her to their hearts.

The notion of Lilli alone in the lamplight stirred the longings of men separated from sweethearts by war and thousands of miles, and she became a part of their lives. Even after so many years, I am sure that for most people who lived through those desperate times, Lilli Marlene brings back memories that are pleasantly nostalgic — or tragic, because they recall the loss of someone they loved.

To millions of Germans and other Europeans, my mother is Lilli Marlene. It is her song and she has lived with it for twenty-two years. It has brought her fame, happiness, fortune and terror. And she still sings it, now to a new generation in the cabarets of Europe.

Mother's original German recording, dusty and forgotten for three years before it found world fame, has sold three million copies. The song has been recorded in forty-eight languages. Perhaps the most famous translation is in Hebrew.

Yet mother did not know until the end of the war that Lilli Marlene was the war's most popular song with the Allies as well as the Germans. The news delighted her, though she didn't make a cent in royalties from copies pressed from her original by companies in England and America.



Lale Andersen, known to the world as Lilli Marlene, entertaining Allied servicemen in Germany in 1945.

Mother is now fifty-five, though she would be the last person in the world to admit it. She was born Liese-Lotte Helene Berta Bunnenberg on March 23, 1905. Her birthplace was a Norwegian ship in the German port of Bremerhaven. She may have used it to claim Norwegian nationality, and British papers have called her the Norwegian songstress. But she is German. Her parents were Hinrich Bunnenberg, a German ship's steward, and Berta Czerwinsky, daughter of a Polish landowner. Grandfather died in 1937 and grandmother two years ago. Their other children are Aunt Theda, now sixty-three and living at Garmisch, in Bavaria, and Uncle Helmut, a shipping executive at Bremen.

The family lived in Bremen and it was there, when she had just turned seventeen, that mother was married to Paul-Ernst Wilke, an artist of twenty-eight. His only interest was in painting; he refused to work at anything else. Their home was a top-floor garret with a skylight and they lived as care-free bohemians, always happy to see the struggling artists and stage people who dropped in at all hours.

They had three children. Bjorn was born in 1924. I came

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## Dr. Hans Selye has discovered striking new evidence that

By Ken Lefolii

When I called on Hans Selye late this summer at his experimental medicine institute in Montreal, I found marked changes in a man I had last seen only a few months before. Beneath a deep tan his smoothly fleshed face had thinned down until the skin seemed to be stretched over the cheekbones. His lab coat folded around a frame clearly leaner than it had been, and in spite of his usual slight limp he walked with a spring closer to that of an Olympic athlete than a 53-year-old scientist.

The athletic comparison turned out to be exact. Since last spring, he told me, he has been getting up between four-thirty and five to put himself through a hard grind of calisthenics and distance running before starting his day's work, and finishing the afternoon with two laps up and down a formidable flight of stairs on the side of Mount Royal. In three months he lost fifteen pounds by exercise alone.

But his fine physical edge is no more than a byproduct of his program. The muscle he is really working out is his heart; he is training it to survive the cardiac attacks that lead to death for half the population.

In this interview the scientist whose stress theories have shaped many of the medical ideas of our century tells why he now believes a man can train his heart to overcome weaknesses that cause it to fail.

Training his own heart, Professor Selye runs twice a day up and down this stairway to the University of Montreal campus; here, his children scamper up to meet him on his second lap. Selye's experiments have convinced him that he can strengthen rather than weaken his heart with this "killing" grind.



# Can you "train" your heart to survive

**Q** Where do most medical men stand, at the moment, on the question of exercise for heart patients?

**A** They're divided about equally. Some believe exercises will strengthen a weak heart; others believe any exercise at all is dangerous. As the papers give us every chance to see, Dwight Eisenhower's doctor, Paul Dudley White, believes golf is good for a weak heart. On the other hand, many highly respected specialists are just as sure that any out-of-the-way exertion is an unjustifiable risk that may be fatal. This is one of the oldest controversies in medicine, and one of the gravest.

**Q** What evidence is there for or against exercise in heart cases?

**A** The evidence we have from studying heart patients is hard to judge. Take the cases of two men, each with a weak heart. They both exercise, and one lives while the other dies. Does this prove that exercise killed one or saved the other? We really don't know, and this is why medical opinion clashes.

**Q** Your own view is now in favor of exercise, is it not?

**A** Yes. Six months ago I would have found it hard to give a logical reason for taking one side or the other. Now I'm convinced that careful and controlled exercise is the best possible defense against heart failure, unless the heart has been hit by such a severe attack that the slightest strain will destroy it. But I should tell you that my reasons are experimental and to some extent theoretical; I am speaking not as a doctor giving medical advice but as a scientist referring to investigations that I myself find completely convincing.

**Q** What makes you think exercise is the heart's best defense?

**A** Research. We discovered a combination of salts and hormones that sensitize an experimental animal's heart, so that when he is exposed to stress — and too much unaccustomed exercise is one kind of stress — he dies of heart failure. But suppose a rat was prepared for a heart attack in the way I have described, with this difference: before he was dosed and stressed, he was put on a physical-training pro-

gram, just like a professional athlete. And suppose the exercise we used to train him was the same exercise we planned to use later to kill him — say, running around on a treadmill until he had a heart attack. Would the trained rat live longer than any other rat?

The answer was yes. The trained rat lived. He lived long past the point where every untrained rat dies. In fact, he lived to the point where it was clear that when he died he wouldn't die of heart failure at all but of the multiple deterioration that takes place in the final stage of stress. We have repeated this experiment hundreds of times, and the trained rats always live. Exercise has given them a built-in resistance to the kind of heart failure that would otherwise destroy every one of them.

**Q** But a rat's heart isn't built like a man's, and you have no way of knowing if the chemical changes you produce in the rats are the changes that are taking place in a heart patient. Aren't you carrying your conclusions too far?

**A** A rat's heart is anatomically different from a dog's or a monkey's, too, but the same experiments lead to the same results with dogs and monkeys. As for the chemical changes, they involve what is called electrolyte balance, and we know too little about this process in people to talk intelligently about the part it plays in heart failure. The only answer to your question is this: it's possible I'm carrying my conclusions too far, yes. But scientific investigation is idle when it doesn't lead to conclusions, or when the investigator is too timid to draw the conclusions his experiments lead him to. In this case, I not only draw them, but I will remain convinced by them until somebody proves they're wrong.

**Q** Have you learned what happens when the heart is toughened by one kind of training but is exposed to a different kind of stress — the situation you would have if a man trained himself to skip rope and then overexerted himself chopping wood?

**A** I have. Medically this is probably the most important conclusion of all, and these experiments turned out to be one of the most exciting things that have ever happened to me in a laboratory. We learned that a rat who has been conditioned by running on a treadmill can survive the stress of exposure to extreme cold *as well as* the stress of running. A rat who has been trained by gradual exposure to in-

creasing cold can stand the stress of being injected with noradrenaline *as well as* the stress of nearly freezing. The same thing holds true of other kinds of stress.

The word for this is cross resistance. I believe it has infinitely meaningful implications for the management of heart disease. In its simplest form, this is what it tells us:

By exercising intelligently, a man can train his heart to resist attacks that might otherwise kill him. It doesn't matter if he has been training with calisthenics and is later attacked not by physical stress but by emotional stress — the kind of stress that arises when a man has gone bankrupt or been told of a death in the family. Cross resistance will help his heart stand off the attack in any case. It is a little like the White Knight's armor, which shields him equally well against the Black Knight's sword and the dragon's breath of fire.

**Q** Would you, then, advise everybody to start right in on a set routine of exercises?

**A** Not indiscriminately, no. Too much exertion before the heart is conditioned to resist it can be dangerous, even fatal, as I've said. Anybody who has a known heart weakness should exercise with extreme caution, and only within the limits of his own strength. I would say, though, that anybody in normal health who doesn't make planned exercise as much a part of his routine as sleep is running an unnecessary risk.

**Q** I take it this is a risk that, for your own part, you're avoiding?

**A** As well as I can. I'm spending about an hour a day on calisthenics — push-ups, sit-ups, knee-bends, that kind of thing — and running on the flat and on stairs. This carries a slight risk of its own. I've found: at about five one morning when I was running on the University of Montreal campus a couple of cruising policemen picked me up for identification, and I can't say I blame them in the circumstances. But the medical risks, I'm sure, are receding — those stairs don't look nearly as steep to me as they used to.

**Q** How do you feel, doctor?

**A** Fine. ★



MORDECAI RICHLER writes about

Drawings by Huntley Brown

# Making it with the chicks

I have, since I returned to Canada after seven years in Europe, developed a voracious interest in our magazines. I read all of them. And it would seem, after a few months' haphazard study, that we Canadians are greatly concerned about the sex life our children lead.

One might conclude that our children, over-privileged but delinquent, sex-crazed and given to hot-rod violence, are bound to grow up irresponsible behemoths rather than dull, decent folk like their parents. I doubt it.

In fact the following, my own childhood sexual adventures, are offered in a spirit of reassurance. There is hope, you know. I picked up most of my sex education on street corners and I have, I think, survived.

I wasn't quite eight years old when I first got into trouble over a girl. Her name was Charna; she lived upstairs from me on St. Urbain Street, and we had played together without incident for years. Then, one spring afternoon, it seemed to me that I'd had enough of marbles and One-Two-Three-RED LIGHT! and other childish games. I was bored.

"I've got it," I said. "We're going to play hospital."

Charna looked puzzled.

"I'm the doctor, see, and you're the patient. Is anybody home at your place?"

"No. Why?"

"It's more of an indoors game, like. Come on."

I had only begun my preliminary examination when Charna's mother came home. My

punishment was threefold. I had to go to bed without my supper, my mouth was washed out with soap (after many such purifying operations I still don't know which washes cleanest, but Palmolive certainly tastes best), and I was no longer allowed to play with Charna. My father was the only one in the house who was undismayed by my behavior. "You've got to hand it to him," he said.

"You'd better speak to him," my mother said. "It's a lot worse when they pick up that kind of knowledge on the streets."

"It looks like he's pretty well informed already."

If I wasn't, it was clearly my mother's fault. Some years earlier she had assured me that babies came from the T. Eaton Company, and whenever she wanted to terrify me into better behavior she would pick up the phone and say, "I'm going to call Eaton's right this minute and have you exchanged for a girl." So I'd eat my porridge or correct any other infraction against good conduct. Meanwhile my brother, who was five years older than I was, would compulsively add to my discomfort.

"Maybe Eaton's won't take him back, Maw. This isn't bargain-basement week, you know."

"I'll send him to Morgan's, then."

"Morgan's," my father would say, looking up from his evening paper, "doesn't hire Jews. I'll have nothing to do with them."

Arty cured me of the department-store myth. He had modern parents, the only ones on St. Urbain Street, and he was very knowing about how to make babies. "You do it with a seed," he said. "You plant it, see."

Arty was a shrewd one for getting on with girls. He was my mentor. By the time we were both twelve, and starting to go out on dates, he told me, "When you go to a social, what do you do first?"

"Ask the prettiest dame there for a dance."

"That's your first mistake," Arty said.

Arty explained that everybody went to a dance with the same idea. Maybe twelve boys with the same idea and *only one prettiest girl*. The thing to do, he said, was to make a big play for the third prettiest girl at the dance while all the others were busy with number one. That way you never walked out alone.

I did not, mind you, just open a door and arrive at the dancing-party stage of courting. I traveled a long and troubled route to get there. Why, there had even been a time when to walk a girl home from school and maybe hit her one over the head with my geography book was all I wanted. The next stage was certainly the bicycle one. I would ride up and down in front of my girl's house for hours and when she finally came out I'd do my best to run her down, shout an insult, and speed off.

Our parties were usually held at a girl's house and the thing to do was bring along the latest hit-parade record. Favorites at the time were Besame Mucho and Tico-Tico. We'd boogie for a while. Then gradually we'd favor more and more slow numbers until Arty would get up, clear his throat, and say, "Hey, isn't the light in here hurting your eyes?"

But with the coming of the partygoing stage complications set in (for me, anyway). My face had broken out in pimples. I was little and thin



for my age. I had trouble getting a second date with the same girl, if you know what I mean, and usually the boys had to provide for me. Arty would phone some unsuspecting girl and lie, "There's this friend of mine in from Detroit. Would you like to go to a dance with him on Saturday night?"

The girl would usually come, but afterwards she'd complain. "Why didn't you tell me he was such a twerp?"

So Arty took me aside. "Why don't you try body-building or something?" he asked.

I tried boxing at the Y and was knocked out my second time in the gym ring. I would have persevered, however, if my usual sparring partner, one Herky Samuels, hadn't had the nasty trick of blowing his nose on his glove immediately before he whacked me one. Besides, I wasn't getting any taller. I wasn't exactly a midget, you know, but some of the boys had already begun to shave. The girls had begun to use lipstick and high heels. They had also started to go in for brassieres — rather optimistically, I thought (except for Gitel Miller).

If I had a thing, as they say, about being short there were valid reasons for it. Nobody under sixteen was allowed into the movies in Montreal, and while even a thirteen-year-old girl would beat the ruling with an adroit use of lipstick and high heels a boy couldn't bluff his way past the usher unless he was tall enough. Before the dating age we had a simple method of breaking the law. An older friend would buy a ticket and stroll round to a rear exit where four, six, or sometimes even eight of us would be waiting outside. He'd release the bar, open the door, and we'd all spill inside. But I could hardly ask a girl in high heels to do that for me. Neither could I risk her getting in and my being turned away. So I didn't take girls to the movies. "It's not real life, anyway," I'd say.

"It's Robert Taylor."

"It's escapism, you mean."

My brother was not very sympathetic about my girl troubles. "Some of us have it," he said, "and others . . . Well, if I were you I'd stick to your airplane models."

My brother Harvey was studying at Queen's

University and he came home for only one weekend a month. "I can see the family unit in a much clearer perspective now," he said.

Harvey had begun to affect a pipe. On his monthly visits home he smuggled certain items across the provincial border. Cigarettes, cheaper in Ontario, margarine, banned in Quebec, and sunbathing magazines. In his freshman year at Queen's, Harvey also developed a taste for art photography annuals, although he did not own a camera. This baffled me until I found one of the annuals under his mattress and flipped through it. I promptly canceled my subscriptions to Canadian High News and the National Geographic Magazine, and joined the YMHA photography club, but it wasn't all I had hoped for.

My brother, however, was not the family rake. That office was filled by my Cousin Lou, and I learnt some splendid lessons on how to make it with the chicks from him.

"Principle number one," Lou said. "Treat 'em like dirt. Principle number two. Never give up a dame on spec. Always have another one warming up in the bullpen, so to speak. Principle number three. Any dame is better than no dame."

Lou was a haberdashery salesman. He had a little black book—"There's more gold in here than in all of Fort Knox"—that he kept scrupulously up to date.

A trip round the corner for, as Lou put it, a swig of java, was an adventure if he was your companion. He called all the waitresses "honey," he wiggled his ears at them, and said things like, "You send me, baby."

It didn't annoy him, either, when the waitress replied, "I'll say I send you, brother, but I'd hate to tell you where." Once the girl had gone to fetch our coffee Lou would whisper to me, "An Irish tootsie," or, nudging me, "A Frenchie." Lou rolled his eyes and had comments to make about all the waitresses. "Oh, it must be jelly 'cause jam don't shake like that." Or, another time, "Those thin ones. Wow!"

My mother didn't approve. "Lou's a bad influence on the boy," she said.

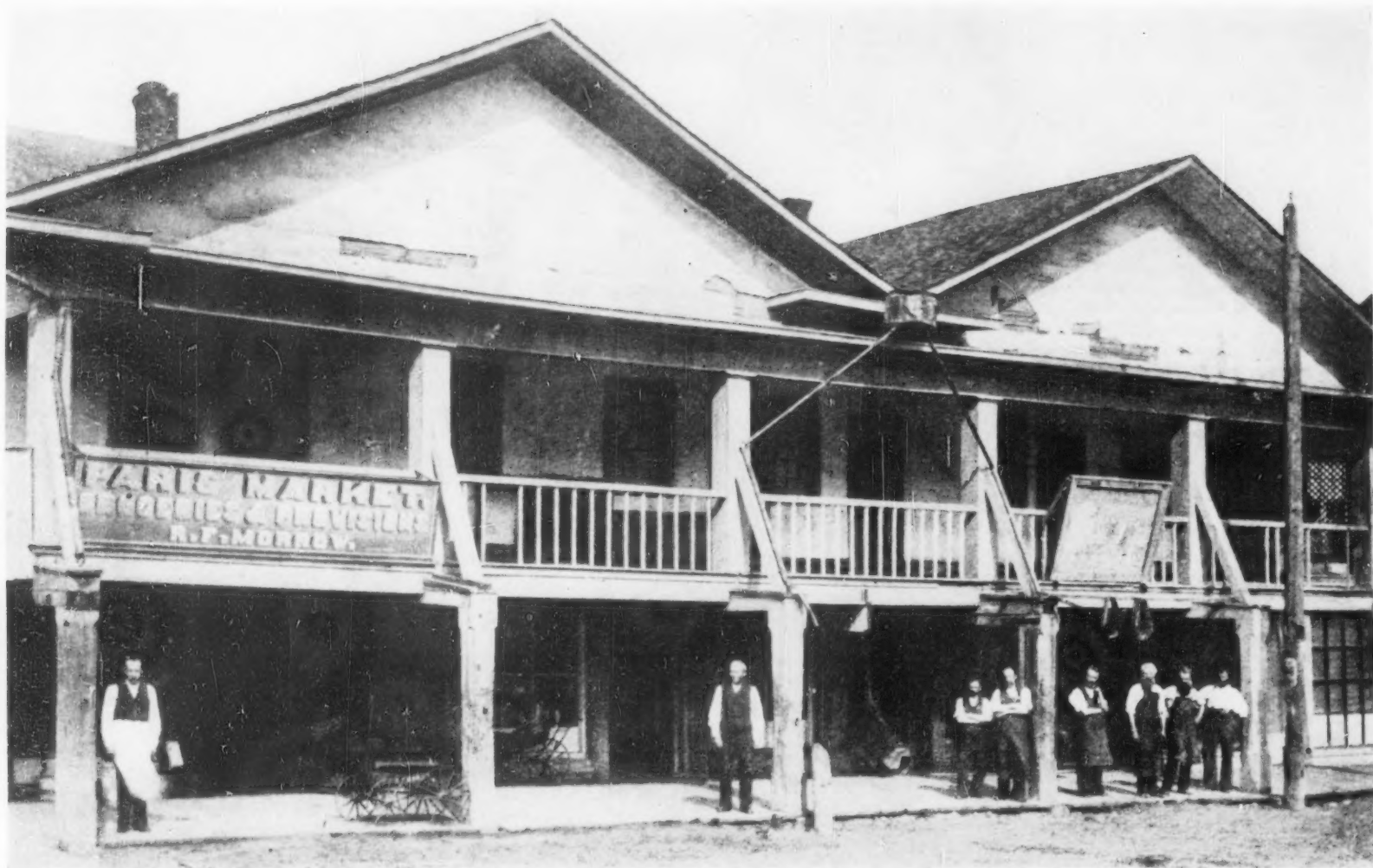
"Aw, Lou's all talk and no action," my father said. "He's OK."

Round about this time Arty, Hershey, Stan and I were drifting through high school together, and there we got a rude shock. Suddenly the neighborhood girls, whom we had been dating loyally for years, dropped us one-two-three and began to go out with older boys—McGill students, working boys, anybody so long as he was over eighteen and had a car. We would sit outside on the steps on Saturday nights and watch the girls come tripping out in their party dresses, always to leap into a stranger's car, and go off into the night without even a wave for us. Obviously, a double feature and toasted tomato sandwiches and a coke afterwards no longer constituted a date. That, as one of the girls told us, was okay "for children like us," but these days they went to fraternity dances or nightclubs and, to hear them tell it, drank Singapore Slings endlessly.

"It's awright," Arty said. "Let them have their lousy little fling. But they'll come back crawling for a date. You wait." We waited and waited and, disheartened, gave up girls altogether for a time and

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Robert White's shoe store (second from left) in Paris, Ontario, was the receiving end of the test on August 10, 1876, that convinced Bell of the telephone's capabilities.

## The life of Alexander Graham Bell

*Last of four parts*

# A voice from far away

*The failure of Bell's first long-distance tests  
sent him home to Brantford in a gloomy state.*

*Then, in a burst of energy, he ran lines to two nearby communities,  
relayed singers' voices over them, and proved beyond doubt  
that the telephone was more than a toy*

**By Thomas B. Costain**



*Bell in 1876*

IT WAS Alexander Graham Bell's custom to return to the family home near Brantford, Ont., for several months each year. Usually he arrived from Boston ill and exhausted from the strenuous combination of conducting classes in speech for the deaf and experimenting on improvements in telegraphy. He would devote part of the summer and autumn to recuperating—and at the same time work furiously on what he had come to consider his "Brantford invention," the telephone.

In 1876, perhaps the most eventful year of his life, he came home in July. That was later than usual but there had been many things to cause delay: the nerve-racking days which preceded the application for a patent on the telephone, and the grim moments of waiting until it was granted; the exhibit of the embryo tele-

phone at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, where the apparatus won a prize; the unceasing probe in the hope of improving the instrument.

On July 7, 9, and 22, attempts were made to use the telephone in circuits from Boston to New York and Boston to Rye Beach, N.Y. All three attempts—the first long-distance tests of the telephone—were failures.

So it was in no exultant mood that Bell came home to Brantford. The victory at Philadelphia, and the enthusiasm which grew out of the excited reception of the invention by two of the award judges, Emperor Pedro II of Brazil and Sir William Thomson, a noted British scientist, had begun to dim. What happened between his arrival in Brantford in the last week of July and the first of the three historic

tests, which occurred on August 3, has not been put on record, unfortunately, in detail. There are a few hints. Graham Bell decided, apparently, to do some preliminary testing at home. He went to a friend, Thomas Cowherd, a Brantford tinsmith who had helped him contrive equipment for earlier experiments. Cowherd had just completed the latest model of a telephone on minute instructions from the inventor, a rather extraordinary piece of equipment with three mouthpieces, by means of which three people would be able to listen in or speak at the same time. It was decided between them that stovepipe wire would serve for the experiments but that a very large supply would be needed. Cowherd drove out to Tutelo Heights almost immediately with a wagonload.

Graham Bell proceeded to set up the instru-



ments of transmission in the house, attached to seemingly endless yards of stovepipe wire. With the unconcern of a true scientist, who loses sight of everything in the pursuit of his objective, he decided to take up the slack between point and point by winding the wire around the newel post at the foot of the stairs. Either his mother was unaware of what he was about or was the most patient of parents; at any rate, there was no protest when he proceeded to gouge spirals out of the wood in which he could wind and rewind the wire before carrying the line out through one of the windows.

There were daily tests from that time on, with guests present during the evenings. The doors of the barn were kept closed to shut out all sounds from the house and light was supplied by lanterns suspended from the rafters. Most of the space remained in darkness, however. The receiver was set up on a tool bench and connected with the wires through a window in the gable. The tall young inventor preferred to remain at the receiving end, where he could check the results, giving each guest a chance to listen at intervals to the songs and recitals.

The results obtained during these days of experimentation must have been encouraging. At any rate, Graham Bell decided on a bold course. He would try again to achieve a satisfactory transmission of the human voice over long-distance wires. For his first attempt since the not too successful efforts between Boston and New York, Bell decided to use a telegraph wire from the Brantford telegraph office to the store of Wallis Ellis.

Mount Pleasant, a pleasant and prosperous village founded before Brantford existed, lies

two miles beyond the point where the road to the Bell homestead turns off the highway. In the general store, surrounded by an overflow audience of Mount Pleasant's men, women and children, Bell stood in front of the receiver on the evening of August 3. It was quite apparent that he was in a highly nervous state. Would the voices come through? The test would be a crucial one.

At the stipulated time Bell raised the receiver to his ear. The onlookers fell into a complete silence and every eye in the store was fixed on him. He listened intently.

Graham Bell's story is that he heard a voice begin on Hamlet's soliloquy, the magnificent lines used so often throughout the telephone saga; with the words "To be or not to be..." a look of intense relief took possession of the inventor's face.

The thought ran through his mind, "It is to be."

The program from the city continued for some time, to give all of those present in the store a chance to hear with their own ears. There were recitations from members of the Bell family. A song was sung by William Whitaker, a tinsmith from West Brantford who had a clear baritone voice. A contralto soloist from one of the city churches, Mary Nolan, also took part.

The people of Mount Pleasant are still inclined to think they have been somewhat overlooked in all the speeches which have been made and in the stories which have poured forth from newspaper presses. "It was here," they say, "that the first really successful test was made. Why all this talk about Brantford and Paris and Boston and this neglect of Mount

Pleasant?" They have a point. A commemorative plaque will be placed in 1961 near the site where the first successful one-way test was conducted over a real telegraph wire.

The second test was to be conducted between the Bell homestead and Brantford on the evening of August 4, before a score of prominent men of the city.

William Brooks is the only survivor who can speak with first-hand knowledge of what happened on the morning of that eventful day. He was working with his father on their farm, the land closest to the Bell property.

Along came young Bell, Brooks recalled recently, carrying a coil of wire. He said there was to be a test of the telephone that evening and he wanted to run a line out to the Mount Pleasant Road. Could he string it along their fences?

"That was quite a problem," Brooks went on. "It was his idea to string the wire right across our gateway, which would make it impossible to get in or out with our loads. Father wanted to oblige, because the two families had become very friendly. He thought it over and then told Mr. Bell he would have to wait until we could get our loads through. He promised we would all pitch in then and help him with the wire."

This earnest party worked for long hours under a broiling sun at the task of getting the line up. It was probably the hottest day of the year. A neighbor watched the perspiring band from the shade of a leafy maple tree. After enjoying the spectacle of other men working so hard, he returned home and had the following comment to make: "Silliest piece of tomfoolery ever was." CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

## Graham Bell at home: *He breakfasted on porridge and always drank through a glass tube "to put the liquid into my mouth and not my mouth into the liquid"*

WHAT KIND OF PERSON was Alexander Graham Bell? He seems to have been the most modest of men as well as the possessor of blithe spirits. When things pleased him he was very likely, even in his advanced years, to indulge in a furious Indian war dance or a Highland fling.

Financial rewards seemed to him so little important that he gave his father a three-quarter interest in the telephone company set up in Canada and saw to it that all who had helped him were suitably rewarded. He put into his wife's hands the control of his financial affairs.

On one occasion, when the inevitable litigation over the validity of his patents had come up for a final hearing in the courts, he happened to be in Canada. He threw up his hands and declared that he was prepared to let the patents go and devote the rest of his life to the teaching of underdeveloped children rather than become involved in more legal entanglements. It required a great deal of pressure to make him change his mind. All his life he seems to have yearned for the work he understood best, the teaching of the deaf and dumb.

When Sandy (as his wife preferred to call him) brought his bride, Mabel

Hubbard, to Brantford soon after their marriage in 1877, he had not changed a whit. He was still modest, cheerful, filled with high spirits. One of the neighbors, Rebecca Wye, told of a reception held for the newlyweds.

"We'll have a little dance," said Bell. He escorted his wife, who seemed to the neighbors most pretty and stylish, to the centre of the floor while Miss Wye went to the piano to play a waltz. For the benefit of his wife, he raised a finger in the air and marked the time. Although the bride could hear nothing, she kept step perfectly. Bell explained this later to Miss Wye. "She can feel the musical vibrations through the soles of her feet," he whispered.

The neighbors on Tutelo Heights told of one incident with the greatest delight. "Aleck's mother," they said, "came out to greet them and broke an oatcake over her daughter-in-law's head. We found out later it was an old Scottish custom. It meant the bride would never go hungry in her husband's home." It seems to have been effective.

Bell's daughters, Mrs. Gilbert Grosvenor and Mrs. David Fairchild, say the true Scot in their father came out at breakfast. He always had his porridge served in the approved Scot-

tish style, the hot oatmeal in one bowl and chilled cream in the other. He would take a spoonful of the oatmeal and dip it in the cream.

Graham Bell was in no sense a gourmet; in fact, he paid little attention to food. But he was particular about how it was served. He liked to eat off clear white plates and even went to the extent of having a service made in France with no more design than a fine gold band and his AGB monogram. At home he always drank liquids through a glass tube, because he wanted "to put the liquid into my mouth and not my mouth into the liquid." And, being law-abiding in the strictest sense, he allowed nothing of a spirituous nature on the table during the years that prohibition was in force.

It was his invariable rule to seat himself opposite his wife, who had been deaf from childhood, so he could indicate by lip movements the course that the conversation was taking. Thus, she was never left out and could enter into the talk at will. The two daughters learned to assist their mother in the same way.

He disliked gossip. He could not abide criticism of anyone, even those who richly deserved what might be said of them. If members of the fam-

ily expressed an unfavorable opinion, he would sit still for a moment or two. Then he would fold his napkin. If this danger signal were disregarded, he would push his chair back from the table. "That," Mrs. Fairchild attests, "always stopped us."

Perhaps the favorite family anecdote is of the time when their kindly but somewhat absent-minded parent went to a reception at the White House. He had been out for a drive with Mrs. Bell and, on returning to the house to get into formal attire, he noticed nothing but the swallow-tailed evening coat laid out on the bed. He donned his overcoat downstairs before Mrs. Bell joined him and, as she preceded him in the line, she did not have a chance to notice him until they returned to the home of a relative, Mrs. Kennan, for tea. With the touch of the actor that was inherent in all the Bells, he came stalking through the portières with a dramatic flourish of his arms, wearing his glossy evening coat over a pair of striped morning trousers.

Mrs. Kennan heard one White House doorman say to another, in open-mouthed amazement, "You see dat?" To which the other replied, "Oh, he Telephone Bell. He can dress any whichever way he please." ★

Sweet  
and  
sour

by *Innocent*



"I'm a girl — I thought you were a boy."



"Which one is twenty-four cents?"



"It's my compact sports model."



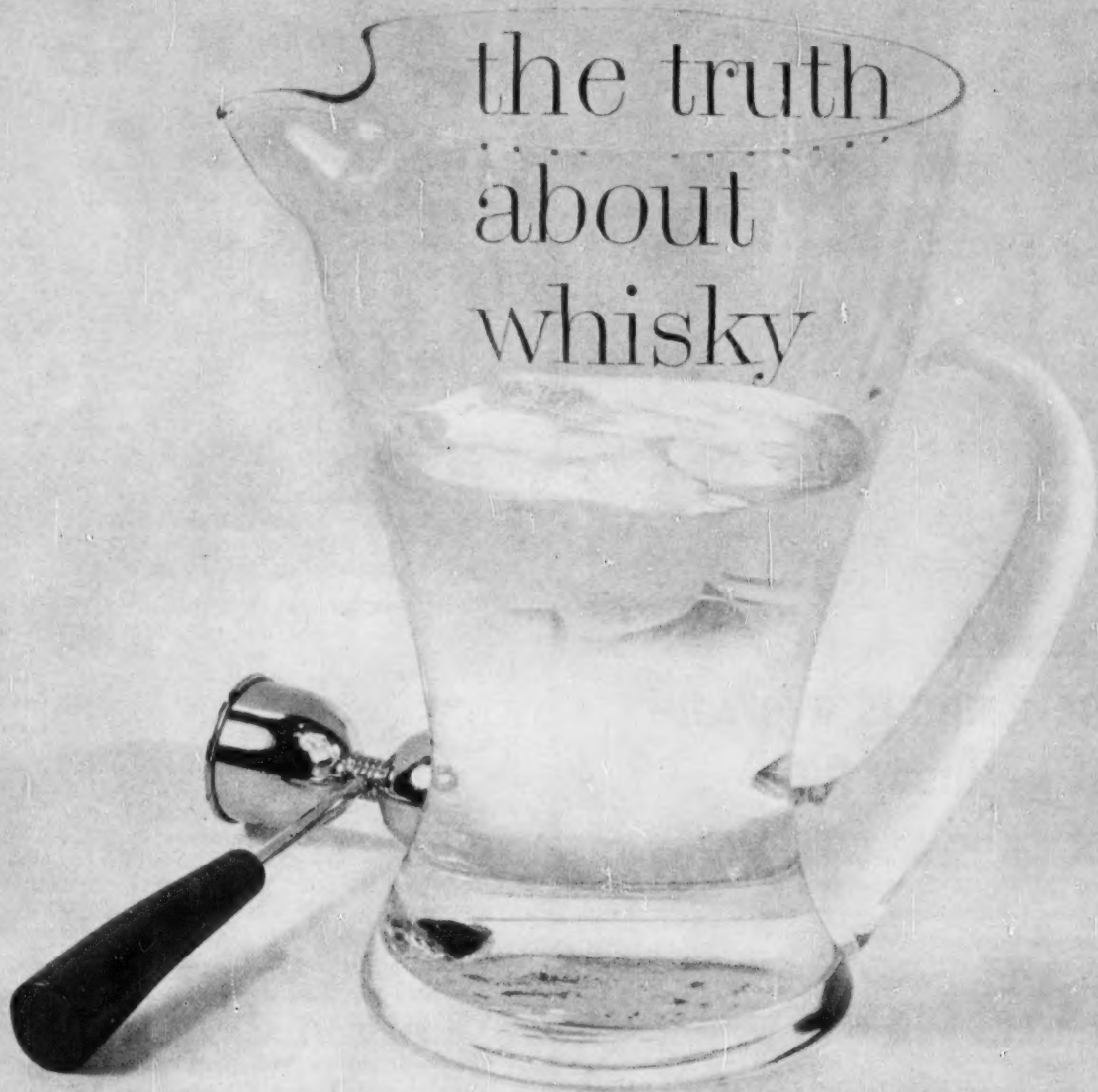
"Mom and Dad, this is Vera. We've been secretly married for the past twelve years."



"I don't believe a word she says."



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"83"

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## Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



### BEST BET

**INHERIT THE WIND:** Moments of robust comedy often lighten the sombre tone of producer-director Stanley Kramer's version of the successful Broadway drama, adapted for the screen by the writers who did Kramer's *The Defiant Ones*. It's about the Tennessee "monkey trial" of 1925, with Spencer Tracy (left) in the role played in real life by Clarence Darrow as a tough old agnostic who defends a country schoolteacher accused of giving anti-Biblical "evolutionary" instructions in the classroom. Fredric March, almost unrecognizable with a histrionic paunch and a bald-eagle dome, portrays the flamboyant Fundamentalist prosecutor — a character closely modeled after William Jennings Bryan. There are some weak and implausible scenes but the film has warmth and excitement, and both Tracy and March are in top form. With Gene Kelly, Florence Eldridge.

**A GENERATION:** A Polish film, and a good one, made in 1954 but unaccountably kept at home until now. With passion and poetry and occasional wild humor it conjures up the claustrophobic world of a generation of young freedom fighters battling the Germans in occupied Warsaw in 1942.

**HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR:** Derservedly acclaimed by Canadians at the 1960 Stratford Film Festival, this French drama marks the memorable feature-film debut of a former documentary director named Alain Resnais. It employs a foredoomed romance between a French actress and a Japanese architect as a narrative thread that binds together a series of haunting reflections about life in the Atomic Age.

**OCEAN'S ELEVEN:** A Sinatra-like small tough guy named Danny Ocean, played by Frank Sinatra, is the central character in this entertaining but excessively flip and "inside" crime comedy-drama. The story deals with the efforts of a group of ex-paratroopers to rob five Las Vegas casinos of a mintful of cash at New Year's Eve, using skills they learned while fighting for Uncle Sam. The British tackled a similar plot a bit earlier in *The League of Gentlemen* and made a better job of it. Ocean's gang includes such "clan" stalwarts as Dean Martin, Peter Lawford and Sammy Davis Jr.

**PLEASE TURN OVER:** A teenage girl (Julia Lockwood) plunges her stuffy community into jitters by writing a sexy novel called *Naked Revolt* which leaves the impression that the town is a simmering cauldron of lust and decadence. A few hearty laughs are sprinkled among a lot of fairly routine simpers; the familiar situation needs wittier development to sustain interest throughout.

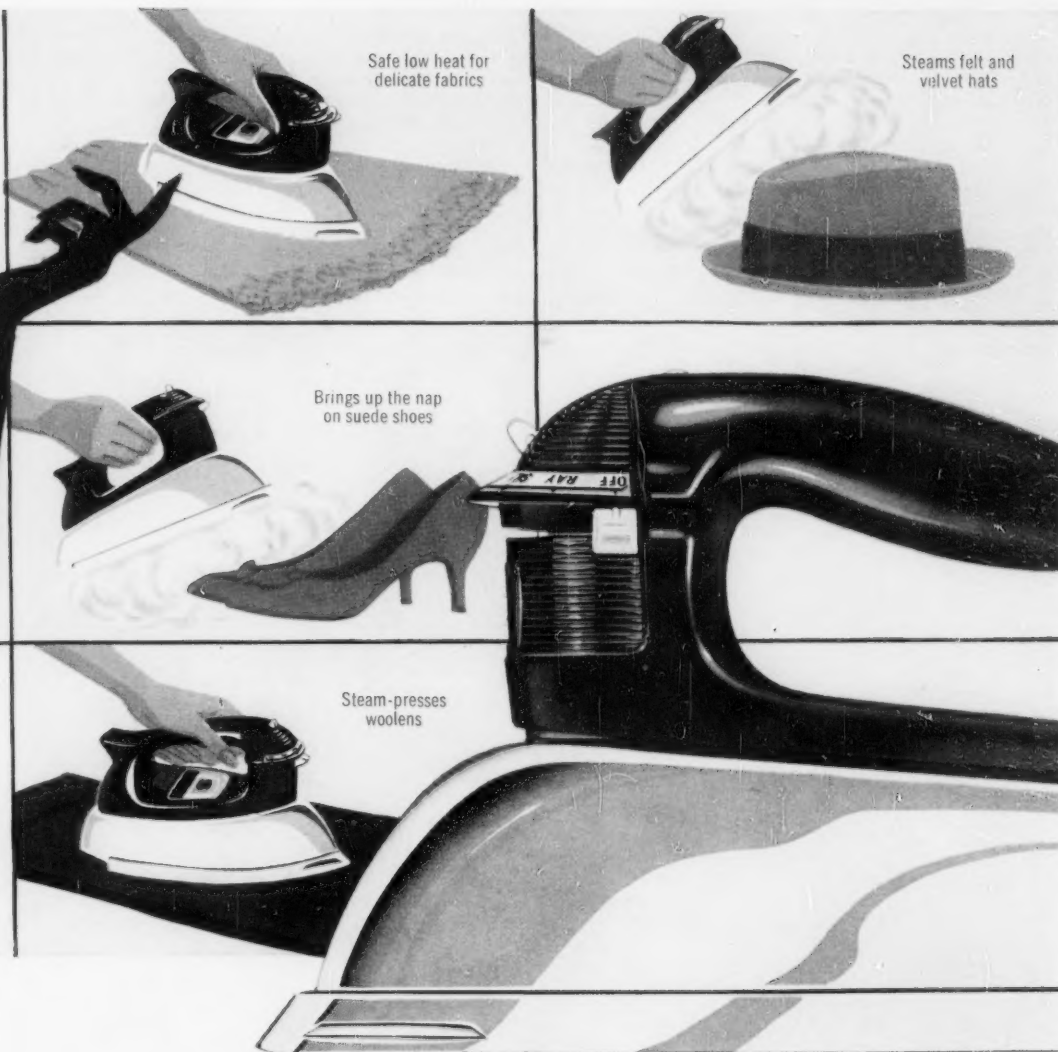
### GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn:** Comedy-drama. Fair.  
**Comedy-drama:** Fair.  
**Alive and Kicking:** Comedy. Fair.  
**The Apartment:** Romantic comedy-drama. Excellent.  
**The Bellboy:** Jerry Lewis farce. Poor.  
**Bells Are Ringing:** Comedy. Good.  
**Brides of Dracula:** Horror. Fair.  
**Day They Robbed the Bank of England:** Crime drama. Fair.  
**Doctor in Love:** Comedy. Fair.  
**Don't Panic, Chaps:** Comedy. Fair.  
**Elmer Gantry:** Comedy-drama. Excellent.  
**For the Love of Mike:** Boy-and-horse adventure drama. Fair.  
**From the Terrace:** Drama. Fair.  
**The Fugitive Kind:** Drama. Good.  
**Hell to Eternity:** War drama. Fair.  
**Ice Palace:** Alaska drama. Fair.  
**I'm All Right, Jack:** Comedy. Good.  
**It Started in Naples:** Comedy. Fair.  
**The League of Gentlemen:** Comedy-thriller about perfect crime. Good.  
**Light Up the Sky:** War comedy. Poor.

**The Lost World:** Science fiction. Fair.  
**Man on a String:** Spy drama. Good.  
**Murder, Inc.:** Gangster drama. Good.  
**Never Let Go:** Crime drama. Fair.  
**One Foot in Hell:** Western. Fair.  
**Operation Bullshine:** Comedy. Fair.  
**Oscar Wilde:** True-life drama. Good.  
**Pollyanna:** Comedy-drama. Good.  
**Portrait in Black:** Drama. Poor.  
**Psycho:** Hitchcock horror. Good.  
**Raymie:** Junior adventure. Fair.  
**The Rat Race:** Comedy-drama. Good.  
**Royal Ballet:** Dance documentary. Good.  
**School for Scoundrels:** Comedy. Good.  
**Strangers When We Meet:** Drama. Fair.  
**The Subterraneans:** "Beat" drama. Poor.  
**Swan Lake:** Russian ballet. Good.  
**Tarzan the Magnificent:** Jungle adventure. Fair.  
**Time Machine:** Science fiction. Fair.  
**Two-Way Stretch:** Comedy. Excellent.  
**The Unforgiven:** Western drama. Good.  
**Walk Like a Dragon:** Western. Fair.  
**Wild River:** Romantic drama. Good.

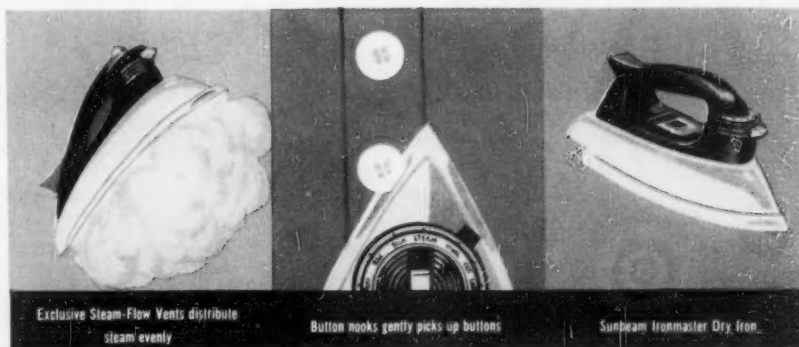


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## My mother, Lilli Marlene continued from page 27

**She never told anyone why she chose her stage name of Andersen; perhaps it was for a lover**

along in 1927, and Michael in 1929.

Father's paintings did not sell and mother trudged around the streets with his canvases, trying to interest the galleries, her friends, even strangers she encountered on her rounds. If it had not been for help from Aunt Theda, who was married to the rich industrialist Fritz Ullrich, we would have gone hungry many times.

Some of the canvases my father painted in those days hang in my house in Winnipeg. They are landscapes and seascapes and I think they are beautiful. And father was eventually recognized; he lives today in Bremerhaven and his paintings are quite famous in North

Germany. But his success came far too late to save the marriage.

Her association with actors and actresses had attracted mother to the stage and in 1930, tired and dispirited at last and determined to make her own way in life, she left my father for the stage. They were divorced in March 1931. And so she made her choice between family and career and she never looked back; she has never tried to alienate the affections of her children from other people they came to love in her place. She placed Bjorn in a Zurich boarding school and left little Michael with grandmother until he was old enough to join Bjorn at school. And Aunt Theda took me to live

with her in Zurich as her daughter.

It wasn't until the summer of 1938 that our family actually lived together. Mother had a singing engagement on the resort island of Norderney in the North Sea and my brothers and I stayed with her for two weeks. But we saw little of her; she worked at night and slept most of the day.

By then mother had adopted the name Lale (pronounced Larler) Andersen after changing it frequently over the years from Liese-Lotte Wilke to Liselotte Wilke-Andersen. Lale Wilke-Andersen, Liselotte Andersen and other combinations. She settled on Andersen against the wishes of her agent. She never told

anyone why she chose it. But it has been suggested that it was the name of someone she once loved. It might be so, for she had many men friends among her theatre crowd and the Zurich drama students. One who toured with her at that time was Walter Slezak, the stage and screen star we see now on television.

Mother had always wanted to be a serious actress, and in 1933 she did appear in *Tovarisch*; but the same year she had her own show, which included songs from *The Threepenny Opera*. And soon people demanded that she sing only, and so sing she did. Her repertoire included many sailors' songs she learned in Marseille in 1932 and she appeared on stage in a jaunty French sailor suit. By 1935, she was a full-time cabaret singer. She was billed as *The Girl With the Dream in Her Voice*. Audiences began to be drawn to mother by this curious quality in her voice.

Late in 1938, while I was still with Theda in Zurich, mother was singing at the *Kabarett der Komiker* in Berlin, where many popular songs were launched in those days. One night a composer, Norbert Schultze, asked her to sing a melody he had written.

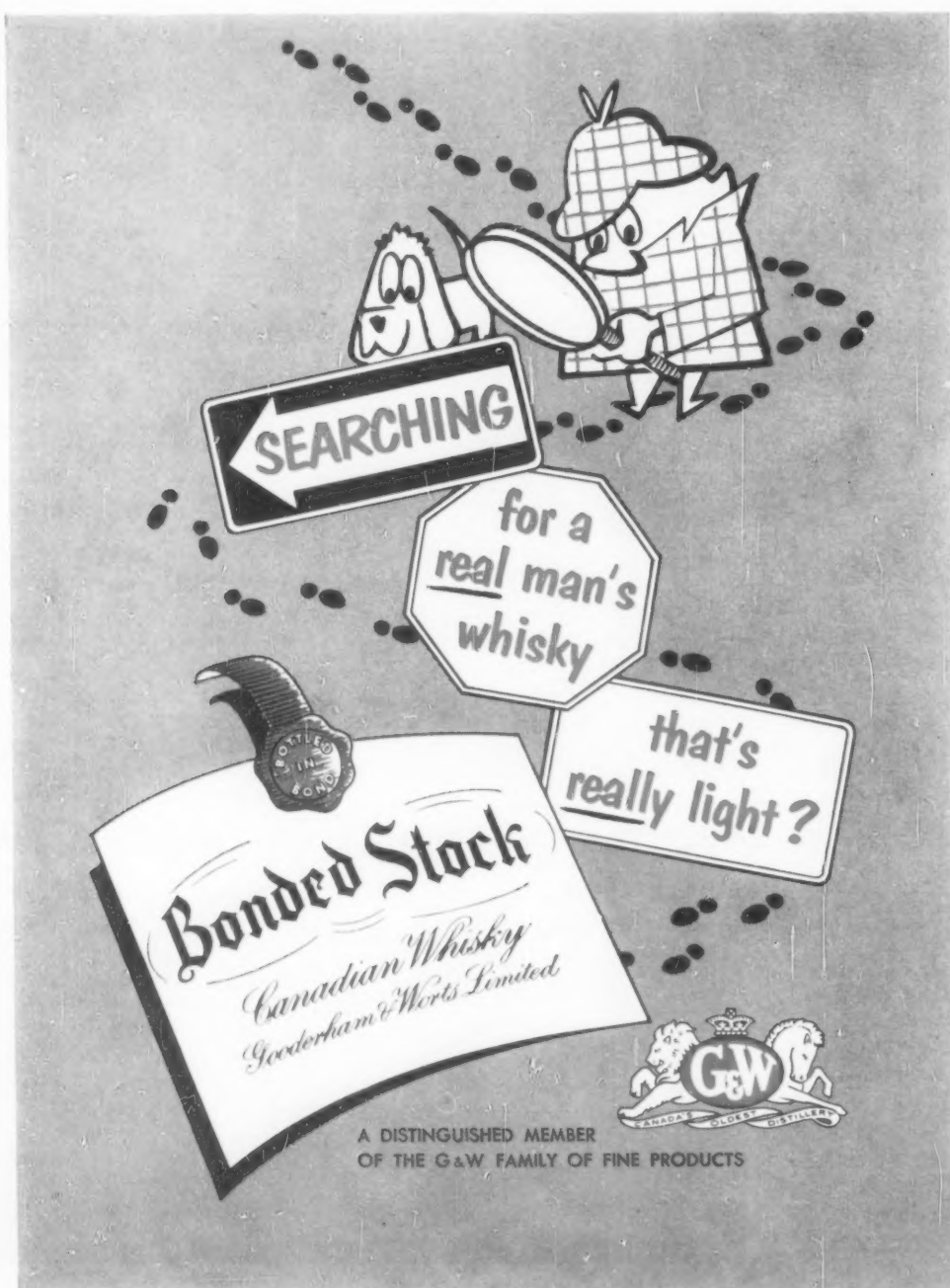
It was called Lilli Marlene, and the lyrics had been written by a German poet in 1915. It was the true story of his two loves of the First War, for in the beginning Lilli Marlene were really two people. Lilli and Marlene were girls who used to wait, at different times, outside barracks for a fusilier named Hans Leip. Hans fell in love with both of them, at different times, and both left him for soldiers of higher rank. He wrote a few disillusioned verses, linking their names together, and these later appeared in a collection of his work. The anthology did not sell very well, and Lilli Marlene might have been forgotten altogether if Schultze hadn't bought a copy one day at a second-hand bookstall.

Lilli caught his fancy. He was amused at the cynical way she had set out to woo her way through the ranks to meet a senior officer. Most of all he was touched by the rather pathetic figure she made with her slim body and long blond hair as she waited with her eyes on the barracks gate.

One day, with the volume opened before him on his music stand, Schultze ran his fingers over the piano keys to the words "*Vor Der Kaserne, Vor Dem Grossen Tor...*" And the melody came to him—a melody, like the words, full of sadness and disappointment. But before a music publisher rather dubiously agreed to print the song, thirty had turned him down, and the sheet music sold only sparingly.

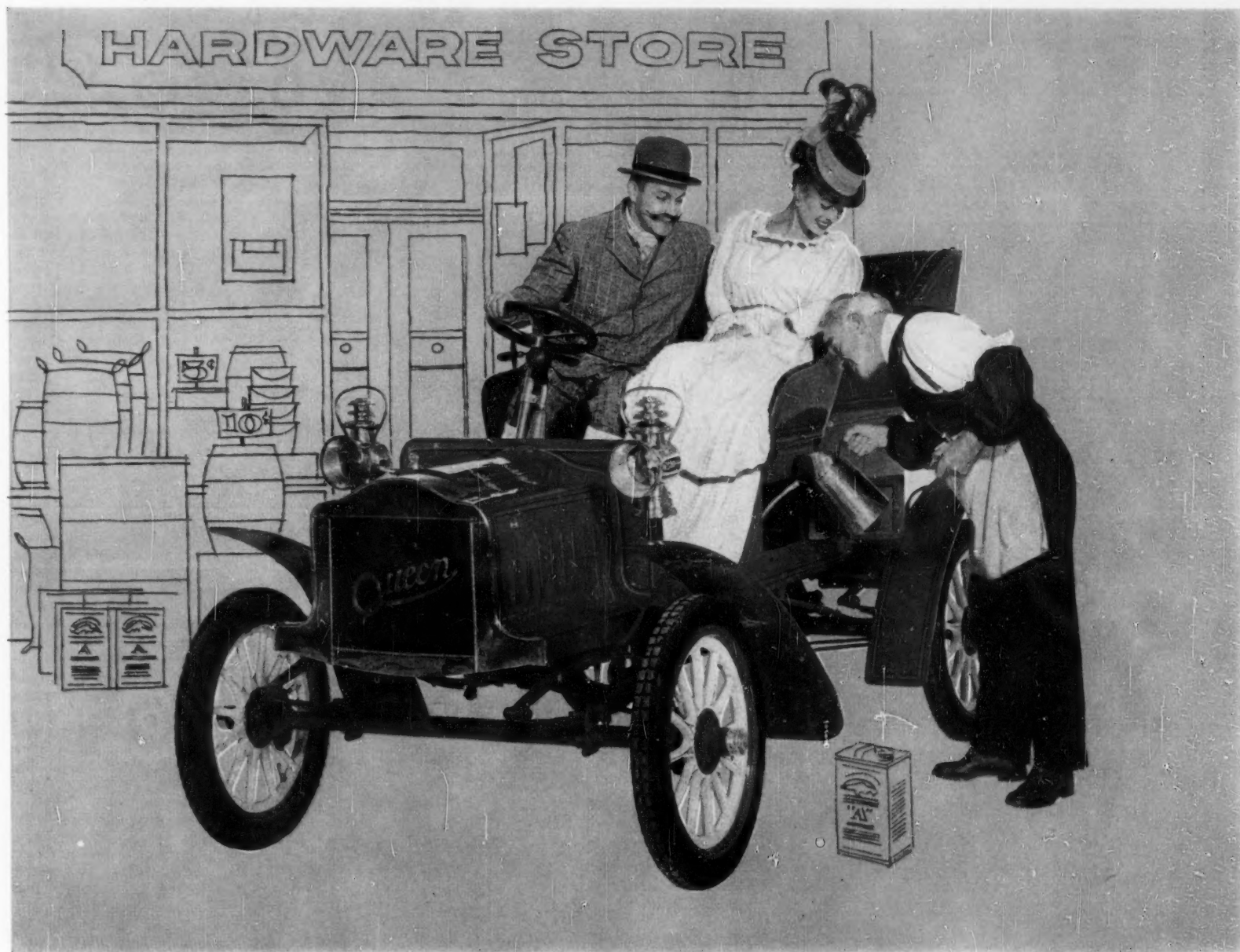
The haunting ballad was well suited to mother's husky, seductive voice and she sang it for Schultze in the cabaret. The audience applauded politely but it wasn't a hit, and she sang it there only a few more times. However, mother had a feeling that it was to be her song. She persuaded the Electrola company to let her record it. Because her popular *Drei Rote Rosen* (Three Red Roses) was on the A side, the record did sell. But it was soon shelved, and at no time was the B side played on the air.

It took a war to bring Lilli Marlene to life. As the Germans occupied Europe, radio stations were established in vari-





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ous countries to broadcast to the troops at the front. One of these was the station in Belgrade, which broadcast to Rommel's Afrika Korps in the Western Desert.

On August 18, 1941, Lilli Marlene was finally played over the air. It was an accident. The disc jockey had a request for Drei Rote Rosen and he put on the other side by mistake. He let it run. Within a week the Afrika Korps had sent in more than a thousand requests for it.

Broadcast every night after that, Lilli Marlene was on her way to becoming

the war's most popular lady of song, and mother, until then known only in cabarets, became famous throughout Germany. People flocked to the Kabarett der Komiker just to take a look at the slim blond singer whom the Afrika Korps was calling Lilli Marlene.

At this time Aunt Theda, her husband and I were living in Munich. We had moved there from Zurich in 1940 because currency restrictions prevented my uncle from getting his money out of Germany. I was thirteen when I went back to Germany, a stranger in my own coun-

try. I'd never even heard of the Hitler Youth. At school, some of the children tried to get me to join it, but I never did. Within a month, Aunt Theda transferred me to a private school. There was no apparent Nazi propaganda, and I was happy.

My classmates knew Lale Andersen was my mother and they all asked me to get them her autograph. Mother sang for the troops in Munich in 1941, and that summer she took Michael and me on a concert tour of Baltic cities. She always had large audiences. I couldn't

see why they made such a fuss; I liked Lilli Marlene, but to me it was just another song my mother sang.

She was very gracious and never impatient with the people who crowded outside her dressing room each night. At times, I felt at a loss, not knowing whether to claim my privilege as her daughter and barge through. I never did. I waited outside until she was free of her admirers.

By now Lilli Marlene had been "captured" by the British Eighth Army in the Western Desert. The Tommies began putting their own words to the tune.

British newspapers have said that Allied authorities didn't take kindly to Lilli at first. They wondered if it was a good thing to let an enemy song become the favorite of British troops.

I'm told that Tommy Trinder, the British comedian, introduced Lilli to the British public. He had heard it on one of his visits to the Eighth Army and he sang it during a talk he gave over the BBC. As a result, a British version of the song became a hit on broadcasts to the forces.

In the early days of 1942 I sensed that something was wrong with mother. At the time she said only that her nerves were bad and she'd have to do less work. I didn't bother to find out what the trouble was; there was so much about Germany I didn't understand.

#### A tangle with Goebbels

It wasn't till after the war that mother told me of her troubles with the authorities. It started in December 1941, when Josef Goebbels, Germany's club-footed propaganda minister, summoned mother to appear before him. Mother told me he was very brusque, though she did not take him very seriously at first.

"Who are you?" he asked. "You have become famous overnight, and I haven't the slightest idea who Lale Andersen is."

Mother's dossier, opened before him, showed she had left Germany in 1933 to study dramatics in Zurich, and that among her theatrical friends were many Jews who had fled Germany.

"Wasn't it distasteful for you to be among those intellectual degenerates—those Jews?" Goebbels asked her.

"We discussed only our work," mother answered. "We didn't talk about other things."

Goebbels dismissed her from this interview with a courtly, exaggerated bow. Mother left, hoping there would be no more questioning, and while on tour in Italy she continued to write to her Jewish friends in Zurich.

The Nazi authorities, unlike the men at the front, had not fallen for Lilli Marlene. They saw something decadent and defeatist about her, it seems. They could not understand why the Afrika Korps asked for the song.

Goebbels soon realized he could not control Lilli's growing popularity. He decided to use the song for propaganda against Allied troops, and he had it rewritten into a sarcastic English version. I'm told it was intended to make the Eighth Army resentful of the Americans stationed in Britain. He ordered mother to Belgrade to sing the song in person.

Mother has never in her life been to Belgrade. Another girl impersonated her over the radio. Mother had refused to go. Lilli Marlene was her song, she told the propaganda people, and she didn't want it tampered with. Nor would she sing another version of the song for propaganda purposes.

Goebbels was furious. Early in 1942

*now for the whisky with the velvet touch*



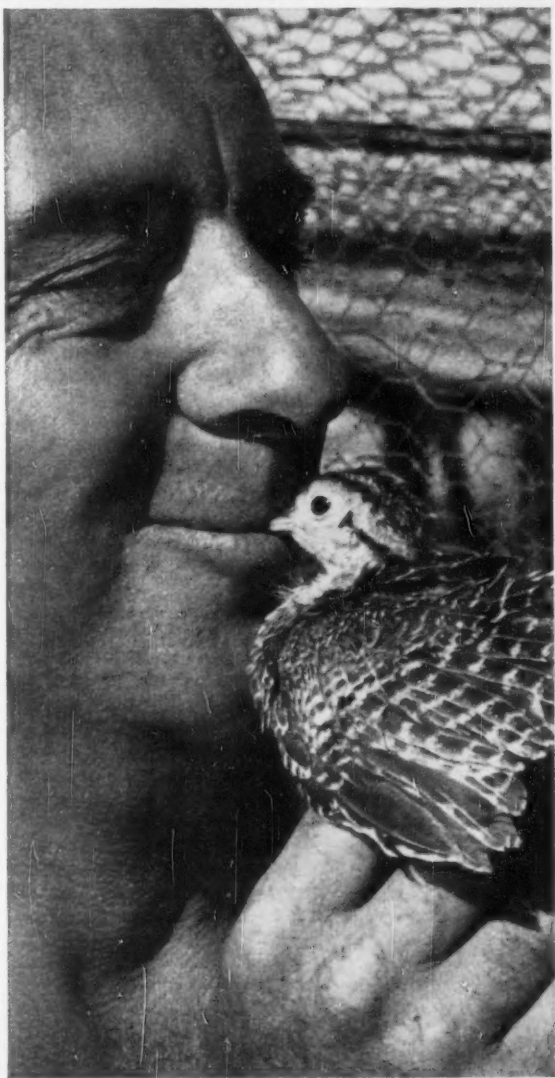
**BLACK VELVET**

*Gilbey's Smooth  
Canadian Whisky*





Gamekeeper Bert Platt and his son Lorne inspect some of the 6,200 pheasants they raised this year.



## They breed hunters' targets

Commercial farms provide pheasants for Ontario's 22 new game preserves

In many parts of Canada, a hunter who's out for pheasant still has to take his chances on bagging a wild bird. But in Ontario, pheasant-hunting is no longer left to chance.

Last season, for the first time anywhere in Canada, privately operated game preserves offered hunters a better-than-even chance of bagging their limits. On the twenty-two new preserves, 2,286 hunters shot 15,058 pheasants. Another 5,000 birds escaped from the preserves, and many of these were shot by hunters at large.

The preserves get their pheasants from commercial farms, the first of which got started four years ago to meet a growing demand for pheasant meat. The farm pictured here, near Brampton, is operated by the Peel County Pheasant Breeders' Association as a non-profit conservation project. But many other pheasant farms are out to make profits on the birds they sell for hunting and eating. Last year, 131 commercial pheasant farms sold a total of nearly 41,000 pheasants, made up of 16,000 dressed birds, 15,000 poults and 9,300 grown pheasants — plus 14,000 eggs. Meanwhile, two provincial government farms released 75,000 pheasants for hunters at large.

A hunter who goes into a southern Ontario preserve is guaranteed that he will flush — though not necessarily bag—a minimum number of birds per day. Northern preserves, competing more strenuously for business on locations farther from the heaviest population centres, give an even more attractive guarantee: any hunter who fails to bag his quota gets free pheasants, already killed, from the preserve operators.

One of the most enterprising preserves, near Huntsville, offers a package deal. For \$25 a day, a hunter gets three meals (including one pheasant dinner), overnight accommodation, and a chance to bag his limit. If he gets his limit in the morning, he can spend the afternoon making the rounds of a nine-hole golf course.

While preserves make pheasant-hunting less of a hit-and-miss pastime than it once was, pheasant farmers do their best to keep up with the growing demand for the birds. Instead of facing the hazardous existence their ancestors led in the wilds, commercially bred pheasants are commonly reared under infra-red lamps, fattened on food pellets, fortified with extra vitamins and medicated with antibiotics.

— DOTTIE WALTER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. A. NICHOLLS

## A Gestapo doctor left her for dead; then word got to the BBC, which reported Lilli's "suicide"

he again ordered mother to his office. There, spread out on his big mahogany desk, were the letters she had written from Italy to her Jewish friends.

"Aren't you ashamed?" he shouted. "You, a German woman, writing this kind of thing to Jews and German traitors!"

There was nothing mother could say. Rather than weep or lose her temper,

she left the room and walked home. She has often told me she was no heroine, and didn't at this time realize how dangerous it was to defy Goebbels. When she was back in her apartment, the phone rang. She was ordered to report at once to the Chancellery.

Mother was taken before an SS colonel, who told her that when she left Goebbels she had made the unpardonable

error of forgetting to *heil* Hitler. For punishment she was ordered to make ten *heils* to the Führer's painting above the colonel's desk. Mother burst into tears and denounced the whole business. When she left she was told a member of the Gestapo would call at her apartment that night. The official charge was that she had corresponded with Jews. The warning was a trick of the Nazis that some-

times drove the victim to suicide and thus saved them a lot of trouble.

At home, mother was visited by a doctor friend who offered a solution. He gave her pills that would knock her out and give her the appearance of being near death. This, she was told, had been done with other people wanted by the Gestapo. Their pulse would be so weak that the Gestapo doctor would confidently pronounce them close to death and the police would leave. The drugged person could be revived later and whisked away by the underground.

Mother waited. By midnight, no one had come. Her overwrought nerves could take no more. She gulped the tablets. Two days later she came to. Her cook told her what had happened. At 3 a.m. four men had come and found her unconscious. One, a Gestapo doctor, said it was certain mother would be dead in a couple of hours. The men left.

When mother didn't appear in public the next night, the German underground heard she was a suicide and the news was radioed to British intelligence. The BBC broadcast at once to the Afrika Korps: "Your favorite, Lale Andersen, your beloved Lilli Marlene, has committed suicide."

### A mistake saved her life

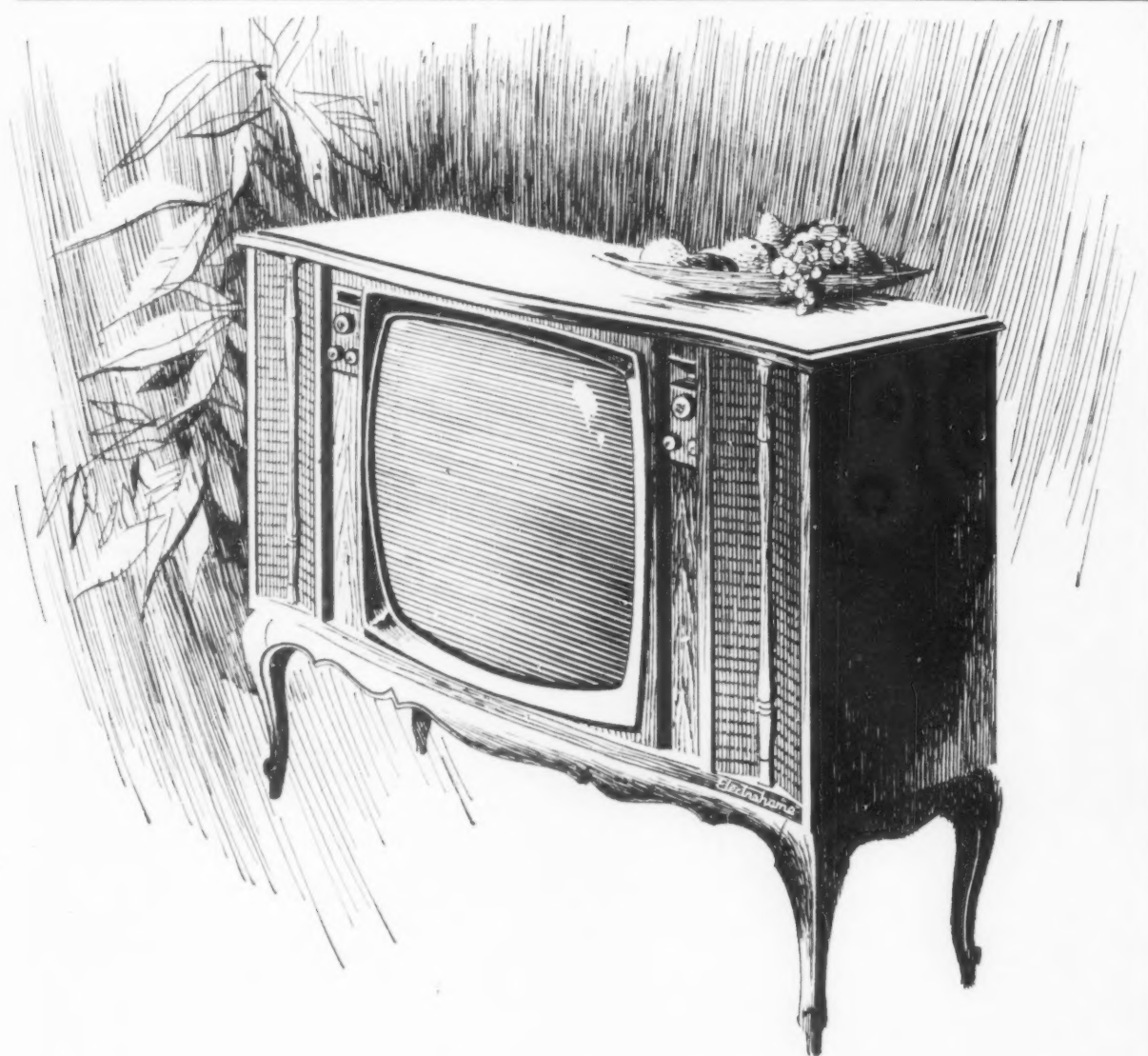
Goebbels' ministry heard the broadcast and the Gestapo was ordered to mother's apartment. They found her in a drugged sleep, and a watch was placed on her flat. Goebbels took full advantage of the British error. To discredit their propaganda, he announced to the world at every opportunity that Lale Andersen was alive and well in Berlin, and that the British reports were unreliable. He let mother resume limited singing engagements so she could be seen by the German public and soldiers on leave.

Mother, though, was always thankful for the British mistake. When she appeared on the BBC's *In Town Tonight* program while touring British music halls in 1950, she told them: "You saved my life with that broadcast, because they had to keep me alive to prove you wrong."

Mother had little income outside some old record royalties. One of her few opportunities to make money came in the winter of 1942-43. An old friend, Thea Frenssen, a skating instructor, hired mother as her assistant in making a film in Austria. I moved into mother's Berlin flat to look after my brother Michael. Bjorn, who had been serving on the Russian front, was invalidated home with frostbite. Later he was sent to the Italian front.

Mother wrote us amusing letters. Once she wrote: "Thanks for your concern and friendly words about my nervous breakdown. It has not knocked me out; I am still able to do something." She never mentioned the war or Lilli Marlene.

In Berlin, I looked after mother's correspondence; soldiers sent letters and requests for autographed pictures, and I answered them, using her signature stamp on photographs. I was a typical teenager, crazy about film and stage stars, and I wanted to be an actress. When mother returned from Austria in March 1943, I told her of this, and she said: "If that's what you want, Litta, we'll see what we can do." She coached me in a role meant for a woman of thirty, and in the part of Gretchen in *Faust*. Then she persuaded a producer



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friend to give me an audition. The poor man must have had an awful time keeping a straight face; even I realized how foolish I sounded in those terribly mis-cast roles. I was turned down, of course, just as mother had planned. It was her way of saving me from a precarious stage career. She once told me: "To become a great artist, you must experience a tragic love affair."

After this period in 1943, mother and I went our own ways and I lost track of her until after the war.

I found out later that mother ended the war on Langeoog in the Frisian Islands, an officers' leave centre where she was on show on Nazi orders. It was one more way for the Nazis to prove that she was alive and well.

When Allied troops occupied the islands, a Canadian sergeant discovered mother. He was marching some men past the hut mother lived in and she ran out and called him over.

"I am Lilli Marlene," she told him. She looked worn out and pale without make-up.

She recalls he made a remark like: "Yeah, and I'm the Queen of Sheba." She finally convinced him and he was elated. He was the first Allied soldier to meet the woman whose song he and his friends had sung so many times. When she visited Winnipeg in 1954, mother told me: "I wish I could meet the sergeant who found me on Langeoog." But she had never got his name.

The hut she lived in on Langeoog is now part of a hotel mother built for people who like quiet holiday retreats. It's a lovely place. I stayed there for two weeks in 1949.

Mother has changed very little; one would never suspect that she is only a few years from sixty. People are confused about her age and her past. Most of what has been written about her is fable. She is Lilli Marlene; it's her stock in trade, and she must appear to her audiences as a slim blond girl underneath the lantern.

My brothers and I go along with the deception that she is much younger than she is and childless. In public we have always called her Lale. We were mother and daughter in public for the first time in 1954 when she visited me in Winnipeg, where I've lived since 1952. She introduces my brother Bjorn, now a press

photographer in Munich, as her agent; whatever motherly feelings she has are directed more to Michael, who is a Munich music publisher.

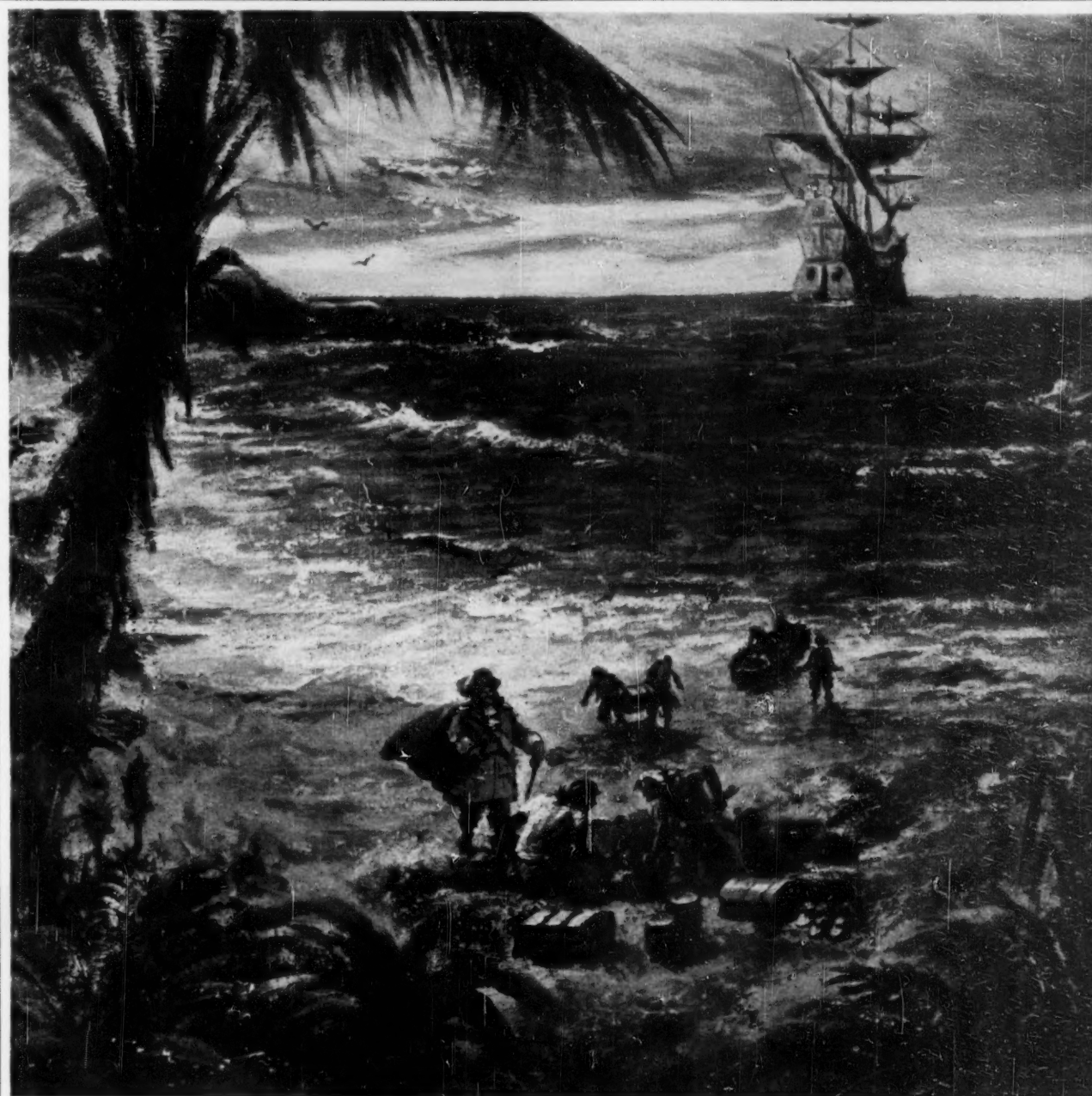
She is still slim and blond, her green-brown eyes sparkle with a love of life, and her charm captivates a room as she makes her studied entrance. And she's a good sport; my friends at the Winnipeg Press Club told me this during her 1954 visit when she sang Lilli Marlene to a packed room without a microphone—always a must with her—and she made fun of her disadvantage.

Mother is now a Swiss by virtue of her second marriage in 1949 to Artur Beul, the composer who wrote, among other hits, *Underneath the Linden Tree*. He is ten years younger than she and they were married just when *The Wedding of Lilli Marlene* was being released. The British composers actually got the idea for that song from my own wedding and it just happened to come out at the time she became Mrs. Beul.

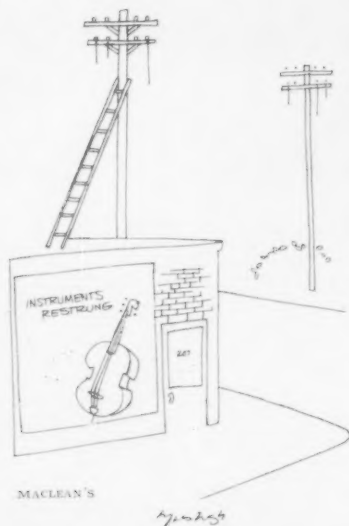
Today she keeps busy with radio, television and cabaret engagements in Germany and Switzerland. She writes

fairly often and casually asks about my four children. They are her only grandchildren and I suspect that she would like to give them the motherly love she might have shown for her own children if her life had been different. We have no true mother-and-daughter relationship; nevertheless, we like each other. The only real mother to me today, as always, is Aunt Theda.

I have Lale's original recording of Lilli Marlene. The song has great appeal for me, but I never play it unless someone asks me to. ★



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answers will be spelled out by the spread-  
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the flow of millions of cars and trucks  
through or around busy cities. Roads—to  
help Canadians living three thousand  
miles apart know each other better.

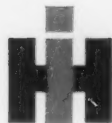
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**Making it with the chicks** continued from page 31

"Whatever you do," he said, "don't give them your right name. We're from out of town, see"

took to playing poker on Saturday nights. "Boy, when I think of all the mazuma I blew on Gitel."

"Skip it. I'd rather lose my money to a friend, a real friend," Hershey said, scooping up another pot, "than spend it on a dame, any time."

"They're getting lousy reps, those dames, running around with strange guys in cars. You know what they do? They park on quiet streets..."

"No kidding?"

"I'd just hate to see a sweet kid like Molly getting into trouble. If you know what I mean."

"I couldn't care less."

"Know something," Arty said. "Monks never go out with dames. For all their lives —"

"Monks are Catholics, you jerk. Who ever heard of a Hebe without a dame?"

Once poker palled on us we began to frequent St. Catherine Street on Saturday nights. We'd walk up and down the brightly lit street in gangs, stopping here for a hot dog and there to play the pin-ball machines, but never forgetting our primary purpose, which was to taunt the girls as they came strolling past.

"Hi, beautiful!"

"Hubba-hubba!"

"Boy, is that one ever stacked!"

Once or twice we went to the Palais d'Or and tried to see what we could pick up. Arty instructed us in technique first. "Whatever you do," he said, "don't give

them your right name. We're from out of town, see."

But most of the girls wouldn't even dance with us.

"Send round your older brother, sonny."

"Don't you think it's rather late for you to be out?"

So we began to go to Belmont Park, hoping to find younger girls. There we danced to the music of Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen and at least had some fun in the horror houses and on the rides. We also began to go in for snooker a lot.

"A poolroom bum," my father said. "Is that why I'm educating you?"

Only a few nights before, my mother had been to one of those lectures the ladies' auxiliary of the synagogue had just started to go in for.

"The way he's out on the streets every night," she said, "people will think he comes from a broken home. A maladjusted boy."

Malarkey, I thought; but, looking back, I guess I was perched on a dangerous abyss in those days. It had all started, it seemed to me, not with Char-na, but earlier, on the day I had begun to look up bad words in the copy of the Shorter Oxford Dictionary they kept right out there in the open at the Y library. And now, some years later, a life of vice spread out temptingly before me. Fortunately, I fell in love instead.



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Zelda was an Outremont girl—"An expensive cookie," as Cousin Lou said—with a lovely golden head and long dark eyelashes. I met her at a Sweet Sixteen party, asked her out, and was shocked when she said she'd come. (Usually, they gave me that bit about having to wash their hair.) I took Zelda to a Y dance and outside her house afterwards I kissed her good night.

"Now, why did you do that?" she asked.

"What?"

"Do you really get any pleasure out of kissing a girl?"

"Eh?"

"I thought you were a more serious type," she said.

"Oh, sure. Sure I am."

"For once in my life I'd like to meet at least one male who was interested in me just for my mind."

"You're right," I said quickly. "You've got a point there." And I assured Zelda I was interested in the *real* her, whatever that was.

The ruse worked, but only for a little while. Only, in fact, until the night we baby-sat together for her Uncle Bernie.

"You just please sit down right over there and talk to me," Zelda said.

Sheepishly I rose from the sofa and walked to the chair across the room. "What subject would you like to discuss?"

I asked hoarsely.

"Anything."

And so it went.

Meanwhile, they were giving me a hard time at home. I was always on the phone to Zelda, and my brother, home on holiday, was merciless.

"Well, well, there, pimplehead, I hear you're going steady."

"Mind your own business."

The boys began to ride me too.

"Wow, that Birdie Litvinoff," Hershey said of his latest steady, "water would turn to fire on her back."

"Sure," I said. "Oh, sure."

"Well," Arty said, "how you making out with Miss Anti-Freeze these days?"

"You'd be surprised, lunkhead. She's the best-looking dame around here and—"

"A lot of good it does you, but."

"—and the most intelligent."

Hershey laughed. "Big deal," he said.

"The trouble with you morons," I said, "is you've got sex on the head."

"Better that," Arty said, "than a million blackheads. Present company excluded, of course."

After that we fought. And so, as if I didn't have enough troubles already, Zelda cost me my two best friends. I was getting desperate.

"Look," I said to her at the next social, "all the guys are here. They're watching me. Couldn't we even pretend to kiss during the next slow number? Just to keep up appearances, like."

"Do you care what other people say about you?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why—"

"Skip it. Just warn me if I hold you too close, eh?"

Zelda and I parted friends, as the gossip columnists say, and—without a girl of my own again—I entered my reading period. I began to send away for volumes that came in plain brown wrappers, but they were of no real help. Eventually I picked up with Arty and Hershey again and they found me dates. One or the other of their endless spill of girls always had a cousin with thick glasses—"She's really lots of fun, you know"—or a kid sister—"Honestly, with high heels she looks sixteen"—and that was always for me. ★



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# MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

ML-62M



# **A South African's farewell**

Continued from page 18

They all got along well together. The African student came near to being the best in the class. But he was an exceptional African; afterwards, as Dr. Mofokeng, he was a member of the university staff. He died young, his health broken by the incredible privations he had suffered in his struggle for education.

Close contact with people of other races was one of the reasons for the liberalism in the English-speaking universities; the other was the sharp impact of mind on mind in an atmosphere of free discussion and enquiry. Nowhere, among white citizens, has the present régime been more fundamentally detested than in these centres of enlightenment. They not only produce the liberal ideas and liberal minds, but also give the lie to the theory that when black and white mix on terms of equality the result is friction.

## **Police spies were planted**

Nationalist propaganda has been forced in this context to change its line: the danger in the mixed universities arises from the *absence* of friction. Young minds are seduced away from "the love of their own." So the Nationalists have come to regard these institutions as centres of disaffection, to be punished and disarmed when the time is ripe. Students in the Afrikaans universities began in 1933 to break away from the National Union of South African Students and to form a national-minded organization of their own. After trying unsuccessfully for twelve years to heal this breach, NUSAS healed another by admitting non-Europeans to its membership; now its Nationalist critics claim that NUSAS, because of this, is responsible for the "tragic division" among white students. A professor who moved from the University of Stellenbosch, an Afrikaans institution, to the mixed University of the Witwatersrand was sent off by his colleagues with much head-shaking and expression of pity. One of them said, "You will be unhappy there. Indeed I hope you will be unhappy there."

The government moved more slowly and cautiously in this field than in some others. But it planted police spies to report on staff and students; as a result of these reports, in some cases false, several people have spent a few months in prison. An act to exclude non-Europeans from "white" universities was pushed through in spite of the forceful, continuous and unanimous opposition of the institutions concerned.

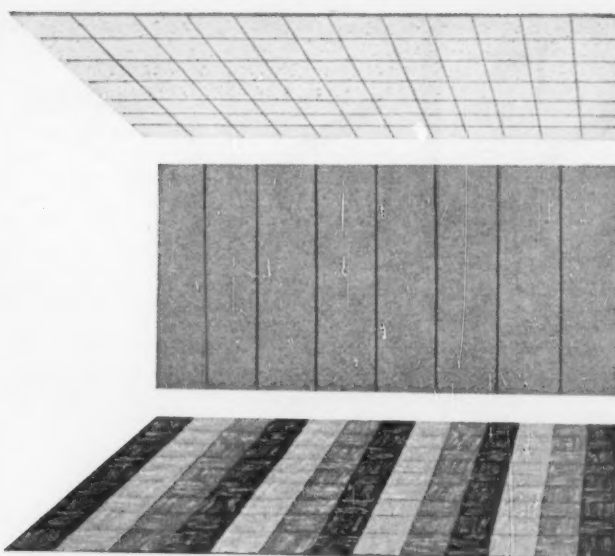
But these are the experiences of a small minority of white South Africans. The great majority has never been liberalized by such influences, though some have been by other influences, such as the churches. The few who have felt and

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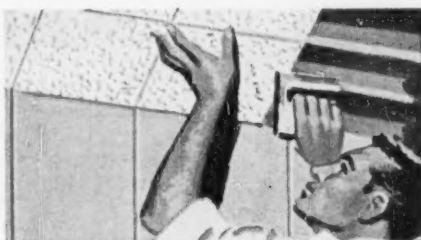


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thought their way to values that make no distinction of race are a small minority of the white population, out on a limb, without political influence or serious hope of acquiring it.

This fact is easier to understand when you realize how effectively segregated the South Africans are. The girl who stood aghast at the mixed tea party had not known that such a thing was possible. My wife and I knew it was possible, and were anxious to develop such contacts. But how? No non-European family could live within many miles of us. There were occasional contacts with African students. One of our sons, returning from a mission station in Zululand, could bring an African schoolmaster to lunch. But such meetings were difficult to follow up.

Then a public-spirited citizen tried to solve the problem by founding an International (meaning inter-racial) Club. This could not exist as a public institution, owned by its members; the segregation laws saw to that. But it took the form of a private property, owned by a white man, and the laws had not yet got round to controlling private hospitality. The club was opened with great éclat



MACLEAN'S

and the blessing of distinguished citizens. We sat at a table with four Indian couples (all called Naidoo, but not related) and a solitary African. The conversation, which began self-consciously, soon warmed up. This might be the beginning of something important.

The government thought so too. The club badly needed money, but cautious well-wishers would not invest any as there was no chance of their getting it back. Even before the laws had been amended to make such institutions impossible, the club had to close because its funds were exhausted. We never did see the Naidoos again.

There was no obstacle to inter-racial contact of another kind. We, like all other white families, were in close and continuous contact with Africans—but they were servants. Most of them spoke broken and picturesque English and had strange habits and ways of thinking. Some were fine people for whom we felt a strong affection. But their relationship to Madam and Master, to the young masters or the "piccanin missus," was no substitute for the mingling at the International Club; on the contrary, it is the very stuff of which white supremacy is made. And some servants were not very good. We had anxious moments dismissing a houseboy who had threatened (and he meant it) to murder a neighbor's servant.

While we did our best not to have potential murderers in the house, there were lots of them in the streets. On one weekend in Johannesburg there were at least three violent deaths within a few blocks of where we were living: two Africans murdered by Africans and one

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By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Do you think that's a sign of some kind?"

armed African intruder killed in a fight with the white occupants. Every window in Johannesburg is protected with burglar-proof bars or mesh; many houses keep outside lights on all night, and have fierce dogs strategically placed. During all the years we lived in that city, I never slept without an automatic pistol, loaded and cocked, under my pillow. It was as ordinary as a handkerchief or an alarm clock. I was once reprovved by the police, when a gang had tried to break into the house in the small hours, for being too slow on the draw. There are few streets in Johannesburg, outside the central area, where a woman can walk alone at any time; at night it is dangerous for man or woman.

### Hatred fills the air

Before the war I used to drive alone in the evening into one of Johannesburg's native townships — Western Native Township, Orlando or Alexandra — to give a lecture. After the war I was asked to do this again. But there was now no question of my driving in alone. The Public Library lent a closed van, which took a team of us to the hall in Orlando. After the lecture those of the audience who lived in the more distant parts of the township were packed into the van and taken home, each one being escorted to the door and seen safely in. There are far more black than white victims of the criminal gangs.

More ominous than the crime are the intangible evidences of racial tension. A European passing through, or near, an African crowd in Johannesburg senses the hatred in the air. This sensation used to be conspicuously absent in most other parts of the country, but it has been steadily spreading to them. To the majority of white people, this and the crime and the waywardness of servants constitute the picture of the African. The mix-

ed tea party and club, the Mofokengs and the Vilakazis, are outside their experience.

So are the Naidooes. In Natal, where the Indians are concentrated, they suffer from an irrational but rationalized prejudice among Europeans (and most of these, in Natal, are English-speaking). Some whites and Indians are competitors in trade. In the small town of Port Shepstone I went into a white shop to make a purchase. As they hadn't what I wanted, I asked the assistant if he could suggest where I should go. His answer — "No, not unless you want to go to one of the coolie shops and take the bread out of our mouths" — was given with raised voice and flushed face. In another Natal town I stayed in a boarding house where the radio was kept going from the early morning exercises till the final goodnight. But when it was time for the Indian program, and a quavering voice began to sing a Tamil song, there was a wild and ostentatious rush to turn the instrument off.

This is prejudice; but the white man's fears are not based only on prejudice. Many South Africans have relatives or friends in Kenya who experienced the Mau Mau revolt. At that time the talk among Africans in the Union — not intended for European ears, but reported by those who overheard and could understand — commonly turned to *pangas* and throat-cutting. And now the Union is receiving refugees from the Congo, who have their own tale to tell. To some of us it seemed urgent to assuage this hatred by removing its cause. But most could see no other course than that of meeting it head on with firm and ruthless measures.

Many little experiences like the few I have quoted, with the thinking they provoke, add up to some strong convictions: First, that there are distinctions far more important than race, that white



"When I was young there was little antipathy to Afrikaners; things have deteriorated since then"

supremacy and racial discrimination are unjust and vicious, and that one of their principal bastions is ignorance. Second, that the white South African community will not of its own accord allow the structure of white supremacy to be breached at any significant point. Third, that when power passes into the hands of the African majority, as some day it must, the white minority will pay dearly for its obstinacy. When these conclusions are reached and hardened into convictions, they make a weak basis for South African patriotism and citizenship. I reached them—at least the last two of them—slowly and reluctantly. But they are not the whole story.

When I was young the idea of treating non-Europeans as human beings and fellow citizens was novel and startling, and few entertained it. But there was another kind of barrier, the old barrier between Boer and Briton, that it was quite fashionable to demolish. My youthful diary contained no hint of antipathy to Afrikaners. A remark about a young Englishman on a Karoo farm who frequently went to the village for his English mail—that what he really went for was his Dutch female—is revealing evidence of the rapprochement. On my journey to that farm my train had been delayed twelve hours by washaways. My host had given me up and was not at the station when I arrived late at night. But an older boy I had met on the train, an Afrikaner called De Wet, as a matter of course took me to his home, where I was very hospitably treated. This is a virtue almost all Afrikaners share. Many times, driving old cars, I have broken down on the road, and in almost every case (apart from the Indians in Natal) it has been an Afrikaner who has stopped to help me. At school and university I made many friends among Afrikaners.

It isn't quite the same now. A former student of mine was chosen last year as one of a party, half English and half Afrikaners, taken on a trip to Europe. It was financed by a foundation whose purpose is to promote understanding between the two white communities. My friend reported the tour a great success in every respect except the purpose it was primarily intended to serve.

The deterioration has been caused by nationalism. Not all Afrikaners are Nationalists, but the proportion of Nationalists among them is so high, especially in the younger generation, that other people assume that an Afrikaner is of that persuasion until the contrary is proved.

Afrikaner nationalism is exclusive and (whatever its apologists may say for the record) based on a deep antipathy to everything English as well as everything black. Gestures such as English speeches at Afrikaner historical festivals have not

been well received. One woman wrote to the Nationalist press that at one of these gatherings some people near her in the crowd had spoken English, thereby spoiling the whole day for her.

The Nationalist party is not a school of thought that tries to convince anyone by argument. It is rather a close-knit family, sheltering its members from the dangers and pollutions that threaten

them from outside. To reduce the blood-and-soil mystique to the level of argument would be to dissipate it and risk the breakup of the family. That is why, when I was on a farm in the Free State and made arrangements to be taken to the local Dingaan's Day (December 16) commemoration on a neighboring hill-top, I was told at the last moment that the road was too bad. That is why a

brain-trust session on race relations, of which I was chairman, got a second-hand message, just as it was about to begin, that the Nationalist member of the team was indisposed. And when we organized a regional conference of history teachers to discuss certain controversial points, inviting everybody in that category, most of the Afrikaners didn't reply. Others declined, and of the few who



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#### PROGRESS REPORT

*In weather-making,  
seems to me,  
We've made great strides  
and traveled far.  
The red man used  
to dance for rain,  
Now paleface merely  
washes car.*

FRANCIS O'WALSH



came, almost all left at the tea break.

It is different when they can organize a meeting in their own fashion. I was a university representative at a youth conference in Pretoria, under government auspices. Organizations such as the Boy Scouts were very thinly, their Afrikaner counterparts very heavily, represented. Proposals unacceptable to the dominant section were stopped short by roars of dissent, heretical speakers frozen into silence or sidetracked. When I was introduced to one of the local professors, his comment, "Maar dis 'n berugte

naam (But that's a notorious name)," hardly seemed odd.

The Nationalist party is now firmly in the saddle, but it (in one form or another) has been manoeuvring in that direction since the beginning of the century. It has been a juggernaut moving relentlessly forward, crushing everything in its way. Those who are alien to it, and are not willing to deceive themselves with pipe-dreams, have gradually come to realize that their citizenship itself is a mere mockery.

My last illusions were dispelled by the

election of 1953, when I worked for the United party. There was no Progressive or Liberal party then, and the UP seen at close quarters was not impressive; it hardly mattered that the candidate for whom I worked soon deserted to the Nationalists. On election day, however, hopes were high. Sitting all day in a polling station as a scrutineer, I received encouraging messages from time to time: the party looked like winning Alberton, our man at Langlaagte was well ahead. In the upshot these hopes proved unfounded. But the Nationalist candidates

had prophesied the size of their majorities, and they were seldom more than a couple of dozen out. Their machine worked. They knew how everyone would vote, and they had known this when the constituencies were delimited. They did not, and would not, expose their tenure of power to chance or gamble.

For most of us I suppose it was the little things that wore down our patriotism by their cumulative effect. English-speaking people are affected by the fact that almost all the agents of the state with whom they have dealings—civil servants, police, railway clerks, telephone operators—are Afrikaners. They are often courteous and they are not all Nationalists, but collectively they cannot help making "the enemy" feel that he doesn't quite belong. I spent two hours in the offices of the Union Buildings in Pretoria without hearing English spoken once, except when officials answered me in my own language. But there were also positive irritations: no accommodation in the Kruger National Park for the man who tried to make a telephone booking in English, while a subsequent phone call in Afrikaans elicited a choice of vacancies; English-speaking members of the bar deprived (unless they were renegades) of the hope of promotion to the bench, and compelled to plead before their professional inferiors who were elevated for their politics—in a country where the bench has long been above reproach; the schools of Natal committed, prospectively, to the charge of a Nationalist nominated by the central government and appointed by order of a court in face of the absolute refusal of the provincial executive to appoint him; salary increases at the University of the Witwatersrand delayed for many months because the minister was too busy to attend to the matter, though there was no delay for less obstreperous institutions.

My friends who teach in Transvaal schools have had to censor their own bookshelves, since no book may be on the school premises, even in the principal's study, unless it is on a list published by the Education Department, and the list is curiously selective. (It was hard to discover a political reason for including *Pride and Prejudice* and *The Mill on the Floss* but omitting *Mansfield Park* and *Adam Bede*; perhaps it was just that the censors had never majored in English.) My colleagues in Natal had to be careful what company they kept; some of them were arrested for being at a racially mixed party, though acquitted because there had been no offence. Policemen often act on the principle that undesirable activities, even if legal, should be discouraged. They cannot, in normal times, prevent Liberals from holding a meeting. But something can be achieved by taking down names or car numbers in their notebooks. One of my Afrikaner friends, in a professional post in the civil service, attended a respectable and non-political but racially mixed gathering in a private home. The next day he was summoned before his official superior, cross-examined on this grave dereliction of duty and given a solemn and final warning. He resigned from the service.

But why go on? The rest of the tale is equally dreary, a tale of fading hopes, disillusionment, a god that failed. But not of bitterness or self-pity. I am old enough to remember Old Bill in his shell-hole, muttering "If you know of a better 'ole, go to it." We think ourselves lucky to have exchanged the Valley of a Thousand Hills for the Lake of the Thousand Islands. ★

(Advertisement)

## Discount Stamp Facts: No.2

*Do discount stamps benefit the consumer? This question is being widely debated throughout Canada today. The Sperry and Hutchinson Company of Canada, Limited, is publishing "Discount Stamp Facts," to help you to better understand the function of discount stamps, and to answer the above question to your own satisfaction. Below is the second in this series.*

Discount stamps represent a discount the merchant gives his customers for paying cash. The natural question you might then ask is "Why doesn't he just give the cash?" The answer is, simply, that by the time the merchant paid clerks to calculate cash discounts on each of the thousands of items he sells in his store, he could no longer afford to give the discount. Also, many discounts would be so small that the customer would feel little real benefit from them. By using stamps, the merchant is able to allow a discount on everything he sells, even a single cup of coffee. What's more, because small amounts of money have a habit of slipping away, stamps help customers save. With your stamp books, you can save as little as a fraction of a cent at a time. And the book gives you visible evidence of the progress of your savings.

*Summary:* Figuring cash discounts on so many little items would be so expensive, the discounts would soon cease to exist. Stamps let the merchant give a cash discount, without a lot of extra work for his staff, and give you tangible, lasting evidence of your saving.

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**"Women don't like to speculate. They shop carefully for a stock and hang on to it"**

her spouse. She may sorely miss her former independence, when she didn't have to rely on her husband for what she contemptuously refers to as handouts. She tends to challenge her husband's decisions, since she knows what it's like to earn and spend money. Some ex-working wives feel like parasites because they're not on somebody's payroll, bringing home a regular pay cheque.

Some men think that women are too stupid to handle money. This is nonsense. In half the number of a large group of U. S. families surveyed, it was found that the wife handled the finances. "This is sufficient commentary on the motheaten fact that women can't be trusted with money," says Ashley Montagu, the American anthropologist. "Few men would permit this if they were not convinced that their wives could manage better than themselves." Most merchants sadly share Dr. Montagu's view. They prefer male to female shoppers because women so often feel, pull, rub, squeeze, stretch, press and smell their merchandise before going off to two or three other stores to compare prices. Helen Cleveland of Toronto, herself a highly successful investment counselor, says, "Financial attitudes depend on temperament, not sex." Every Canadian city has its quota of astute women who have worked their way to the top of the business world. In Toronto, Mabel Geary started as a clerk and is now a director of a gas-distributing firm with assets of \$150 million. Once an office worker with a construction company, Mrs. Louise Morgan is secretary to two trust companies, with holdings of over \$43 million. Mrs. Viola MacMillan, a former stenographer in a law office, now bosses half a dozen mining companies with total assets of more than \$20 million. "Regardless of sex, anybody with guts can do what they want to do," she says.

#### The girls choose security

An all-woman organization, the Canadian Association of Consumers, has out-thought and outfought dozens of Canadian manufacturers, thus saving Canadian consumers millions of dollars annually. Currently, the CAC is backing a Senate bill making it mandatory for retailers and finance companies to state clearly, in writing, the cost of loans and installment buying. The association recently made a clear and effective presentation to the Senate Banking Committee. "We should be able to shop for credit as we shop for refrigerators," said a CAC spokesman.

On the other hand, numerous studies show that there's a definite difference, both innate and conditioned, between the way men and women think and feel. The most pertinent difference, as far as money is concerned, is the king-sized feminine yearning for security. More so than men, women feel insecure, lack confidence in themselves. This tends to make them conservative in money matters. Last year, in a Maclean's survey, a cross-section of Canadian youth was offered the choice of a low-paying, secure job and a high-paying, less secure job. Seventy percent of the girls, as compared to fifty-five percent of the boys, preferred the secure, low-paying position. Helen Cleveland, whose clients have included hun-

dreds of women investors, says, "They don't like to speculate. They shop carefully for a stock and, having bought it, they hang on to it, paying no attention to the ups and downs of the market."

Perhaps this caution explains why women in business seldom go bankrupt. A comparative study by psychologists at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology found that "Women are more conservative regarding risks relating to

loss of income, the outcome of sporting events and death. Men are more conservative when the risks involved are marriage and a career . . . Members of each sex are willing to take greater risks concerning matters that are important to

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## "Women would probably steal more if only they could get their nerve up"

them." Evidently, making a lot of money is very important to most men and of little importance to most women. These simple conclusions are carefully documented by Betty Jane Kidd, an American author who wrote an entire book explaining why Women Never Go Broke. "Man cherishes money because it gives him potential power over other men; women secretly despise it because of its fascination to men. Men love money but women love only what money buys. In a list of eight female incentives, money came last. As a male incentive, money ranks high."

The female's timid and unadventurous approach to life makes her more dependable and honest than a man in money transactions. Reginald Mackenzie, of Household Finance Company, an organization that makes thousands of small loans a year to Canadians, says flatly, "Women are far better credit risks than men." An official of one of the largest bonding companies in Canada told me that women abscond less frequently than men; when they do, they carry away niggling amounts. "Women do the petty pilfering; men do the big stealing," says the official. "Women would probably steal more if they could get their nerve up." Because a woman's thinking is colored by her deeply felt need for security, a valid argument can be made for marrying for money rather than marrying for love. I spoke to a woman who's had experience with both kinds of union. She married her second husband, a well-to-do lawyer, when she was thirty. She has a good home, good clothes, pleasant vacations and two children. "Things are going fine," she says. "From what I can see, marriages for money outlast romantic marriages."

There's another innate or conditioned difference between the sexes that leads to misunderstanding about money. Women tend to think in specific, personal terms; men tend to think in general, abstract terms. "This is the basis for female arithmetic, which has baffled husbands for centuries," says Janet L. Wolff, a New York advertising woman who for many years has been an assiduous consumer-watcher.

According to Mrs. Wolff's thesis, a woman doesn't look at money, as such, in the abstract. She looks at it only in terms of what it will buy. "Most women don't want to spend money on something they can't personally grasp," she says. Thus, a man has a burning desire to save for more insurance or to increase his retirement annuity policy, while his wife has her heart set on a new dining-room suite. When a man gets a raise, he often thinks of it as a symbol of success; a woman is more likely to translate it into a rug for the upstairs hall and music lessons for the children. The same values hold when it comes to paying bills. A husband will insist on squaring himself with the income-tax people, while his wife insists that priority be given to the dentist's and department-store bills.

Another pertinent facet of woman's personal approach to life is reflected in her deep concern about what others think of her. To look "right," she'll spend a lot more than men on cosmetics, clothes and jewelry. A new stylish blouse gives her an emotional lift that's as potent as a shot of Benzedrine. But a man, more likely to get his kicks from his work or hobbies, cherishes old clothes as familiar touchstones in a world where everything's moving too fast. No man can hope to win a money argument with

a woman unless he reckons with her personal orientation to the world around her. "To prove a financial point to a woman," says Betty Jane Kidd, "don't bother with arithmetic. Simply quote somebody. Almost anybody. This makes your proof personal, something she can rationalize and accept."

No compendium of sex differences about money would be complete without mentioning the woman's strong nesting instincts. A woman gets her deepest satisfactions out of her family and home. These constitute the core of her world and the things she's most eager to spend money on. Given a free hand, she would pour most of the family income on mortgage or rent, furniture, appliances, food and equipment for entertaining at home, camp fees and a variety of lessons for the children. The woman wants her house, like her clothes, to be up to date and attractive. She changes and rearranges the furniture and decor. Such activity often brings growls from her husband, who wants his house unchanged, unruffled and quiet—a comfortable refuge from the jungle of the business or professional world.

### A peg for the inhibited

In trying to understand the enigma of men, women and money, one has to consider the greatest variant of all—the personal factor. All men and women have their own feelings about money. When people marry, these two sets of feelings have to be understood and harmonized. If they're not, the two people concerned are in for a rather noisy and unpleasant time.

A person who has achieved perfect adjustment with regard to money merely considers it a medium of exchange with which to acquire goods or services. He wants to earn a comfortable living, but he doesn't sacrifice health, love or recreation to swell his bank account. For the money neurotic, however, the accumulation of wealth is an end in itself. Money is the most important thing in his life. Ask him for some money, and he

goes into a rage. At any given moment, he feels that he's at the brink of ruin.

Most of us are not perfectly adjusted with regard to money, but neither are we money neurotics. The meaning of money to the individual is dependent upon his nature and background. Among other things, money can represent emotional security, social status, independence, dependence, power, protection, freedom, enslavement, love, gratification of desire, or hate. I was told of one young wife who came from a home where the father seldom worked. The family was frequently on the verge of starvation. In her own home, she skimped and saved to such an extent that she annoyed and angered her husband.

While allowing that conditioned attitudes toward money create friction in marriage, many marriage experts I spoke to strongly believe that most people—including other experts—over-rate finances as a true cause of conflict. Money, apparently, is a convenient peg on which to hang all kinds of dissatisfactions.

"In reality, money is one of the most infrequent sources of marital discord," says psychologist Kirk Martin. "It's wrong and misleading to over-emphasize it. It may be a glass through which to view more relevant problems. If a person comes to me and says his marriage problem is money, I say, 'Let's find out the real trouble.'" Money is also an accommodating peg for the inhibited. "A husband and wife may be having grave sexual difficulties but they're too ashamed to talk about it," says J. K. Thomas, the psychologist. "Instead, they'll haggle and wrangle endlessly about money." To which a social worker adds, "It's far more acceptable for a husband to explain that his wife is extravagant than to admit she is slovenly; and it's easier to berate a husband for being niggardly rather than face the fact that he's a crashing bore." These views give added truth to the statement once made by Somerset Maugham that "all passions turn to money."

Money can—and does—serve unhappy couples as a weapon with which to wage



MACLEAN'S



war on each other. A man who was always conservative in his spending habits had a growing fear that his wife was beginning to dominate him. He started spending large amounts on gambling and on his hobbies. He was saying to her, in effect, "This will show you who's boss around here!" A wife who felt neglected went out and spent an amount on shoes equivalent to her husband's weekly salary. Through this extravagance, she was acting out her resentment against her spouse and buying for herself the attention she felt she should receive from him.

A case history from the files of a marriage counselor underlines how subtly money complaints can mask the real source of aggravation. A childless wife of 21 stated that her marriage was in jeopardy because of violent money arguments. She explained that at the time of her marriage, two years ago, with the consent of her husband, she had taken a job as a receptionist in a doctor's office. The object was to pay for furniture and a car that had been purchased on credit. "Now my husband is being unreasonable and wants me to quit working and have a baby," she said. "I can't do that. We still have \$1,000 to go. We've been fighting about this for three months now." After a few interviews with the husband, the counselor learned what had triggered off the disagreement three months ago. At that time, the husband applied for a job that required a physical examination. He was rejected—an occurrence that aroused within him great feelings of inadequacy and worthlessness. As compensation, he began to insist that his wife leave her job and have a baby. The counselor commented, "The husband had a need to show that he was a man in every sense of the word—that he could get his wife pregnant and support her and his child."

A common method by which men seek to dominate women is to conceal from them the amount of their earnings. Barbara Broadfoot, of the Visiting Homemakers Association in Toronto, says, "An extraordinary number of women don't know how much their husbands make. They have no idea what they can afford, and no escape from the humiliation of having to beg for the things they need." Most wives retaliate by being stingy with affection. Some resort to padding the grocery bills and hoarding money in secret accounts. A few are even driven to divorce.

It is no happenstance that some of our hoariest jokes concern themselves with masculine and feminine differences about spending money. The problem has always been with us. Whether modern psychology, with its new and penetrating insights, will usher in a new millennium remains a moot point. At present, couples who seek help with their money problems are advised to examine their own attitudes to money; to discuss money matters openly and frankly with their spouse, in a friendly way, and, finally, to adopt a budget of some kind, one that is mutually acceptable and suited to the needs of the two persons concerned.

Unfortunately, the most valuable advice about money that can be given to the young man or woman of marriageable age can't be followed. It's this: Grow up in a family that's not too poor (since poverty can warp and embitter), not too rich (since wealth can render you insensitive to other people's feelings) and not too ambitious (you may tend to sacrifice human values for material ones). The next step is to find a spouse who has the same ideal family background — plus the disposition of an angel. ★



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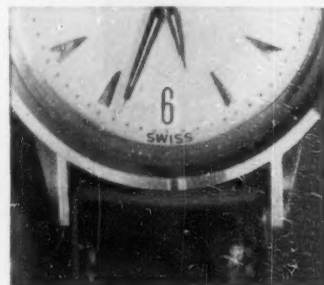
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THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



For the sake of argument continued from page 10

## "Nothing of any consequence has been done by Ottawa to check the present drift to war"

suicidal sham. Some protest, I felt, was absolutely essential.

I opened my campaign in the fall of 1957. The first Sputnik was beeping its way round the world. The U.S. had risen to the heights of hysteria. A continuous H-bomb patrol was reported to be in operation, and massive efforts were being made by the late John Foster Dulles to foist the half-baked, liquid-fueled Thor missiles on the unhappy European allies. The trend was obvious, but what could one ordinary person do about it? Nobody can tell until he has tried. If our country, our homes and our children are to be destroyed, I feel that we should at least make a fight of it. The Canadian public has a moral right to know what is going on.

I was inclined to believe in the good faith of the Diefenbaker government, but it appeared to me that its scientific advisers had failed to bring out the full force of the situation. I wrote essays to the cabinet, particularly the Prime Minister and the late Sidney Smith, putting the thing in the plainest words I could find. Both received them with courtesy, and I believe that some of them at least were read. I also freely indulged in that last resort of the frustrated author — I wrote letters to editors all over Canada. Most of them were printed.

At that time there seemed to be a period of indecision in Canadian defense matters. I tried to use this period to

present an alternative to annihilation. I wrote to all kinds of people — important people, and people as unknown as myself. Although at first the climate of public opinion was frigid, it was changing. Among those who were facing the same grim facts were Major-General W. H. S. Macklin, Dr. J. S. Thomson of the United Church of Canada, and, later, James M. Minifie. There were many others, most of them unknown to one another. Each had his own contribution, and I was determined to add my own two cents' worth. Who could tell? It might be worth a dime after all. The extent to which responsible opinion on this matter has shifted is tremendous. Recently, the Liberal party announced a firm non-nuclear stand.

### There was no censorship

My public letter-writing naturally became known to the Defense Research Board. Eventually I received a letter that spoke sombrely of the grave doubts bound to be created about the wisdom of my employment in a defense agency. It also expressed qualms concerning the embarrassment and ridicule I might eventually bring upon the defense department. I had just written a letter to the Ottawa Citizen about the Bomarc, and I must admit that the fears of ridicule were not unfounded. The very name Bomarc has since become a symbol of

futility. My flow of letters continued.

In spite of all this, the DRB authorities did not fire me. At no time did any senior official deny my right to express my views. This is a very real testimony to the degree of practical freedom that exists in Canada. What would have happened in Russia? Or, for that matter, in the U.S.? The present persecution of that distinguished American, Dr. Linus Pauling, gives the answer.

Actually, I suppose I must have been almost as hard to fire as the Bomarc itself, because firing me would have drawn attention to the embarrassing things I was saying. But tension was building up, and finally I offered my resignation on the condition that it should get the personal attention of the minister of defense. This was agreed to, and I wrote out my resignation. It was accepted, and I received a pleasantly worded acknowledgement from Mr. Pearkes.

So ended five years' service with DRB, and the prospect of a government pension. A futile protest? I still think it was both necessary and worthwhile.

I had no prospect of work when I left, but within a week I was offered an engineer's job with a small plastics plant. The starting salary was considerably less than I had been making, but I was glad to accept. I am still doing this job, which I find interesting. But I have not grown any the less concerned about armaments. Present-day armaments do not permit

people to forget about them. If we are so busy with our own little lives that we neglect the great issues, our own little lives will abruptly cease.

We cannot sweep this problem under the rug indefinitely. It will eventually cease to be a far-off bogey and will become a problem for every one of us. We must strive for a solution now.

It is difficult to tell where the present Canadian government stands. Like any other group of people, it includes some who think and others who prefer not to. Prime Minister Diefenbaker and Howard Green, the Minister of External Affairs, have from time to time voiced a concern that appears to be genuine. In view of what they must know, it could hardly be otherwise. But nothing of any consequence has been done to check the present drift to war. For some months after my resignation I let the matter rest. Then, when George Pearkes made his celebrated remarks about "knocking the stuffing out of Russia," I started a new campaign. I realized that at the top of the defense department there was a mentality far too dangerous to be ignored by the public. My object was to expose this thinking.

Recently, a group of responsible women formed an organization called the Voice of Women. They went to Ottawa and obtained interviews with Diefenbaker and Green. They were pleasantly received, and were promised every assis-





tance — short of effective action, of course.

Nevertheless, these women have the right idea. They are determined to use to the full the legitimate means democracy offers for the expression of public opinion. The sum of many such actions by ordinary people like you and me can eventually encourage our timid politicians to take the sort of action the situation demands.

As Canadians, we must grasp the simple fact that the purpose of Canadian defense is just that—the defense of the nation. It is remarkable how easily people can become convinced that its main object is to create employment, to bolster the economy, to promote higher education and scientific prestige, or to keep the air force flying. All these things may be desirable, but they will be pointless if our nation should cease to exist.

We must not be apologetic about wishing our lives, and the lives of our children and nation, to continue. This is the aim of genuine national defense. An insistence on continuing the nuclear race to annihilation is certainly *not* patriotism.

A means of countering communism without war must be found. The fanatics would have us believe that the choice is between communism and annihilation alone, and that we have a moral duty to choose annihilation. It's not true, and the "morality" that supports it is perverted. There *is* an alternative, but first we must adjust our defense policy and international conduct if we are to have a legitimate hope of survival.

We have common interests with our bigger allies, but we have no control over their actions. Acceptance of nuclear weapons makes a mockery of our efforts for international peace. Since such weapons

must come from the U.S. and remain in U.S. custody, they will place our national forces under foreign control. We will be used as pawns in a game of chess played from Washington—by people who understand poker only. It is to the credit of the Diefenbaker government that it has not fully capitulated—at the time of writing—on this point.

Rejection of nuclear weapons would leave us free to play the strong Canadian diplomatic hand to full advantage. If war does come, the absence of these weapons may reduce the intensity of the attack. Possession of them can do nothing to protect us.

We must realize that nuclear war, if it comes, will change the face of the earth. Super-powers may well become insignificant overnight. Even if we Canadians survive and still have enemies, it does not follow that those enemies will be in any condition to think about additional military adventures. At such a time the existence of a large and highly mobile Canadian army, trained in survival procedures, would discourage such attempts.

The emphasis should be on tough men and simple, rugged equipment. Men can survive in conditions where complex machines are useless. We need the largest possible number of people trained in emergency procedures. Decentralization is vital, and stockpiling should start at once. If any evacuation is to take place, the time for it is now. It is impossible to break up our great urban centres, but their continued growth could be restricted.

The importance of informing the public on survival techniques must be stressed. It is a duty governments have shirked because they fear the effect upon morale if the true prospects in nuclear



MACLEAN'S  
"There'll be a little wait on the lobster, they're out of season."

war become widely understood. But ignorance will lead only to panic and organizational breakdown.

The change I am suggesting will be condemned as anti-American. It is nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it is anti-American to continue obstinately in a course that can lead only to America's ruin. A large but inarticulate body of American public opinion is far from satisfied with the present lunacy. The effect of a firm Canadian stand on this matter would be to enable it to express itself. If you are in a friend's car, and he goes to sleep at the wheel, you will not help him if you merely hold his hand and assure him of your affection. When the crash comes you will both perish. It would be far more to the point

to stamp on the brake pedal yourself, even if by so doing you stand on your friend's toes. He may be hurt, but he will recover. He may even thank you.

When do we start on our new program, and who starts it? We start right now, and the person who starts it is you. We are driving straight to disaster. Change of course is essential. Everybody knows it, but everybody is waiting for everybody else to act. Don't tell yourself that you are a helpless child of fate. Your opinion *does* count—if you express it. You, as an ordinary citizen, are in a position of freedom the statesmen themselves may well envy. If this matter were discussed across the country, even in such a lowly forum as the local Home and School Association, the ultimate effect might well be enormous. Almost everybody in Canada has a home, and most people send their children to school. It is certainly an appropriate subject, for nuclear war threatens both home and school with extinction.

The countdown is well under way. But you can stop it. The course of events does not depend only upon those who hold great public office. They are often bound hand and foot, and are subject to many pressures. But public opinion is one of those pressures, and you are a member of the public. If the government is assured of support, it may take the necessary action. If it does not, democracy offers you the possibility of replacing the government with one of greater humanity and moral fibre.

I believe the course I have suggested is both practical and honorable. Maybe you don't agree. But at least think the matter over, and see if you can come up with something constructive.

Ultimately, it all depends on you. ★

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## The life of Alexander Graham Bell

Continued from page 33

### The official at the telegraph company read Bell's letter, grunted, and tossed it in the wastebasket

That young Aleck Bell is clean daft."

In the Bell home that evening the guests had dined well. Many toasts had been given and speeches delivered before the signal was given that all was ready at the other end, the offices of the telegraph company on the south side of Colborne Street, about four miles distant. Here the talent selected to demonstrate their powers over the air were gathered. The guests at the Heights repaired to the front porch, where they found the three-pronged receiver ready for use. The first pair heard a firm and resonant voice declaim Hamlet's Advice to the Players. The second pair heard the clear and high soprano voice of Lily Bell, Graham's cousin. The third listened to a fine rendition of I Need Thee Every Hour.

Each guest had at least one long turn at the receiver. The program continued to come over the miles of telegraph and the flimsy stovepipe wires with good volume and clarity.

It was late before the company dispersed, departing with the churning of buggy wheels. In his bedroom Alexander Melville Bell wrote in his diary the cryptic lines: "Gentlemen's supper, 23 guests. Telephone to Brantford. A line was run along the fence for the occasion."

The third test was crucial. The first two had been made over limited distances and with makeshift materials. Now the instrument must be tried for longer distance over regulation telegraph wires

with batteries of sufficient power; the same conditions which had prevailed when Bell attempted to speak between Boston and New York. He decided to have the test between Brantford and Paris, a distance just under eight miles.

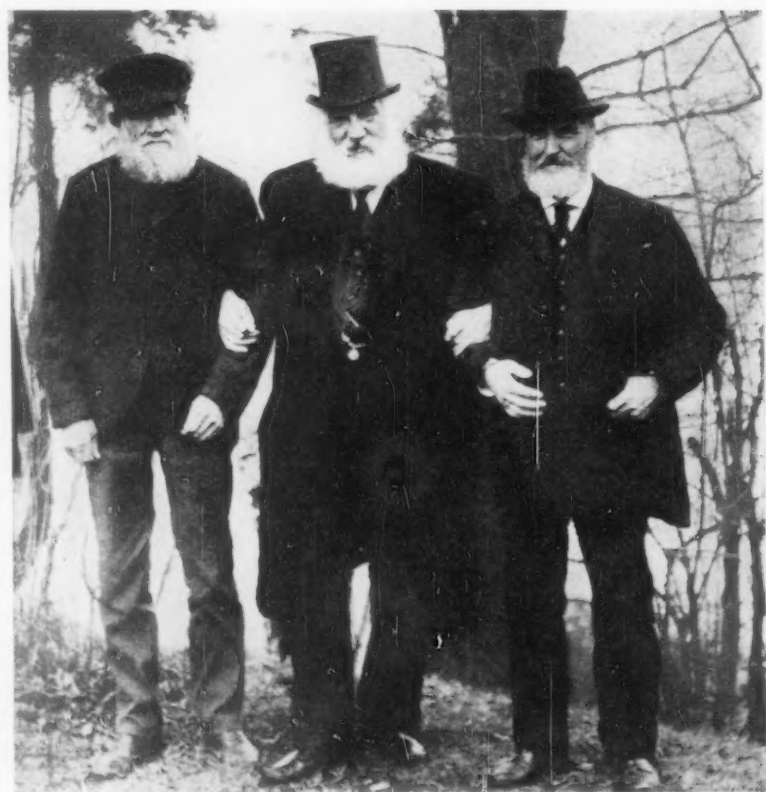
The inventor wrote to the headquarters of the Dominion Telegraph Company on Front Street, Toronto, asking to rent a line for one hour between the two points on the evening of August 10.

It so happened that the telegraph companies in Canada had been pestered by crackpots with all manner of wild schemes and impossible improvements. The official who received the letter grunted as he read it and consigned it to his wastebasket. But an assistant in the office chanced to see what had become of the letter. This was Lewis B. McFarlane, a name destined to become one of first importance in the history of telephony in Canada. Some faint echoes of what was happening in Brantford had already reached his ears.

McFarlane either persuaded his superior to reverse the decision or took it on himself to act on his own authority. A letter was written to Alexander Graham Bell granting permission for the use of the line between the two points for the hour requested.

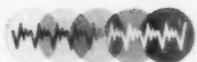
The reply was a last-minute reprieve for the inventor. There was barely enough time to get his materials together and to make all the necessary arrange-

### A visit to Brantford 30 years afterward



Bell links arms with two of the neighbors who strung the wire for his tests.





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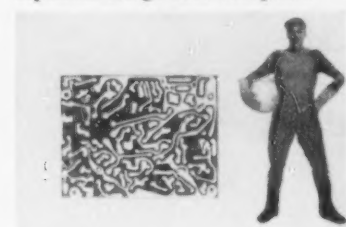
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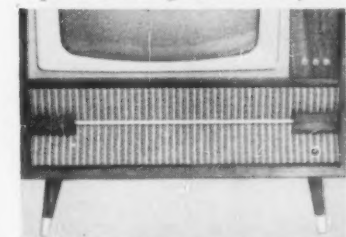
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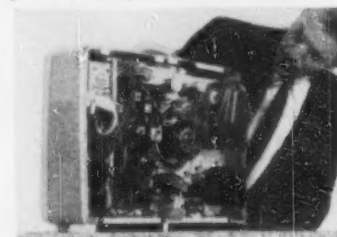
**7** TV's Finest Sound Systems! Acoustically engineered sound compartments. Multiple speakers for RCA Victor's famous "Golden Throat" balanced fidelity FM sound.



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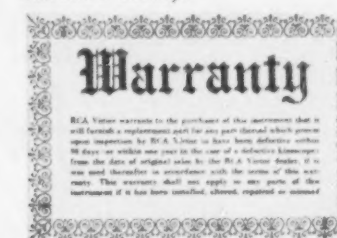
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## From sound, Bell turned to flight and other fields



Bell and fellow members of the Aerial Experiment Association gather by the field at Hammondsport, N.Y., where in 1908 one of them, Casey Baldwin from Toronto, became the first British subject to fly a plane. At right, Bell tests a kite near Baddeck, N.S., with a grandchild, Melville Bell Grosvenor.



ments. His father, fearing that the permission would not be received, had made plans to be out of town that night and so could not be included in the program.

The hand of fate had intervened with no more than a few hours to spare. The intervention was fateful for young McFarlane, too. Years later he would become president of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada.

Alexander Graham Bell drove to Paris late in the afternoon of August 10, taking with him the special equipment he would need, which included the iron-box receiver made by Thomas Watson in Boston. Brantford was to do the sending of the messages, Paris the receiving.

George P. Dunlop was the Paris telegraph operator and, when Bell arrived, he was alone in the office, which occupied part of the boot and shoe store of Robert White on Grand River Street. The two young men had met once before. They shook hands rather solemnly, as

befitting such an important occasion, and set to work to adjust the equipment.

Dunlop told Bell that word of the test was all over town and that the "big fellows" of Paris would be down to watch. The Rev. Thomas Henderson, an old friend of the Bell family, was the first to arrive.

The door of the shop kept opening and shutting. The big fellows promised by young Dunlop were putting in an appearance and Henderson was introducing them in turn to the inventor. Mayor Whitlaw was among the first, and also the express agent, Bernard Travers. Several of the more important manufacturers of the town came in, including John Penman, the founder of the Penman mills, a large textile factory; Messrs. Clay and McCosh, who operated a woolen mill, and Messrs. Brown and Allen, who owned another factory. Most of the merchants who had stores on the street were beginning to stroll over. The

## What the phone was like 80 years ago



A switchboard operator of 1879 used the iron handset at left. At right, a reproduction of the first commercial exchange, opened in 1878 at New Haven, Conn.



owner of the shoe store was present, looking slightly concerned as the company multiplied. Soon the street outside was as crowded as during the busiest of business hours. Very soon afterward, Dunlop bolted the front door, remarking that the shop could hold no more.

Bell took a quick look about the crowded store, his face tense with the anxiety he felt. He picked up the receiver. As the notes he wrote next day make clear, he suffered an unpleasant shock.

"The moment I put my receiving instrument to my ear, I heard perfectly deafening noises proceeding from the instrument, even when there was no battery on the circuit. Explosive sounds like the discharge of distant artillery were mixed with a continuous crackling noise of an indescribable character." He was not completely discouraged, however, for his notes continue: "In spite of this disturbing influence I could hear vocal sounds in a faraway sort of manner."

Four words from Macbeth had been audible. Bell took his ear away from the receiver and looked at Dunlop, who was crouching behind his counter. The latter asked, "Trouble?"

Bell waited before answering. Three voices, two male and one female, had begun to sing. The first stanza was recognizable as The Maple Leaf Forever but the interfering sounds made it impossible to distinguish the words.

"Please send this. 'Can hear faintly Maple Leaf. Key of D. Words indistinguishable. Disturbance on line. Instruct operator there to change the electro-magnet coils on the instrument from low resistance to high resistance.'"

When he had completed this same change in the receiving end, Graham Bell lifted the instrument to his ear with more than a hint of reluctance.

Was it his father's voice?

For a moment his expression did not change. Then his eyes seemed to light up. Still holding the receiver to his ear, he turned to Dunlop and nodded. The trouble had been in the use of low-resistance coils, as he had expected.

The next day he included in his notes, "The vocal sounds then came out clearly and strongly, and the crackling sounds were not nearly so annoying, though they still persisted."

"To be or not to be," began a voice at the other end of the wire. Bell gasped with surprise. It must be his father's voice. But that, he believed, was impossible. Melville Bell was not in Brantford.

He whispered excitedly to Dunlop, "Wire them, 'Change has improved transmission greatly. Whose voice did we hear? Was it my father's?'"

The message was ticked off immediately. There was a pause at the Brantford end. Then Bell heard again those familiar tones.

"Yes, my son," said Melville Bell. "This is your father speaking." He explained that he couldn't tear himself away to keep his appointment in Hamilton. It had been postponed and he had joined the group in the telegraph office.

Alexander Graham Bell wired an exultant message: "Father, your presence in Brantford at this time completes my joy tonight."

The citizens of Paris, who had turned out in such numbers to witness the test, deserved to have a share in the great moment. Graham Bell had his brisk helper send off another message, asking his father to continue talking until further notice. Then he called to the audience to take turns at the receiver. They were eager for the chance. One by one

1

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
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# STOP Raking .....



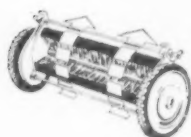
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When the great elocutionist's words were heard, skepticism vanished from the shoe shop in Paris

they came up and applied an ear to the iron-box receiver. Without exception, they recognized the dramatic tones of the great elocutionist declaiming Shakespeare eight miles away, each phrase almost as clear as though he were in the store with them. Skepticism vanished from that hot and crowded emporium.

Too affected to speak, Graham Bell left the handling of the instruments to Dunlop and began to pace up and down in the limited space of the store aisle.

Melville Bell stopped transmitting and others at the Brantford end took his place. Songs were sung, both sacred and profane. The reception was now so good that the songs were recognized almost with the first bar. The listeners would shout out the titles. Oh, Wouldn't You Like to Know? The Little Round Hat, Charming Judy Dockerty. Dunlop wired the title back each time and this raised the spirits of the Brantford group to such a pitch that they began to shout congratulatory messages.

The wire had been leased for one hour only but nine o'clock came and went unnoticed. The avid listeners in Paris kept demanding another turn at the receiver. The keys under the nimble fingers of Dunlop kept on ticking out requests for songs. The stream of recitation ran on until the group in Brantford could think of nothing more to declaim.

It was not until eleven o'clock that

the demand for more ceased and the witnesses began to leave the store. Robert White, the proprietor, locked the front door. This great episode in the history of the town had come to an end. Incidentally, the telegraph company never presented a bill for the use of the wires.

Bell was the last to leave. He carried his equipment to the buggy with slow steps and bent back. He climbed over the buggy wheel and for a few moments allowed himself to relax against the back of the seat, glad to be free of the noise and excitement, the handshaking, the questions, the congratulations.

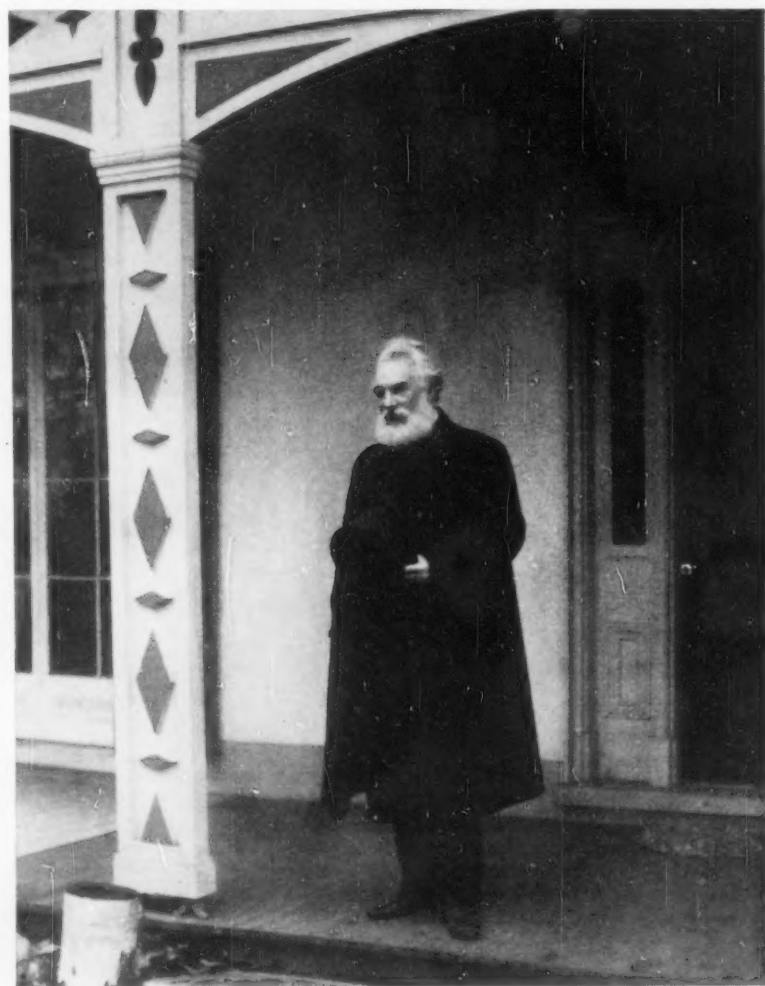
The sky had cleared and above him he could see the moon. Would still more sensational uses be found for the voice in the realms of time and space? Would it be possible in some distant day to create echoes in the mountains of the moon by announcements spoken in whispers into machines in earth-built stations?

One thing was firmly in his mind, we may be sure. This venture he was making into the mysteries concealed behind Nature's Iron Curtain was a mere beginning.

Finally a very weary young man gathered the reins into his hands and began the long drive home. ★

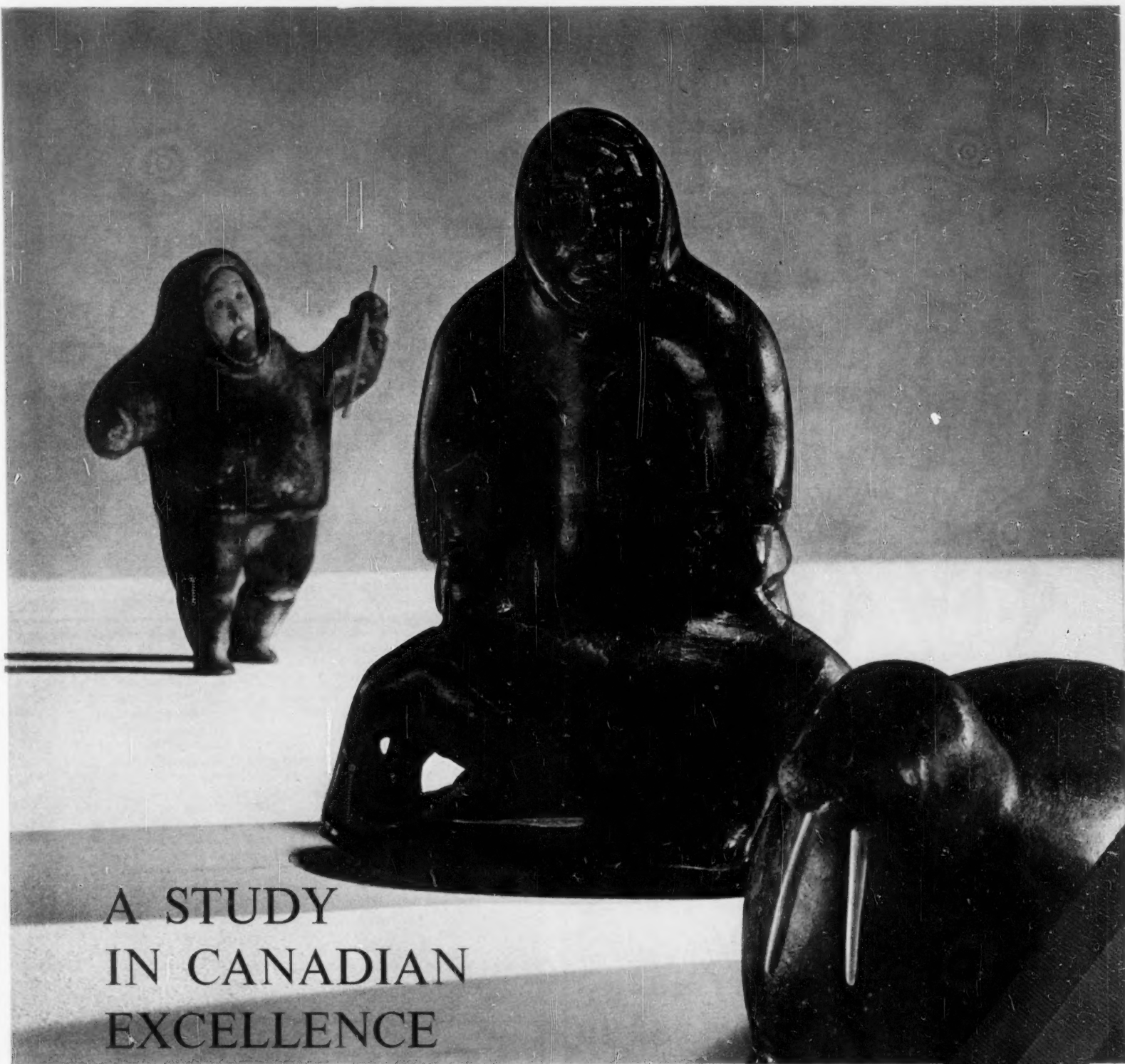
*The Chord of Steel, from which this and the three preceding excerpts were drawn, will be published soon by Doubleday.*

The telephone was invented in this house



*The inventor stands outside the Bell home in Tutelo Heights on his 1906 visit.*





## A STUDY IN CANADIAN EXCELLENCE

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## How much noise do we have to put up with?

Continued from page 21

### A housewife subjected to a constant barrage is as worn out as someone who's climbed Mont Blanc

Heinz Gartmann, a specialist in jet propulsion and aero engines, a fellow of the British Interplanetary Society and the Detroit Rocket Society (and therefore a noisemaker himself of no mean power), in his book *Man Unlimited* defines as "absolute noise" all sounds of more than 70 decibels, which is about the level of average street noise. All sounds over 70 decibels, he feels, should be eliminated, or at least reduced, since we cannot control our physical reactions to them.

Many organs, including the skin, the lining of the stomach and the brain, become congested with blood under the influence of noise. The quantity of blood pumped by the heart may double under the stimulus of a noise of 90 decibels, such as a baby crying or a car horn blowing. Dr. Gartmann adds that although we can work and perform our duties in noisy surroundings, it is only at the cost of more intense concentration. This involves constant tension, a speed-up of body functions, as your pulse beats faster, your blood pressure rises and your breath comes more quickly. You may be unaware of all these physical reactions but nevertheless your increased oxygen consumption results in greater exhaustion than is necessary. In other words, a housewife subjected to the never-ending sound barrage from both inside and outside her home is, at the end of the day, in a physical condition roughly analogous to that of someone who has just climbed Mont Blanc.

Aside from creating intense weariness, exposure to constant noise can, by straining your nervous system, ruin your digestion and destroy your sleep. Its most common effect is to cause abnormal irritability; things get through to you that usually wouldn't be upsetting. Most doctors agree that noise can contribute heavily to the development of certain forms of neurosis and any parent can testify to its effect on your feelings about

even your nearest and dearest—especially those nearest.

If too much noise is bad for people, someone is undoubtedly trying to do something about it. Here we arrive at last upon the field of battle — and battle it is and no mistake. First, the problem is how much noise is too much noise? A truck manufacturer says one thing and a homeowner another, a paper-mill operator has his own opinion and the mother of a napping baby (who lives near the paper mill) has hers. Even the scientists of the world haven't been able to agree. They don't even agree on the way to measure noise; there is no international standard or internationally used measuring instrument and one expert's word may well be as good as another's.

#### Pitch plays a nasty part

However, the science of acoustics has progressed to the point where a broad picture of confusion begins to make sense. For instance, the acoustics experts at the National Research Council in Ottawa are in general agreement with the top experts in the United States, although they differ on many details. The really important breakthrough in noise measurement came rather recently. Several years ago the Port of New York Authority (probably the leading group in municipal noise control), used the independent acoustical consulting firm of Bolt Beranek & Newman to create the concept of measuring noise in "perceived noise decibels." This takes into account the pitch of a noise as well as its loudness. Essentially it reflects, through a series of complicated tables and formulas, the way noise is measured by the human ear, and human reaction. As an example, the high-pitched and thoroughly nasty whine of a jet engine at a mere 100 decibels is far more unpleasant than a piston-engine noise of 100 decibels.



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**CHECK YOUR DRIVING ✓**  
**PREVENT ACCIDENTS ✓**

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This explains why you can be enraptured by an orchestra playing at 120 decibels although the riveting of steel at the same decibel level will drive you close to madness or mayhem.

The scientists in Ottawa and elsewhere also take into account the distribution of a sound (if intermittent, how intermittent?), whether it carries a message or not, whether it is heard by night or day, and the ambient or background noise against which it is heard. This is a highly technical field: the reports that established the difference in noise char-

acteristics of the Boeing 707 and the Comet IV from those of a propeller-driven aircraft filled two books of 375 pages each.

Of course, most municipalities and townships in Canada have anti-noise bylaws that restrict "unreasonable" or "unwarranted" noise. But not a single one of these bylaws specifies at what decibel count noise becomes unreasonable—and therefore they are meaningless. Naturally you might expect to win a noise conviction if your neighbor held nightly motorcycle races in his back yard, but

trying to pin down any less obvious offense, without a practical yardstick, is difficult. Citizens will never be really protected against noise until they can pass anti-noise bylaws that are precise in their definitions.

It is possible that the first two effective anti-noise bylaws in all of Canada will be approved this fall—one in Nepean Township, the other in Metropolitan Toronto. If successful, they would set a pattern for the whole country to follow.

Nepean Township, on the outskirts of Ottawa, is a stalwart community of some

50,000 acres, ranging from city streets to farmland. Its population contains many civil servants and technical workers for the government. Several years ago, when a lumber firm wanted to build a planing mill in Nepean, an alert, scientifically informed—and alarmed—citizens' group was formed to look into the matter. Ultimately they realized that what they needed was a bylaw written in such a clear-cut and workable way that they could easily judge what sorts of industry and commercial enterprises were acceptable, on a basis of noise, near residential neighborhoods.

They enlisted the aid of the acoustics branch of the National Research Council, which is delighted to give informal advice although it takes a hands-off stand about getting involved with the inner workings of a municipality. NRC provided the technical knowledge, suggesting acceptable noise levels for each of Nepean's neighborhoods, and the bylaw was adopted by the township council. This autumn there will be a public hearing before the Ontario Municipal Board and, if the bylaw is approved, all the townships of Canada will have proof that industrial noise can be regulated if citizens take action.

Once in effect, this bylaw can be easily enforced. Whenever there is a complaint, the noise can be measured by a trained police officer, and appropriate action taken. The mere presence of the bylaw will dictate the location and construction methods of future factories in Nepean. Noisy machinery will be muffled in advance at the planning stage. Certain bangs, bumps and rattles that are unavoidable, such as construction noises, will be endured in patience—one assumes—by an informed and tranquil population.

The second noise bylaw would affect Metropolitan Toronto; it is as different from Nepean's as a fist fight is from a revolution. It deals exclusively with motor-vehicle noise, and it was passed by both the Metropolitan council and Toronto city council on October 21, 1958. Since that date a struggle of broad, if not particularly heroic, proportions has been waged, and the bylaw has not yet been approved by the provincial minister of transport. The issues are so confused, contradictory and clouded that it is hard to know whether this bylaw will be an historic piece of legislation leading the way to a quieter Canada, or, in the words of the Automotive Transport Association, "impractical, illogical, unworkable and unenforceable."

This bylaw, proposed by Controller Donald Summerville, would limit any motor-vehicle noise to 94 decibels on the C scale of a sound-level meter, measured at 15 feet or more from its source. The transport companies, upon hearing of this, made tests that determined that if the bylaw went into effect 90 percent of their heavy-duty trucks would have to stay in the garage. Still another test indicated that 100 percent of their trucks would be outside the law, since the manufacturers of trucks could give them no guarantee that the standard mufflers used since 1956 would keep exhaust noise down to 94 decibels. To this Summerville replies, "Let them get better mufflers." In reply the Transport Association asserts that its members can buy only what is available. (The experts at the National Research Council feel that truck noise today is "unnecessary and reprehensible." They feel that the reason a quiet standard diesel motor has not been built is purely an economic one: the truck manufacturers won't spend the money unless they are forced to.)

The truckers and Summerville, a vigor-

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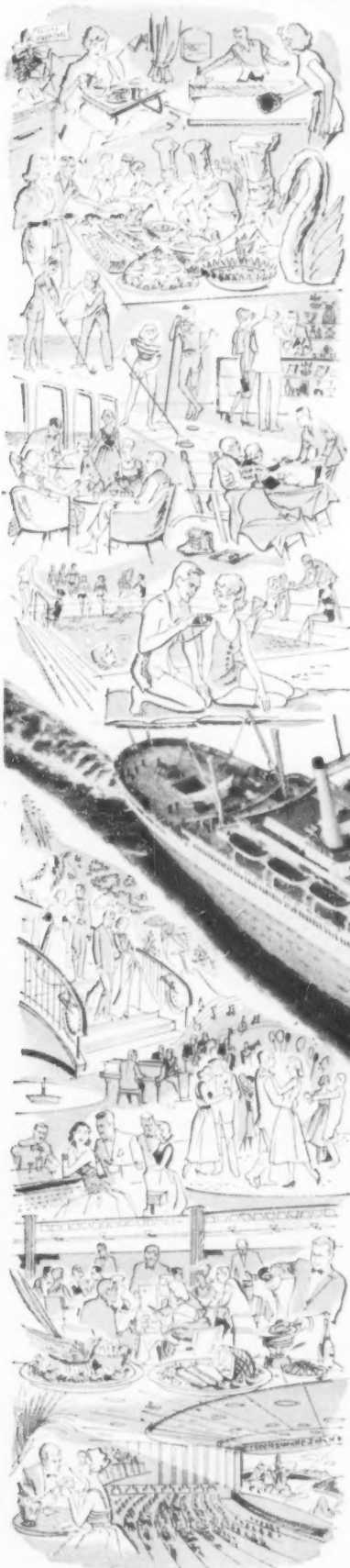
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## With jets, it's a matter of controlling the noise so that it's merely terrible and not unbearable

ous anti-noise man from the beginning of his public career, remain locked in battle. They question the background and reliability of each other's experts, they hurl charges, cast aspersions and present utterly opposed points of view. All that they do agree on is that it would be fine to get rid of the jazzed-up motorcycles and insolent, arrogant, exhaust-popping sports cars, which would also be regulated by the bylaw. Meanwhile the matter is being studied by yet another committee. Summerville predicts procrastination, followed by more procrastination, but eventual victory. Should the law ever be approved, policemen would have sound-level meters set up on the sidewalks and could issue immediate summonses to offenders. Fines up to three hundred dollars could be imposed. Just how far-reaching this bylaw is can be appreciated only when you consider that vehicles from all over Canada and the U.S. that pass through Toronto would have to comply with the law.

Another source of harmful noise (and it's one about which the harassed citizen feels particularly helpless) is the jet aircraft. This year the big jets came to Canada, serving Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. All these cities have had serious jet noise problems. So far Edmonton is the only city to build an airport especially designed for jets. It is so far from town that the noise can't bother anyone—yet. A spokesman for the Department of Transport expects that eventually all larger Canadian cities will have jet service, but, luckily for all of us, the sound of the jets is one noise that has been attacked by a variety of well-organized groups.

### They can always move

The United States had a head start in working out methods of reducing jet noise. However, as Canada grows, cities will spread out toward their airports and, as the jet service grows, much can be learned from the experiences of communities across the border.

First of all, it must be recognized that there are only degrees of success in abating aircraft noise. There will never be a noise-free airport area. The realistic way to eliminate the inhuman plight of people who live several thousand feet, or less, under arrival and departure airplanes is to rezone the land. Houses should never be built closer than a certain distance from airports. This is something individual municipalities must plan for themselves, looking ahead with imagination.

People who live too near an airport for their own comfort, as in Montreal for instance, can always move if the situation is serious enough. This is not an impractical suggestion since a major survey, made last year in six large U.S. cities by H. O. Walther, a past president of the American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers, showed that "without exception the airports have not influenced the values of the homes adversely."

In spite of the racket, homes near the runways can be sold readily because airports are great sources of employment, and industry usually springs up around them—something that widens job opportunities and increases the demand for housing near the job.

Meanwhile, there are ways and ways to fly jets; they can make either a terrible noise or an impossible noise. Controlling the noise so that it's merely ter-

rible depends upon not one but a group of people: the pilots, the manufacturer of the aircraft, the watchdogs of the Department of Transport, the men in the control towers and the airline officials themselves.

The manufacturers who, on the one hand, are developing supersonic commercial transports that will break the sound barrier and stay beyond it con-

tinuously during flight (you'll hear them within ten years) on the other hand spend many millions trying to quiet their machines. They still have far to go in certain fields; for instance, in controlling those particularly hideous sounds known chillingly as compressor whine and fan whine.

Various airlines, including TCA, have instituted methods of training pilots to

land and take off while creating the least possible annoyance. If a plane gets off the runway soon enough and ascends quickly enough, using airplanes that do not pass over heavily populated areas, "people will hardly notice it," the Airport Operators' Council optimistically states.

The Department of Transport checks on noise levels at Canadian airports and

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has the authority to impose regulations. So far there are no formal restrictions since department officials have had such excellent co-operation that they haven't needed to impose them. Anyone who is bothered by an unnecessarily loud jet can complain, as loudly as he likes, to the Civil Aviation Branch of the department.

It is possible to soundproof a house situated near an airport successfully. There is only one drawback: few examples of this type of soundproofing exist and the people who are responsible aren't eager to say how it was done. For example, the International Hotel at New York's International Airport is probably the quietest place to sleep in the city, yet planes constantly pass over it at low altitudes. However, the officials of the Knott Hotels Corporation, owners of this miracle, hate having it mentioned in print. Why? They have found that whenever news leaks out of their tranquil inn, homeowners near airports deluge the airport authorities with demands—not requests—to be supplied with similar soundproofing, to be paid for by the airports. This creates an embarrassing situation for Knott, proving the folly of setting too good an example, especially since the International Hotel was soundproofed in a way that would be prohibitively expensive for a private home.

But a great deal can be done, at a relatively low cost, to reduce noise inside the typical new Canadian house, which in many cases could serve as a shining example of bad acoustical engineering. Peter Caspari, a Toronto architect, has estimated the cost of soundproofing a two-bathroom, \$15,000 house at \$629. This includes silencing the plumbing and hot-air systems, using special insulation for the bathrooms and kitchen, blowing rockwool into every partition and floor in the house, and using solid instead of hollow doors between all rooms.

No builder is going to do all this for you unasked since it "wouldn't show" and would make the house more expensive. Yet Jerry Maritzer of the Consoli-

dated Building Corporation, one of Canada's largest housebuilders, says his company could install anything a customer asked for, although "we don't get such requests from the average man." He adds that Canadians are "basically placid people who stay quietly at home with the TV set turned on low. Whether this opinion is valid or not (what about children, Mr. Maritzer?), anyone who's sensitive to noise should know how comparatively inexpensive it is to add enormously to his comfort.

What's more, for \$99 he can buy a really silent power mower (made by the Outboard Marine Corporation of Canada), with its entire mechanism tightly shrouded in fibreglass. However, if his neighbors are less noise-conscious and prefer to buy cheaper mowers (the overwhelming majority of which have totally inadequate mufflers, or none at all), anyone who wants to enjoy his backyard undisturbed can slip a pair of plastic, fluid-filled earmuffs over his head. One such ingenious noise barrier can be found at branches of the Safety Supply Company throughout the country.

Of course, the total silence produced by the earmuffs might be unnerving to us; we're so accustomed to some sound that we miss it when it's gone. The final and most thought-provoking word on that subject was reported recently in the New York Times. The Times printed an idea from a forward-thinking industrial design firm for improving your own cheerful, cosy air-raid shelter, in which, we may assume, we will be isolated from many of the noises currently annoying us:

For the survival shelter, a spokesman for Lippincott & Margulies suggested that the family might have a library of tapes to be played on a battery-driven machine. These tapes might play the ordinary sounds of a house—the refrigerator going on and off or the traffic outside.

Perhaps those jet planes, vacuum cleaners and boisterous children don't sound so loud after all? ★



"Next!"



"We all sing that Canadian song that starts with Mar . . .," she said — meaning the Marseillaise

res like Orlando or Winter Haven. They stay in housekeeping apartments in oceanfront homes or motels for \$30 to \$150 a week, or in small pastel-painted concrete-block Florida houses near the beach but not on it for \$100 to \$200 a month. Many come back to the same house or apartment year after year. They make most of their own meals, with roast beef on Sunday, but also dine out at places where they can have all the lobster they can eat for two dollars, or fill up for a dollar on oysters steamed in big boilers and dumped hot on wooden plank tables. They can buy wine at the A&P, drink beer at drive-in lunch counters, eat pizzas at drive-in movies and get hush puppies and grits, eggplant and black-eyed peas almost anywhere.

Many motel owners fly the Canadian flag, even though some know no more about Canada than the fact that Canadian currency comes in different pretty colors for each denomination. In Miami's Sans Souci Hotel, they not only fly the Canadian flag but on a chosen day early in the winter season they have a flag-raising ceremony that is broadcast over TV.

"We all sing that Canadian song that starts with Mar . . .," a woman behind the desk said — meaning, it turned out after a bit of explanation, the Marseillaise.

#### It sounds like Toronto

Most newsstands display Canadian papers. Toronto visitors have been surprised to hear the owners of small stores in sweltering inland Florida towns refer to the Tely and the Star as if they were local rather than Toronto publications. At one time last winter three out-of-town papers were carried in the rack outside Morrison's Cafeteria, one of the bigger restaurants in Daytona — the Globe and Mail and the Telegram, from Toronto, and the Sentinel, from Orlando. The Chamber of Commerce people in Daytona refer to the Canadian National Exhibition as the Ex, like native Torontonians. Every year the Pelican, a small newspaper published in New Smyrna Beach, holds a party to elect a mayor of Little Montreal. There's a taped radio broadcast of Canadian news, weather, sports and stock-market trends by Dave Price every day from Miami, Cypress Gardens, Tampa and Daytona. In Woolley's Newsstand in Daytona, stacked prominently near the entrance, is a book called CANADA — A Study of Cool Continental Environments and Their Effect on British and French Settlements, by Griffith Taylor, a retired professor of geography at the University of Toronto. At the Goddess of the Sun Festival in St. Petersburg, a Miss Canada is chosen every year.

"She's nearly always a Canadian," a Chamber of Commerce worker said.

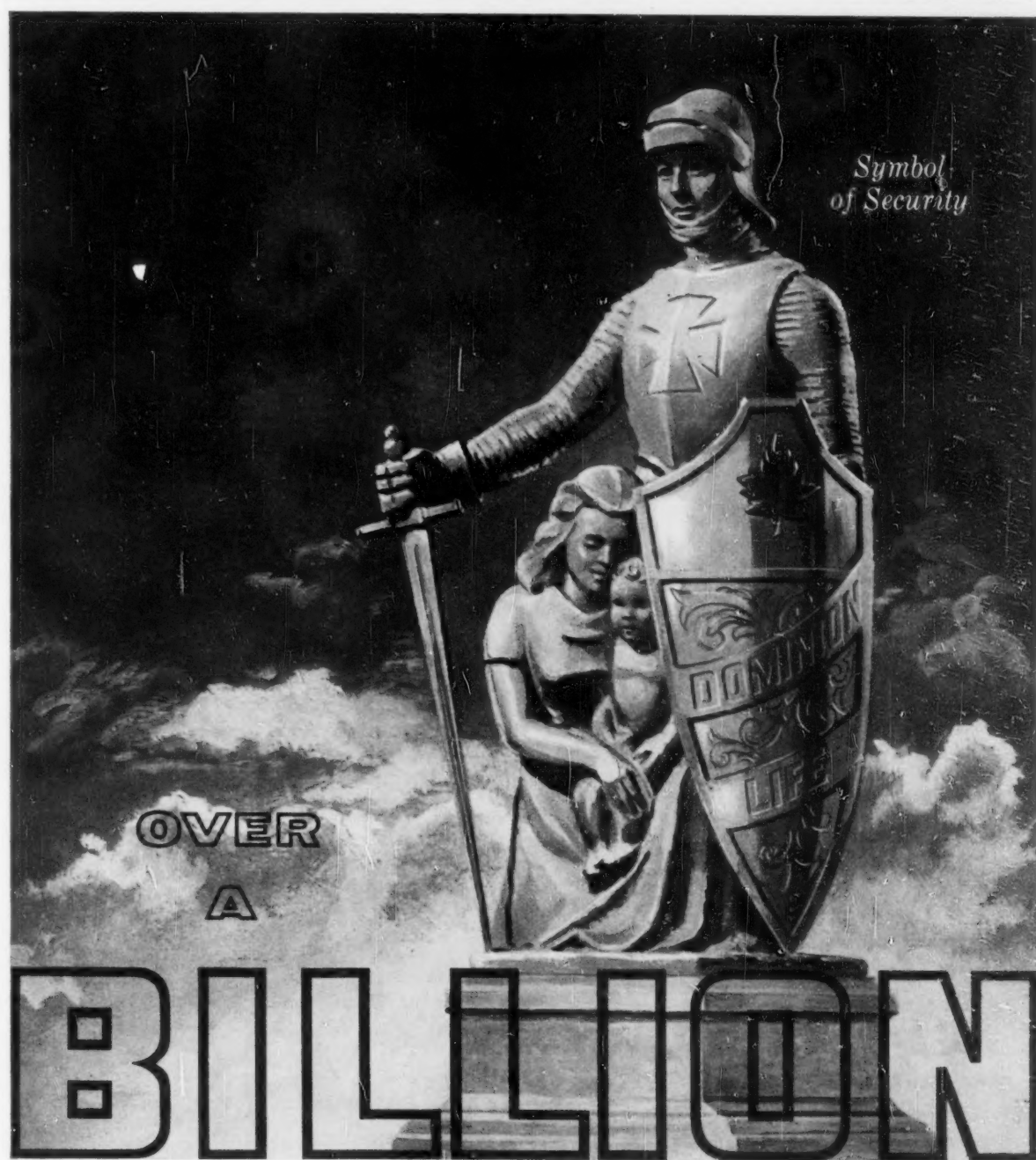
In the super-spectacular Americana Hotel in Miami, there is a Dominion Coffee House, decorated with maple leaves and totem poles, where the menu is printed inside an almost-life-size color illustration of a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman's tunic. Canadian guests can amuse themselves trying to picture Canada as Americans see it, while ordering Totem Pole Sundaes (75c), Rose Marie Banana Splits (95c), Montreal Samplers of corned beef and pastrami

(\$1.35), and the most enigmatic bit of Canadiana of all: the Merry Widow, a concoction of ice cream, pecan waffle and hot fudge (\$1.25).

Canadians go in for lawn bowling, which they introduced to Florida. But

it's played there on rolled sand or shell. They play shuffleboard, go swimming in winter (which horrifies the natives, who start swimming in June when the water is as warm as soup), go to auctions, talk about Canada, criticize Florida tomatoes,

and bristle when tourists from Tennessee, curious about Canada, ask them if they're still paying taxes to England. They're inclined to stick closer together than, say, Americans from one state. Members of Canadian clubs at Daytona,



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Orlando, Miami, Lakeland, and St. Petersburg, among other places, hold picnics, cruises, shell-gathering expeditions, dances, bridge parties, and keep reminding themselves that they're Canadians.

"You can hear them singing God Save the Queen," said Pressley Phillips, director of publicity for St. Petersburg. "The people walking past on the street think they're singing America. It's the same tune."

They bridge-fish for sailor's choice, whiting and sheephead. They walk the beaches and enjoy the breathtaking

beauty of sky and sea. They watch the pelicans and porpoises and gingerly touch their toes to dead horseshoe crabs, jellyfish and Portuguese man-of-wars. For admissions ranging from \$1.50 to \$3 they can take a boat ride through Florida jungle and watch a water-skiing show at Cypress Gardens. At Weeki Watchee Spring they can watch through a glass partition while girls dive 92½ feet into a spring-water-filled grotto. They can see the porpoises fed by hand at Marineland, drive past roaming African animals in Africa, U.S.A., visit

snake farms, parrot jungles, monkey jungles, Spanish missions and old English sugar mills. They can see the "biggest cypress in the United States" on the Sanford-Orlando highway, roam streets in St. Augustine that were there before the streets of Quebec, and get scalped by Seminole Indians, who charge what the traffic will bear for the privilege of looking at them in their villages in the Everglades. They can see stock-car and sports-car racing at the huge new speedway in Daytona, and sports-car races at Sebring. They can play golf all

winter long in almost every community. They can watch major-league teams play spring-training games in peaceful, palm-fringed surroundings, without having to fight ten miles of city traffic, and they can try to make enough money at the dog tracks to pay for their whole vacation.

I talked to motel and hotel people in Daytona, St. Petersburg, Miami and around New Smyrna Beach about the Canadian invasion. Floridians are very aware of the sizeable chunk of money Canadians contribute to the \$1,770 million spent annually by tourists in Florida, and they couldn't be happier about it. In part this is because of the universal love of making money. But it's also because Canadians are regarded throughout Florida as good guests, who behave themselves, speak courteously, put their beer cans in the trash containers, pay promptly, and leave their rooms clean and tidy.

"I wish we could fill up with them," said the manager of the San Marino



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"I asked one Florida waitress what she thought of Canadians. 'They're poor tippers,' she said"

Motel at New Smyrna Beach. The woman in charge of the rental bureau for the city of St. Petersburg was equally enthusiastic: "I have an apartment-house owner on my list who always tells me, 'Now be sure to send me all the Canadians you can.'"

But along with the Canadians' reputation for being clean, conservative and substantial, they have a reputation for being stingy.

"They're the finest people I've ever run into," a two-hundred-pound motel owner said, "But damn it, they're thrifty!"

A girl told me, after some hesitation, knowing that I was a Canadian, "We have a joke here that Canadians exchange their tea bags."

Another motel operator said, "They're very courteous," paused and looked at me quizzically, and added, "Are there a lot of Scotch people up there?"

Some Floridians in the tourist business are so publicity-conscious in giving their opinions of Canadians that it's a bit painful listening to them.

"Aren't there any taxes up there?"

"They're just lovely, lovely people," one prancing hotel clerk kept saying. "But you'd better talk to our manager. Do you know a Mr. Fox in Canada?"

In restaurants, bars and shops, the answers are less subject to editing. I asked one tired-looking blond waitress in a sleazy restaurant what she thought of Canadians.

"They're poor tippers," she said, putting them in one of her two main divisions of mankind.

"How do you know they're Canadians?"

"They tell me," she said, lifting an aching foot and looking out the window absently at a cabbage palm.

I walked into one smart woman's dress shop and asked a saleswoman at the front of the store if they got many Canadian customers. I told her I was writing an article about Canadians for a magazine. She looked at me in silence, then motioned me to the back of the store, where four other saleswomen were standing around waiting for customers. My guide told them I wanted to know about Canadian customers, and they all looked as if they couldn't believe their luck.

"The first thing they do is tell us that the woollens are better back home," a woman with robin's-egg-blue eyelids said.

"Everything's better in Canada," a clerk called from behind a blouse display.

"Don't they have any taxes up there?" another clerk asked.

"They ask 'If I buy two or three, will you sell them cheaper?'" the first woman said.

Possible explanations for their reputation for frugality are: (a) Canadians expect to be taken by Floridians; (b) it's a carryover from wartime economy when they could take only \$200 out of the country; (c) Florida prices vary so greatly that it's downright negligent not to shop around.

"I wouldn't call them tight," a motel owner said. "I'd say they're more conservative."

But whether or not Canadians in Florida are regarded as frugal spenders, they are making Floridians a lot more conscious of Canada every year.

"Eight years ago," a bank employee told me, "we used to think of Canadian

money as funny money. I remember one time getting a ten-dollar bill for deposit. It was stamped for endorsement by someone who thought it was a traveler's cheque. Now we have as many Canadians opening new accounts as Americans from other states. We have a lot of Canadian accounts left open all year. We no longer think Toronto is the capital of Canada. We know Ottawa is."

In this bank, four of the staff have been in Canada in the last year. One of them, a young man born and raised in Florida, said, "Do you know what impressed me most about Canada?"

I waited for something about our great mines, wheat fields or at least the Toronto subway. He said, "The way that store — Loblaws — displays groceries."

When Dave Price had the Miami sta-

tion that carries his Canadian broadcast announce an essay contest on "Why I would like to visit Ontario," for which only Americans were eligible, he got more than 4,000 entries in three weeks. It was not only a gratifying response, but a surprising indication of the number of Americans who were listening to the news from Canada.

Harry Elliott, executive assistant man-



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ager of the Sans Souci Hotel in Miami Beach, who says fifty percent of his winter visitors are Canadians, holds an annual cocktail party at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal. A couple of years ago the southerner who operates Waverley Courts in New Smyrna Beach flew up to northern Ontario to visit one of his Canadian guests. C. C. Hansen, co-owner of the Copacabana Motel in Daytona Beach, which accommodates special tours from Ottawa, said, "I'm getting in a supply of teapots for my Canadian guests." One motel owner told me that he had become a lot more polite since dealing with Canadians. "I've called on a lot of people in Canada and I've learned to do things the way they do," said Paul F. Gocke, manager of Holiday Shores Motel, in Daytona. "If someone comes in and we have no vacancies, I used to tell them to try so-and-so's motel down the road. Now I say, 'Can I call them for you?' I'm telling you, I'm getting courteous."

The only time Canadians are apt to get snappish is when an American bank won't allow the premium on Canadian currency. The banks explain they can't give Canadian money out as change but have to save it up until they have a sizeable bundle and mail it at costly postal and insurance rates to New York. If they paid the premium too they'd lose money. American banks, however, are happy to pay the going rate on Canadian cheques, passing on to the customer the premium they receive from New York. But some Canadians want the premium on the barrelhead. The driver of the airport limousine from Tampa airport into town told me about one Canadian woman who gave him a Canadian two-dollar bill and told him to keep the change for a tip. He pointed out that the fare was two dollars and that there wouldn't be any change left over.

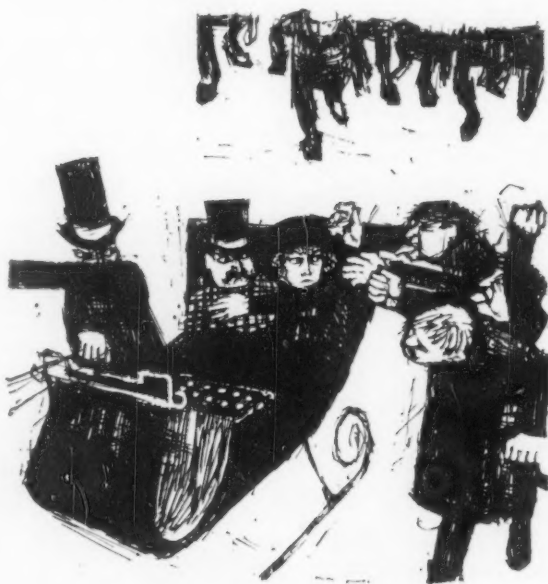
"Take it to the bank," she said. "They'll pay you six percent."

This was roughly equivalent to asking him to make a special trip down Toronto's Yonge Street, find a place to park, go into a bank and collect twelve cents.

"But Canadians don't complain as much as other people about late flights and things like that," the driver added thoughtfully.

In all probability more Canadians will go to Florida this winter than ever before. They'll go by plane, car, boat, train and bus. A few wives of well-heeled Canadians will brave eighty-degree temperatures in mink capes hoping to be seen by the mink-caped wives of other well-heeled Canadians. And some Canadians will go just to say they've been there; a lot more will go because Florida is just about as far as you can get on the continent from Canadian winters. Some will come home and say, "I wouldn't give you a nickel for the whole state." Others will start making plans to retire there. Many will get into hot arguments when they come back about what kind of weather they had in Florida. The people who haven't been there will think the ones who have been there found that it was a hoax but won't admit it, and the ones who have been there will think the ones who haven't been there are just sore because they didn't get there. In fact Florida has become Canada's hottest province in more ways than one. There's only one way to settle the argument about whether it's colder living without a furnace in weather that nips oranges, or living with a furnace in weather that nips people: by joining the thousands of Canadians who will go to Florida this winter. ★

## CANADIANECDOTE



### When Quebeckers jeered the great Bernhardt

Showbusiness history is studded with the triumphs of Sarah Bernhardt, but most theatrical historians have gracefully forgotten that she was once insulted and jeered at in Quebec City.

It happened in December 1905. Though sixty-one, Mme Bernhardt was still queen of the stage, and her first two appearances drew full houses and wide acclaim. Even on the third night, she took repeated curtain calls after every act. But by then, Quebeckers had read her outspoken opinion of Canadians, in that day's edition of L'Événement: "... They have made progress in agriculture ... but in ... things of the mind, they have made none ... in twenty-five years ..."

As she took her final bows, a mob armed with eggs, stones and snowballs collected at the stage door. Edouard de Max, Mme Bernhardt's leading man, was first to step outside. He caught an egg in the face and retreated inside.

Fifty police arrived and dispersed the mob, and the cast stepped, unmolested, into their sleighs. But as the sleighs moved to the CPR station, hoodlums along the route pelted them with eggs, stones and snowballs and struck at them with lead-weighted canes. Several members of the cast were wounded, but Mme Bernhardt, riding some distance behind the others, passed the

hoodlums when they were almost out of ammunition, and she suffered only jeers and insults.

In Ottawa the next day, she asked to see the prime minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but found he had just gone to Quebec City. "I wish you had been at Quebec yesterday," she wired him. "Perhaps the presence of a man like you would have hindered two hundred young people from wishing to kill a woman after insulting her ..."

Laurier's suave reply ignored the part of her telegram in which she had denied telling L'Événement that "there is not a single statesman in Canada."

Ottawa theatre-goers and critics boosted her morale by applauding her during her two-night stand there. But in New York she gave reporters the same harsh opinions about Canadians, claiming the riots were instigated by the archbishop of Quebec. She cited La Sorcière, a play dealing with the Inquisition, as one of several dramas she had performed elsewhere which, she said, had aroused the anger of the French clergy.

"The joke of it all," she added, "is that I am a good Catholic."

Whatever the cause, it was a bitter joke she never forgot. Frequently, until her death in 1923, she spoke with disdain of "the non-American element in America."

—LITA-ROSE BETCHERMAN

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**I came back from the dead** continued from page 15

**"I could hear gurgling sounds. After a while I realized it was I who was making them"**

tucking the baby — Max is three now — into his crib for his afternoon nap.

Suddenly I felt stabbing pains in my chest. I didn't know what had happened. I sunk my head between my knees and the pain eased a little. But my

breathing became increasingly difficult, so Jessie Ann called a doctor. He examined me briefly and told me to stop by his office in the morning for a complete checkup.

That night I felt perfectly normal

again. But I was concerned enough about my condition—I thought it was my heart—to see the doctor the next morning. Before he had time to suggest it, I asked for a cardiogram. It showed my heart to be in splendid condition and the doctor

told me to stop worrying. Except for a slight weakness in my eyes, he said, I was in good shape for a man of thirty-eight. He prescribed a visit to the optometrist.

In the next few weeks I experienced a series of sensations that may have been warnings of trouble ahead or may have been nothing at all—the doctors don't know for sure. Once I was gripped by a sudden drowsiness; I had to be helped from the dinner table. I had dizzy spells; I blamed my new glasses. The pains in my chest returned but left as suddenly as they came. Most of these incidents I shrugged off—I was just too healthy to get sick.

Then came that Sunday in February. I was lying in bed, thinking that in a few minutes I would have to get up to have breakfast and take the family to Mass. There were frost patterns on the windows, comfortable home-voices downstairs. Just two more delicious minutes in bed and I'd get up . . . The bedroom jerked upside down. The furniture assumed grotesque proportions. The bed swayed sickeningly. For a split second I thought the roof had fallen in, that maybe we'd been hit by a bomb.

I could hear gurgling sounds. But it was a few seconds before I realized I was making them. I wasn't nauseated, but my insides were churning, trying in vain to vomit. I called for help and passed out.

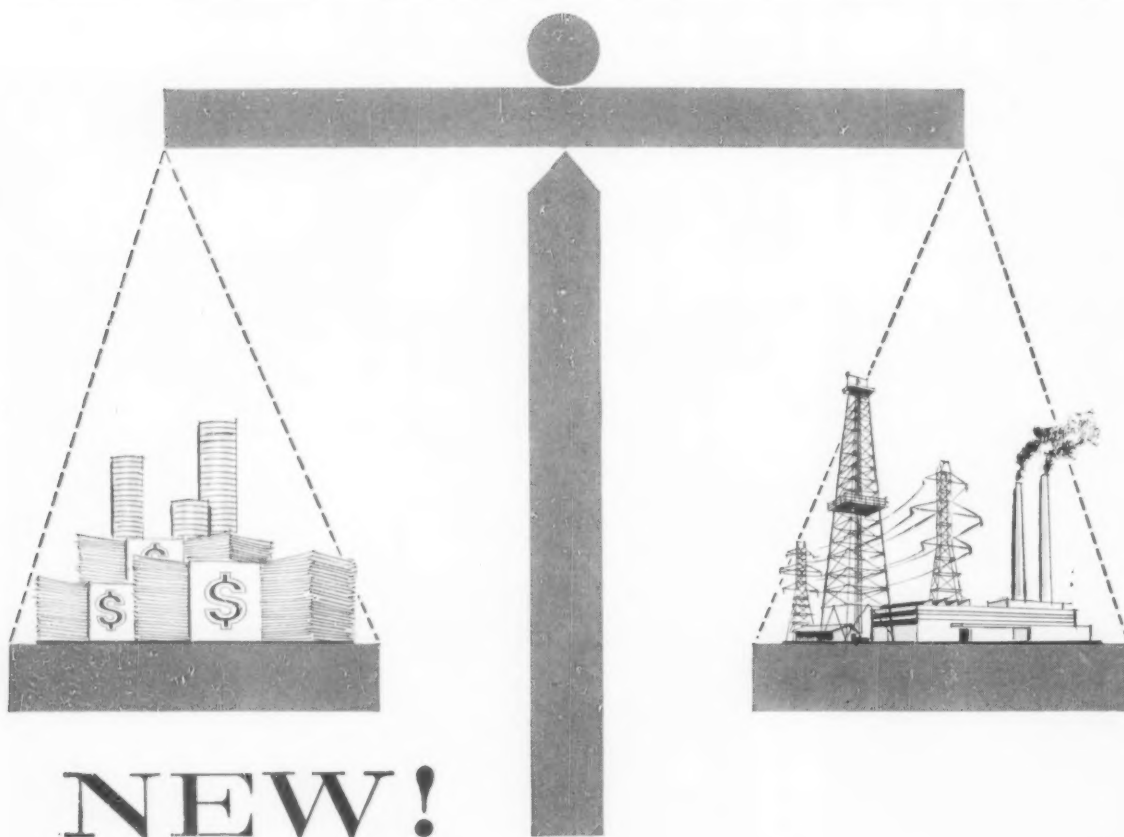
For the next two weeks I was in coma. Yet consciousness must have returned occasionally because I have distinct recollections — almost like dreams — of watching the doctor moving over me in the bedroom, of hearing him tell my wife that he wasn't sure exactly what was wrong but I should be taken to hospital. And I can remember the faces of the people who peered at me curiously as I was wheeled in my stretcher along the hospital corridor. All the time I was asking myself: *What's happened? What's going on? When will I wake up from this nightmare?*

Through misty eyes I could make out the figure of a priest administering the last rites. *I'm dying*, I thought to myself, *but it doesn't matter*. I was too weak to care, too tired to be bothered.

I was in an ambulance again. I didn't know it then, but I was being taken to Presque Isle in Maine, sixty-odd miles from Edmundston. From there I was to be flown to Montreal by the RCAF. I remember how the immigration officer at the border took a quick look inside and waved us on. At Presque Isle I was wheeled aboard and settled on a makeshift bed just aft of the loading door.

I heard the engines being revved—a familiar and vaguely comforting sound after my eight years as an RCAF mechanic. Out of the corner of my eye I could see my nurse, perched on a pile of blankets, watching me with apprehension. My tongue kept getting caught between my teeth. It was paralyzed and I kept chewing on it. But I couldn't tell the nurse to put something between my teeth.

It seemed an endless flight. Finally, Montreal . . . the mournful wailing of the siren . . . traffic lights . . . street noises . . . the reception room of what I know now to be the Montreal Neurological Institute, where a team of doc-



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Back For the next few days I was not conscious of time.

A doctor was saying, "This will hurt a little bit, but it's a matter of life or death." (Because my breathing apparatus was defective, I learned later, my windpipe was punctured and a tracheotomy tube inserted.) I slept some more.

One day I woke up to find my wife at my bedside. What must she have thought? Bottles hung at my head and feet. Needles were stuck into my arms and legs. A suction machine was working frantically to drain the mucus from my breathing tube. Another tube hung from my nose—a long, rubbery-tasting thing they used for getting food into my stomach. I wanted to tell her not to worry, that I wasn't as bad as I looked, that I still loved her, that my mind hadn't been affected by the stroke.

I couldn't say anything. I could only look at her and hope she understood.

I had entered a strange and frightening world of complete helplessness. My arms and legs hung like weights, refusing to obey the commands my brain gave them. I had no control of my tongue or larynx; when I tried to talk I sounded like a drunken Donald Duck. I couldn't nod my head. The only parts of my body I could move were my eyelids.

#### Communication is everything

The most frustrating part was my inability to communicate. From the very beginning I had understood everything that was said to me. But how could I tell them this? I wanted to scream, "But can't you see my mind is all right? Can't you see that I understand you?" There were moments in those early days when I was afraid that perhaps no one would ever realize that I was sane, that I would spend the rest of my life being treated as an idiot. From this I came to realize something: Communication is everything in this world. Without it, we would all go mad.

I should point out that at no time during my illness was I in any serious pain, even though I had normal sensation throughout my body. But I was often extremely uncomfortable, a result of being unable to change my position in bed. Partly to ease my discomfort and partly to prevent bedsores and promote circulation, I was turned every hour. I came to look forward to being turned, the way a small boy looks forward to Christmas.

When you're in hospital, flat on your back, for a long time, small changes in routine can become events of great importance. There was the electroencephalograph test, for example, usually referred to simply as an EEG. It's quite complicated and I don't pretend to understand it completely; it's used to detect and measure areas of damage to the brain by evaluating the tiny electrical vibrations the brain gives off. At any rate, it provided an exciting—relatively speaking—break in the monotony. My head was shaved in seventeen places and electrodes were glued to the skin. Tiny wires led from the electrodes to an electrical computer, which relays the information to a stylograph mounted over a revolving sheet of paper. I was put into a lead-lined cubicle and a blindingly bright light was suspended over my eyes.

A voice over a microphone commanded, "Close your eyes. Keep them closed until you're told to open them." I did as I was instructed, opening and closing my eyes while the light flashed on and

off in varying sequences. When I was wheeled back to my room, it was with something new to occupy my mind.

Then there was my bath. The Neurological Institute has a crane to assist paralytics in and out of the bath. To keep me from drowning, they corked off the tracheotomy tube in my throat, then wheeled me into the special bathroom. I was rolled into a sling, hooked to the crane, hoisted out of bed, and lowered into the bathtub. After being thoroughly laundered, I was returned to bed via the aerial route. So smoothly

was the operation carried out that I was asked to repeat the performance later the same day for the benefit of a group of visiting American nurses. I obliged—my first taste of showbusiness.

By now I had a rough idea of the nature of my illness. As far as the doctors could learn, I had a congenital aneurysm in the basilar artery near the brain—that is, there was a weak spot in the wall of the artery not unlike a blister on an inner tube. When the aneurysm gave way that Sunday morning, it released a flood of blood that tore away

brain tissue, destroying nerve connections and short-circuiting the communication system between the brain and the various muscles. Fortunately for me, the cerebral cortex—the thinking part of the brain—escaped. Strokes, as everyone knows, are not uncommon among older people, but occur rarely in people my age.

In March 1959 I was judged to be out of danger. I had learned to nod my head and move the fingers of my left hand a little. Sometimes I had trouble untangling my little finger. It used to

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infuriate me. I was emotionally upset at times and had not yet accepted my state of helplessness. I kept thinking: what a terrible waste of precious time. I was haunted by thoughts of what I could be doing if I were outside.

But I made progress. On February 27, 1960, a year after I had entered hospital, I ate my lunch by myself — a painful business that took close to three quarters of an hour and involved a good deal of spilling. A week later I managed to hold and drink a cup of tea, a thrilling accomplishment.

I was moved out of my single room into the Sir Herbert Holt Ward with twelve other patients and a television set. It was wonderful how they tried to encourage me. Most were walking patients and every time they passed my bed they offered a word of encouragement. One of my wardmates was a man named Pigeon, who had been paralyzed by a car accident. "You'll be on your feet again soon," he told me one day — wonderful words coming from a man who had gone through so much. It was important to me to know that someone else had endured what I was going through, that he *understood*.

#### Hockey on TV wore me out

Until now my only visitors had been my wife and my sister, Maxine, who came down from Ottawa whenever she could get away and read to me. In the Sir Herbert Holt Ward I was allowed as many visitors as I wished within reason. What a difference their presence made to my morale! I made up my mind I would beat this terrible thing. I asked God to stay by my side; I would need courage and perseverance in the days ahead.

One night I was given permission to watch the National Hockey League play-offs on television. I could stand it for only twenty minutes. The excitement exhausted me.

I had survived the crucial stage and my condition called for therapy. For this I was transferred to a Department of Veterans Affairs hospital, the Queen Mary in Montreal. Just being among other veterans — even if I couldn't talk to them — and hearing them exchange war stories gave me a comfortable feeling. But the worst wasn't over yet. In fact, my three-month stay at the Queen

Mary was the most hellish period of my whole illness.

Realizing how much I missed my children and New Brunswick, Jessie Ann got in touch with the DVA authorities and arranged for a transfer to the DVA hospital at Lancaster, N.B., a suburb of Saint John. July 14 was my moving day. I was hoisted through a window into the railway coach and we were on our way. As we crossed the St. Lawrence over Victoria Bridge, dusk was settling over the landscape. How marvelous it all seemed after so many endless hours spent staring at blank hospital walls! The next morning we were hooting our way through the New Brunswick countryside. The train crossed over the Reversing Falls bridge and I caught a glimpse of the building that was going to be my new home. It looked beautiful. A lump formed in my throat. I was still alive and I was going home. I wanted to cry. I knew the worst part of my ordeal was over.

With the help of a Canadian Legion representative at Lancaster, Jessie Ann found a modest apartment in Saint John where she moved with the children. For the first time since that dreadful Sunday morning I felt together with my family. Now she could visit me three times a week. On Sunday afternoons she brings the three boys — Philip, who's ten, Michael, seven, and Max, three.

The boys, of course, are full of questions about my illness. The first thing Philip wanted to know was, "Why did God do that to Daddy?" To which my wife answered as best she could: "God could have taken Daddy away, but he didn't so we're very lucky." That's my reaction, too. God chose to spare me. He had a purpose. I must fulfill that purpose.

I suppose the most wonderful day of my life was the first time I was allowed to go home. Jessie Ann had shown me the floor plan and described the apartment down to the last detail. But it was infinitely nicer than I'd ever dreamed it would be. Just having shoes put on my feet was a thrill. Last Easter I spent six hours on a reclining chair at home celebrating my fortieth birthday while Philip celebrated his tenth. I was happy beyond description. The kids tried so hard to keep me amused — and I must have seemed so different from the father they used to know.





Back in hospital I settled down to work in earnest. From here on, I knew, it was up to me—me and my physio teachers. Between us we had to re-educate the muscles that had atrophied through disuse. My program was—and is—a rigorous one. Three mornings a week my hands are bathed in warm wax, a sort of heat treatment. After the bath I do arm exercises with wall pulleys. Every afternoon I am given leg exercises on a special table with an overhead frame and crossbars; while the therapist works on the resuscitation of my leg muscles, my arms and hands are given limbering exercises. This is followed by a standing period—I am strapped against a vertical board, tilted backward slightly, for an hour. Usually I play checkers or chess at the same time.

My speech therapy is something else again. Try as I do, I'm still self-conscious about the way I talk. Every afternoon my speech therapist works with me. It's the explosive consonants like *P* that bother me most. I just can't get my tongue around them. The number of times I've tried to recite Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater I can't count. And I have trouble with *F* sounds, too. Because of a lack of diaphragm control, I talk better lying down than sitting up.

But, gradually, everything is coming. It's slow, painfully slow. I tell my children it's like a tree—it grows so slowly you can't see it, but it *does* grow. I plan little surprises for Jessie. One day I waited until she was in the room, then reached up a hand to turn on the light. More recently I managed to stand by myself without the retaining straps for almost ten minutes—a major triumph. When I arrived at Lancaster my fingers were almost rigid. Now I can clench my left fist and my therapist can close my right one. The doctors say that once I get back control of my right hand nothing can stop my progress.

Despite the fact that the right side of my face is paralyzed, I usually look unflatteringly normal. But I have trouble smiling. To acknowledge something only mildly amusing, I have to laugh—which probably leads some people to think I'm out of my mind. It does make me a good audience for my wardmates' jokes, though.

Trying to talk for long periods tires me, and it's probably pretty hard on the listener as well. Realizing how desperately I wanted to communicate, my wife bought me an alphabet card a few days after my arrival at Lancaster. It turned out to be a blessing. At that time I could scarcely speak. By using a pointer to spell out words on the card, I could express myself clearly for the first time since my stroke. No one who hasn't experienced a loss of all communicative faculties can understand what a relief this was.

For recreation and as part of my therapy, I weave wool doilies and scarves and other items—not a very manly occupation, perhaps, but excellent for my hands. I have learned to use a typewriter—the Occupational Therapy Department lent me a portable—and I spend a great deal of time pecking away with my one good finger, putting down random thoughts and recollections of past experiences. I read voluminously—magazines, books, newspapers, everything. My radio, of course, is a boon companion. I'm becoming quite an expert on world affairs.

My physician, Dr. Richard Lee, says that I will soon be able to go home for a week at a time. Even so, it will probably be a long time before I say goodbye to the hospital for good—maybe never. In some ways I'm as healthy now

as I've ever been, but I will need therapy for a long time to come if I am to regain the use of my limbs. My first concern when I get home will be to find a way of earning a living. I want independence so badly. I'm looking forward to the time when I can call the DVA people—they've paid for all my expenses so far—and tell them I can now support my family and they can take my name off their relief rolls. What would have happened to my family without DVA assistance, I just don't know.

If my story has any message, it is that

one must never lose hope, never give way to discouragement. However helpless he may appear, a stroke victim is not an insensitive piece of wood. If anything he is more acutely sensitive than he was when he was normal. He does not want pity; he wants encouragement and understanding. Speak to him as though he were perfectly normal, not in tones used in talking to a five-year-old.

If I spend the rest of my life trying, I'll never be able to make up the huge debt of gratitude I owe to all the people

who have shown so much patience in helping me in my comeback—nurses, doctors, orderlies, therapists, and relatives. For instance there's one orderly at Lancaster, Oscar Michelson, whose help has been one of the things that make life worth living after all the glitter is gone. And, of course, there's my wonderful wife. What a hell she has lived through! Without her love I don't think I could have made it.

And every day I thank God for giving me the strength to get through my ordeal. I have so much to live for. ★



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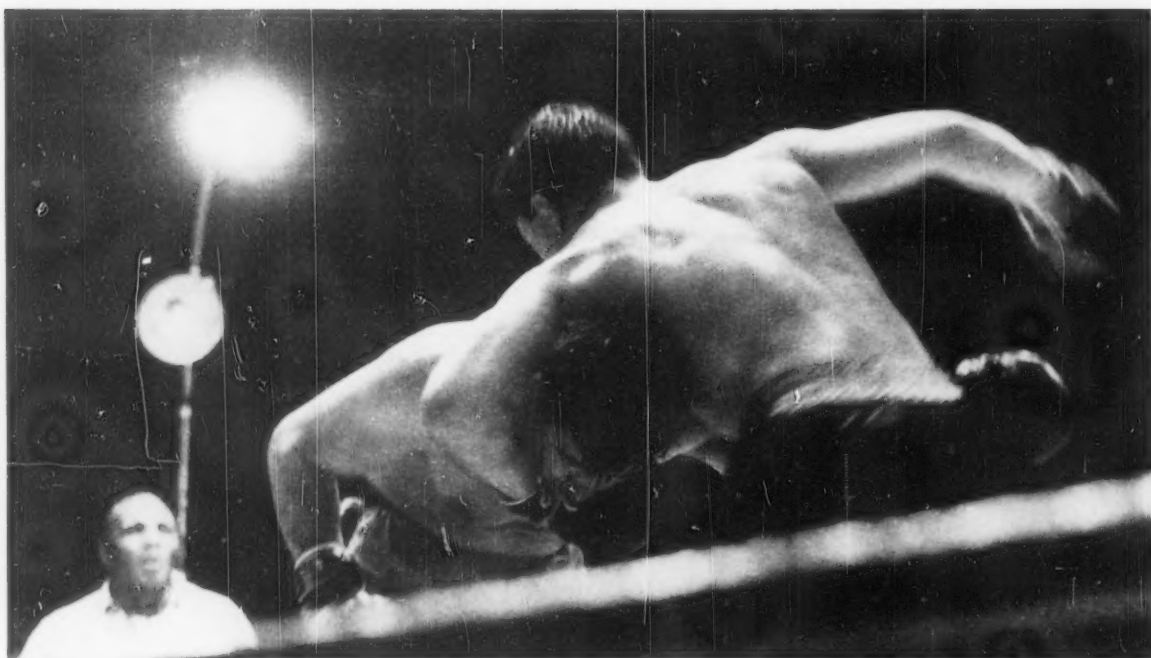
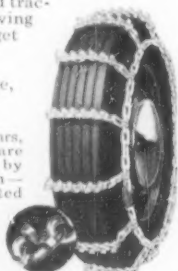
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Chuvale pounds a right to Cleroux's back while he holds the challenger's head. In the background is referee Joe Walcott.

#### Anatomy of a prize fight continued from page 17

Because of his punching reputation, he is a 5-to-6 betting favorite (you bet \$6 to win \$5). But his opponent, not Chuvale, has the roaring support of a partisan French-Canadian crowd.

#### The challenger

To Robert Cleroux, dancing heavy-footed in his corner to limber up and flapping the sleeves of his flaming red robe to acknowledge the cheers, the swelling vocal salute is a new and heady experience. Outwardly cold and cocky, the twenty-two-year-old Cleroux is inwardly excited by sudden adulation and by newspaper columnists' assurances that he is now Quebec's most compelling fighter in twenty years — since Dave Castilloux and Johnny Greco. Little more than a year ago, he was brawling with inept nobodies and was himself unknown except in neighborhood clubs. This was largely his fault, and his father's. Robert Cleroux speaks no English, only French, and he is distrustful of everyone behind the scenes in professional boxing. His father Martin lumps them all in the phrase, "crooked promoters and managers who want to make fools of us."

The Cleroux family sometimes made fools of themselves. When a friend and former boxer, Ned Lafontaine, a longshoreman, tried to arrange fights in the Montreal Forum, Papa Cleroux haggled fiercely with promoter Eddie Quinn, demanding impossible contracts and purse money. Quinn turned his back, shouting angrily, "Who do you think you are, Eddie Quinn?"

Cleroux might have gone back to the stone quarry in L'Abord-à-Plouffe where he started if Raymond Lagacé, a wealthy businessman, had not become interested. He was impressed not by Cleroux's skill, because he had none, but by his strength and determination. At seventeen, Robert had been turned away from one club because he couldn't fight properly. He went to another, borrowed trunks and

shoes and, without training at all, won the Quebec amateur heavyweight championship.

Legace put up money to send Cleroux and Lafontaine to New York for coaching and to make business connections. They went straight to the 8th Avenue gym, the hub of boxing in North America, where Lafontaine hired Freddy Brown, who had trained such fighters as Rocky Marciano. They signed a contract with another New Yorker, Al Bachman, to act as manager. From there, Cleroux began to develop.

He lost a close decision to a rough Texan, Buddy Turman, who had won 31 of his 33 bouts by knockouts. Then Cleroux knocked out Willie Besmanoff, a good heavyweight; next, just a month before tonight's fight, he stopped another Texan, Roy Harris, in five rounds. He replaced Harris as No. 10 in the National Boxing Association rankings, a recognition Chuvale held briefly but lost.

Facing one another through a hovering mist of flies attracted by the strong lights, Cleroux and Chuvale are alike in many ways. Cleroux, too, is strong, a legacy from his mother's family. His uncle Gravel was the village strong man. At eighteen, Robert went to the Montreal docks one day with Ned Lafontaine. Longshoremen were unloading copper. Cleroux watched two of them wrestling with one mold weighing 256 pounds. He picked up two molds and carried them away. "He's the strongest man in boxing," says Al Bachman. Cleroux also is a dangerous puncher with both hands. After being knocked out by Cleroux, Roy Harris, who had previously survived twelve rounds with heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson, said Cleroux hit him harder.

Like Chuvale, he takes a punch well. "He has to," says Freddy Brown. "He gets hit a lot. He's crude. He's still learning. His only defense is his strength and his punching power."

Cleroux wears a permanent scowl under heavy brows. He's taciturn and often a puzzle to his handlers. "Something

bothers him about fighting," says Ned Lafontaine. "He keeps saying he'll quit." But the lure of money is strong even for the silent Cleroux. With his purse from the Harris fight he bought a gleaming black Thunderbird. He intends to build a duplex with tonight's earnings, then get married to Suzanne Dubé, his village sweetheart.

"He won't quit," says Ned Lafontaine. "He wants money."

#### The fans

Delorimier Stadium has been "priced" to achieve a gate of \$100,000 from 20,000 customers, with ringside tickets selling for \$10 apiece. On this sweaty night, coins jangle endlessly into the cash boxes



as the preliminary bouts spin out toward the championship fight. As the fighters get word that the ring is clear, there are more than 13,000 in the park, and the gross at the gate is \$64,800, more than for any previous match between two Canadians. Like all fight crowds, this is a melange. It is impossible to differentiate between Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady. A nightclub singer known as Doll Face, in a mink stole bought for her this afternoon, is seated next to the wife of a Quebec cabinet minister, also in mink. This is a largely French and wildly partisan crowd. There are no cheers for George Chuvale.

Continued on page 80



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In the next **MACLEAN'S** on sale October 11

### The fight

From a habit familiar to his fans, Robert Cleroux stands out of his corner about three feet waiting for the time-keeper's bell. When it clangs, he lunges across the ring, but he is no swifter than Chuvalo, who springs from his stool and meets Cleroux almost in mid-ring with a long jab to the head. Cleroux bulls his way in close to throw a right hand to Chuvalo's ribs and another to his head. He tries to push Chuvalo to the ropes. Chuvalo steps back momentarily and, as Cleroux rushes, he throws his left hand, like the steel ball at the end of a wrecking cable, into the challenger's body. His shoes shriek in the resin sprinkled on the canvas to prevent the fighters from slipping, and both men grunt from the force of the blow.



The judge

Seated in a wood cubicle off the ring apron, Irving Phillips, a physical instructor at the Montreal YMHA and McGill University, scratches two numbers on a rectangular scorecard provided by the Montreal Athletic Commission. He is one of three judges appointed by the commission. If the fight goes the full twelve rounds, their opinions will determine the winner.

Almost everywhere on this continent, except in Montreal, the referee and two judges vote on a fight. In England, the referee alone renders a decision. "We think the referee has enough to do enforcing the rules," says Phillips. But he is aware that "Montreal decision" is a term widely and derisively applied to an unpopular verdict.

He is scoring this fight on what is called the "five-point must system." In each round he gives five points to the boxer he thinks has been more effective and four points, three, two, or one to the other, depending on how badly he has

been outmatched. To Phillips, it's simple. "I watch closely and say to myself during a round, 'A is ahead' and then maybe 'B is ahead' and then, if A rallies, 'A is ahead' again. Whoever gets the last call gets my five points." Unlike some judges, he gives no points for skilful defense, just for punching.

He has given George Chuvalo five points in the first round and Robert Cleroux four. So has Judge John Gow of Toronto. But Judge René Ouimet of Montreal has awarded Cleroux five and Chuvalo four.

### The fight

As Cleroux rushes once more, Chuvalo again unleashes a long left hook, this time to the head, and Cleroux is shaken but still pushes forward. Chuvalo throws the left again into his ribs. It is Chuvalo's type of fight so far. He is a counter-puncher—he prefers to let his opponent make the first move and then catch him off guard or off balance to throw his own heavy punches. Cleroux, fighting his own way, does not stop flailing and he catches Chuvalo with bludgeoning left and right hands to the head.



The promoter

Shouting rises in waves with Cleroux's rally. Eddie Quinn, a trim fifty-four, immaculate in white linen jacket in a box seat fifty feet from the ring, darts his black eyes around Delorimier Stadium, assessing in numbers the cause of it. A former Boston cab driver, Quinn is North America's richest and most important wrestling promoter. His shows in Montreal, Ottawa, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and a dozen other centres bring in about \$1,500,000 a year. Although boxing is not this lucrative, Quinn has a contract with Robert Cleroux to arrange matches and promote his fights in Mont-





real. Three months ago, he began to make plans for tonight's fight.

"I wouldn't have cared if Cleroux had lost to Harris or Chuvalo to Rademacher," he says. "They're still the two best heavyweights in this country."

Quinn watched Chuvalo lose miserably to Rademacher. "He was ring-rusty from a long layoff. After the fight Deacon (Jack Allen) said, 'What now?' I said, 'Cleroux!' You could have knocked him down with a ring post. He thought I'd call it off."

Even then, the fight wasn't settled. Papa Cleroux insisted on 37½% of the gate. Quinn got him down to 25%. Jack Allen wanted 30% for Chuvalo. He too settled for 25%. Both boxers get the standard traveling and training expenses — 10% — and another 25% goes for park rental and publicity. That leaves 15% for Quinn.

An assistant hands him a slip of paper with the figures: Attendance, 13,014; Gate, \$64,800. "We had our own checkers on the gate," the assistant says. Quinn nods. "Good! How about the extra cops? Last fight we lost a mint to gatecrashers."

"Twenty-five of them at five bucks a rattle," the assistant says. "Nobody got through."

Mentally totting his own share of \$64,800, Quinn is interrupted by a question.

"Who'll win this thing?" he says incredulously. "Don't be a damfool. Boxers are bums. Who'd bet on them?"

#### The fight

Starting the third round, Cleroux goes to Chuvalo's body, head down, arms working like pistons past Chuvalo's covering elbows. This onslaught finished Roy Harris and, as Cleroux continues it in the fourth, Chuvalo clinches. The referee, former heavyweight champion Jersey Joe Walcott, steps between them. As he steps back, Chuvalo throws a savage left hook. It catches Cleroux, hands down, on the cheek. Blood comes to his nose. Freddy Brown shouts angrily, "You fool, don't let him tag you that way." Cleroux shakes his head. As he walks heavily to his corner Ned Lafontaine is shouting Brown's words at him in French.



The second

Seeing the blood, Freddy Brown fishes a small bottle from his trouser pocket. Uncapping it, he inserts two swabs of cotton. The instant Cleroux reaches the corner, Brown sponges blood from his nose and lips and shoves the swabs up his nostrils. They're soaked with adrenalin chloride, a coagulant. "Good for nose-bleeds," says Brown. "Not for cuts." For these he uses a substance called Thromboplastin, a stronger coagulant, which he works into the wound. With his fingers, he folds the parted skin back in place and covers it with vaseline.

With his New York partner, Whitey Bimstein, Freddy Brown is renowned in boxing as a "cut man," but they also have a large retinue of boxers whom they coach and train — for a fee or a percentage. Brown will get six percent of Cleroux's purse. He is responsible for what little boxing skill Cleroux has acquired in the past two years.

"Mostly we've tried to teach him the American style. The difference is that

U.S. boys don't stop for a breather. Canadian and English boxers get in a good lick and then step away to pat themselves on the back or take a bow. You can't give the other guy a break like that. Keep hitting him. Get him out of there."

Freddy Brown says Cleroux is about as crude as any novice except for his strength and punch. He's also learning his lessons. He's inclined to punch in an arc, using only arm muscles, instead of putting body weight into his blows. For ten days, Brown has worked him for

hours, driving his arms like pistons at a sausage-like heavy bag. Tonight, this has been his best weapon against Chuvalo.

"I keep telling him to throw body punches," says Brown. "I also tell him how much money he can make. That seems to work best."

#### The fight

Big as Chuvalo is (he outweighs Cleroux by four pounds) and hard as he

punches, he is outroughed again in the fifth round. At the end, he walks straight to a neutral corner. Suddenly seeing no one there, he turns with a weak smile to his own.

Starting the sixth round, however, he surprises Cleroux with a classic one-two combination — left to the body, right to the head. But it slows Cleroux for only an instant. He bulls Chuvalo into his (Chuvalo's) corner, where his piston arms go to work. The crowd senses that this could be the end. Blood spurts to Chuvalo's nose. In a mounting din, a



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frantic yell breaks through: "George! Fight your way out of it!"



**The sparring partner**

Bobbing and weaving as boxers do when they're viewing a fight, Dave Shoulders sees the danger as Chuvalo is forced to the ropes. His thoughts flash back to the past ten days when, as Chuvalo's sparring partner, each had tried to force the other into just such a predicament. A boxer on the ropes has little room to punch; his opponent, with all the elbow room in the world, has every advantage.

Shoulders, unlike many sparring partners, is not a punching bag. At twenty-one, he is a beautifully conditioned 201 pounds, as tall as Chuvalo and somewhat

quicker on his feet. His hands are fast. In a preliminary bout tonight, he won an easy decision in six rounds.

He has been an athlete all his life, football player in school, boxer in the U. S. Army where he served two years. Now a buffer in a Detroit auto plant, he's had 15 professional fights in the past year — almost as many as Chuvalo in his whole career — and he's won eleven. He was sparring partner for Chuvalo before the fight with Yvon Durelle and made Chuvalo work so hard that Jack Allen invited him back.

For swapping blows with the heavy-hitting Chuvalo, he gets thirty dollars a day, out of which he must pay his hotel and meals but not his traveling expenses.

"It would sound crazy," he says, "if I wasn't doing it for experience."

Unlike some sparring partners, he is not paid to take a beating. His instructions all along have been to fight Chuvalo, and beat him if possible. Three days before tonight's fight, in a furious

exchange in the gymnasium, Chuvalo caught him with a left hook that drove him into the ropes, knees buckling. Moving in, Chuvalo said, "Enough?"

"Protect yourself, man!" Shoulders replied, and started swinging. Hunched behind Chuvalo's corner, this is the picture in Dave Shoulders' mind as he shouts, "Fight your way out of it!"

#### The fight

Although bruised around the body, George Chuvalo is still strong. He spears Cleroux with jarring left jabs that start blood trickling from the challenger's nose again in the seventh. There is almost no cheering from the crowd, which senses that something has gone wrong with its calculations: Cleroux, not Chuvalo, is getting tired. Freddy Brown shouts at Cleroux: "He's making a fool of you. Throw your right."

#### The old ring hand

Joe (Meatwagon) Brown's eyes watch in fascination as his namesake, Freddy Brown, hard-faced, directs in biting tones the strategy of Robert Cleroux. Meatwagon Brown had once been a trainer and manager, too, but his boxers were an ordinary lot, which is how he got his name. Ten years ago, he took a youth named Arnold Hays to Toronto to fight Vern Esco for the Canadian heavyweight title. Hays was carried feet first out of the ring. Returning to Montreal, Joe Brown went immediately to Slitkin and Slotkin's bar and grill to dilute his sorrows, which included a dismal series of knockouts. To his dismay, one of the proprietors, Jack Rogers (Slotkin), announced to those at the bar: "Gentlemen, Meatwagon Brown is back."

The name has stuck. So has Joe Brown's devotion to boxing. At fights, he often works without pay as second for low-paid fighters in preliminary bouts (he was Dave Shoulders' second on tonight's card). A "temporarily unemployed salesman" (since the Quebec Provincial Police walked in unannounced at his place of employment, a gentlemen's social club), he had hopes for his son, a strapping six-footer, as a boxer. "But he doesn't seem to care for it," says Meatwagon Brown. "He's a commercial artist."

#### The fight

Cleroux hurts Chuvalo with a hard left and right to the body, in answer to the frantic advice of Freddy Brown, who is angrily aware that Chuvalo appears to be standing up better than Cleroux to the punishment. But in the ninth round Chuvalo clubs Cleroux with a left hook, then another left to the body. They stagger the challenger. Tommy McBeigh, in Chuvalo's corner, shouts: "Right hand! Right hand! Move in!"



**The trainer**

Tommy McBeigh — that paradox of paradoxes, a gentle and sensible little man in a rough, zany, bloody business — is angry. For a month, he has plotted this fight, knowing exactly what Chuvalo must do. The champion isn't doing it. Although McBeigh's duties are precisely the same as Freddy Brown's, the emphasis is different. Brown does his work largely during a fight, repairing physical damage and telling his fighter in insulting terms what to do. McBeigh tries to finish his job before a fight, sending in a fit fighter who wants to tear his opponent limb from limb.

In Montreal, for ten days, he has not left George Chuvalo for a waking minute. At 6 a.m. every day he has walked with Chuvalo to the foot of the mountain where the champion has run six miles. He has shepherd him to breakfast, to a morning rest, to the Immaculate Conception gym in Montreal East, to dinner, to an early show ("I hate movies") and to bed. He has refused to permit Chuvalo's parents or his wife in the champion's room ("They baby him"). He has insulted the champion ("You want to be a bum all your life?") and cajoled him ("You could buy a house if you get



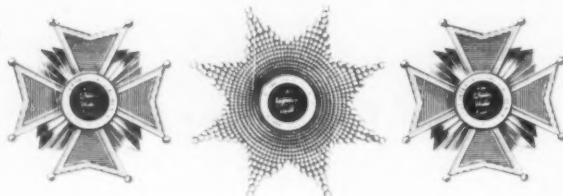
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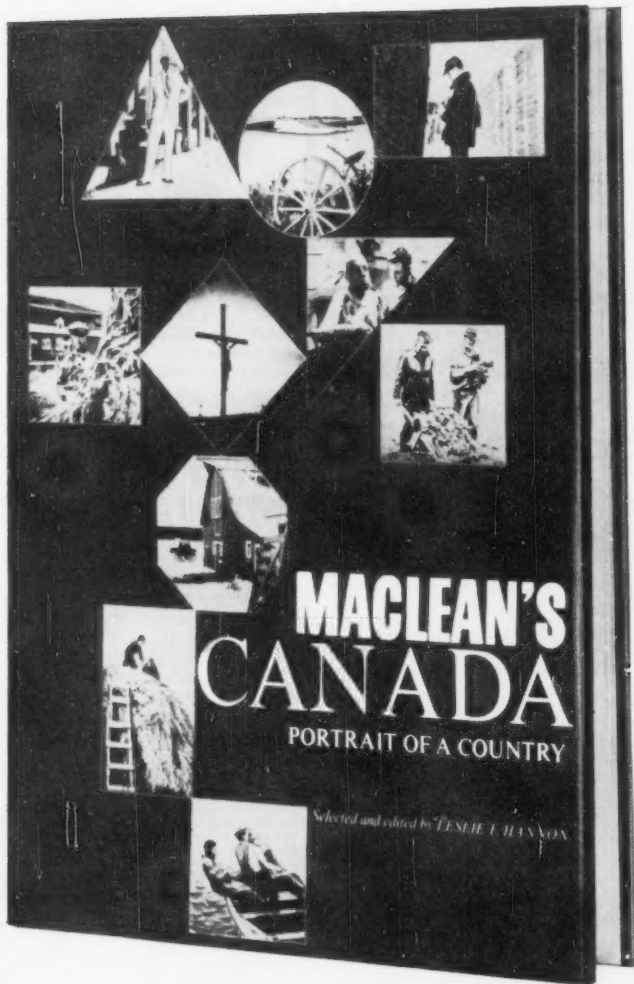
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past this fight"). Chuvalo lives with his in-laws.

McBeigh's month-long campaign has been pointed to these few minutes when Chuvalo, a counter-puncher, must throw out style, step in and cut his opponent down. McBeigh fought 115 times as a professional and quit only when a blow broke the retina of his left eye and partly blinded him. He fought to help feed six brothers and sisters. He doesn't understand why Chuvalo is not more hungry — and savage ("I don't know how he thinks").

In the corner, he says: "Give it everything — or give up."

#### The fight

Chuvalo stabs Cleroux twice with straight left jabs and a trickle of blood starts again from the challenger's nose. Chuvalo catches him with a left hook below the ear and, as Cleroux tries to bore in past these long, hard punches, the champion puts a vicious left hook into his lower ribs. Cleroux is in no danger of falling, but he is hurt.

#### The referee

Jersey Joe Walcott follows Robert Cleroux to his corner and, as Cleroux slumps onto his stool, looks into his eyes. "Are you all right?" he says gently. Freddy Brown leaps forward. "What are you trying to do? Make things even for Chuvalo?" he shouts angrily.

Walcott's chocolate features turn darker. "Protect your boy," he snaps at Brown. "I'm referee here, and I say protect your boy."

Jersey Joe Walcott, a former world champion (he lost his heavyweight crown to Rocky Marciano), was a last-hour selection as referee for this fight. Promoter Eddie Quinn had advised Walcott. Marciano and Jack Sharkey, another former champion, that he might call them, but he had made up his mind on Marciano. He stalled until the afternoon before the fight to get the maximum publicity out of newspaper speculation and then phoned Marciano in New York.

Marciano had got tired waiting. "You be nice to people and they think you're a sap," said Quinn, and phoned Walcott in Camden, N.J., where as Arnold Cream (his real name) he is a policeman. Walcott drove all night to earn \$500 for refereeing.

Walcott has warned Chuvalo twice for "hitting on the break" (rules say boxers breaking from a clinch must take a full step backward before punching) and once for rabbit punching (hitting behind the head). "What I can see don't bother me," says Walcott. "It's what I can't see I worry about."

He remembers Rocky Marciano's second fight with Ezzard Charles. In the sixth round Charles split Marciano's nose with a blow directly on the ridge, "like two noses." Blood flooded out of the cut. "They should have stopped it."

However, Freddy Brown — the same Freddy Brown — somehow repaired the cut between rounds and Marciano knocked out Charles in the eighth. It wasn't until much later that Brown revealed he had used a solution of Monsel, an iron concentrate that congeals blood like putty. It's illegal in most states. In Marciano's eyes it could have blinded him.

"You must protect your boy," says Joe Walcott.



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## The fight

Cleroux doggedly flails at Chuvalo's body to hold him off in the eleventh round, but he has little left in the twelfth. Chuvalo knocks him about the ring with left hooks to the head and body and even throws in right-hand punches that he has hoarded all night. Cleroux stumbles on his way to his corner.

## The judge

Irving Phillips jots down the final two figures on his card. They are Chuvalo 5, Cleroux 3. Then he adds the string of twelve figures across for each fighter. The totals are Cleroux 56, Chuvalo 52. He has given Cleroux nine rounds and Chuvalo only three. Judge John Gow has awarded the fight to Chuvalo 56-53 but Rene Ouimet has Cleroux in front, 55-53. "Chuvalo makes a better picture," says Irving Phillips, "but that is no criterion."

Chuvalo, who thought he had won, is stunned. Cleroux, who had been shuffling dejectedly, head down, in his corner, the picture of defeat, looks up in surprise and throws both hands in the air as the announcer says he is the new champion.

The completely pro-Cleroux crowd, silent and almost sullen throughout the last three rounds, when Cleroux appeared to be weakening, is not prepared for this kind of decision. "He's young yet," one man says to his neighbor. "He'll get another chance." Now they are both shouting "Robert! Robert!"



The managers



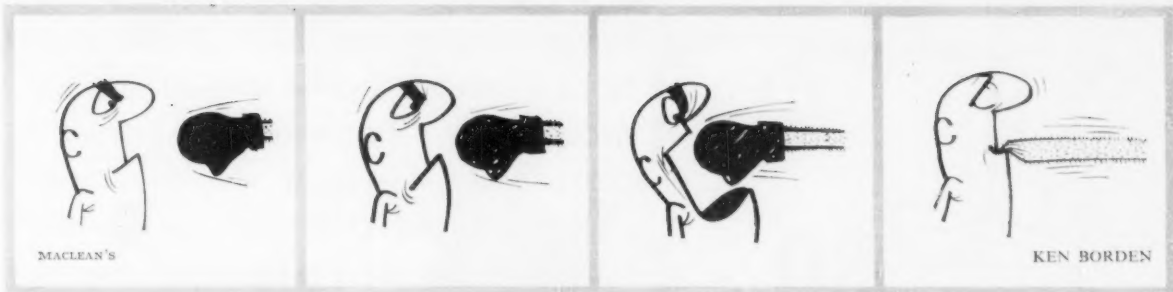
The fight is barely over before another is being planned. In promoter Eddie Quinn's office in the Montreal Forum, Jack Allen and Al Bachman say hello but do not shake hands. Each is aware that Bachman, by a single vote in Cleroux's favor, holds an advantage in negotiations about to take place for another bout between their fighters. Both know, too, that the disputed decision leaves Allen a talking point. The two men, as unlike outwardly as two men can be, have many things in common.

Jack Allen, quiet-spoken, a deacon in demeanor as well as nickname, has been in boxing forty years and never wanted to be in another business. Bachman is a botanist who could not complete his course at the University of Iowa because of weak eyesight and turned to boxing because his father Frank had successfully handled such fighters as Maxie Rosenbloom and Lew Jenkins, both world champions.

"You could say I'm still a botanist," says Bachman, with a heavy humor, "raising cauliflower."

Bachman and Allen have similar managerial arrangements and problems. Each fighter tonight collects \$13,249 as his share of the gate. The managers get a third of this. But such is the arithmetic of prize fighting that each must part with half his share for the privilege of acting as manager. To get Chuvalo's contract Allen agreed to divide his earnings as Chuvalo's manager with Sonny Thompson, a TV repairman who started Chuvalo on his career. To get Cleroux's contract Bachman had to sign another contract with Papa Cleroux giving him half his (Bachman's) cut.

In the smoke-filled room, Bachman



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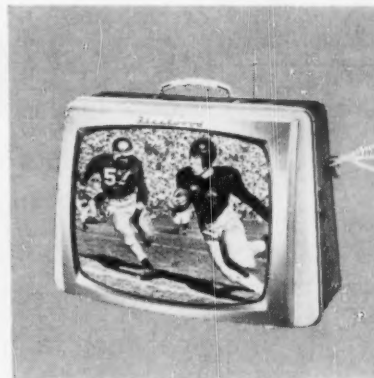
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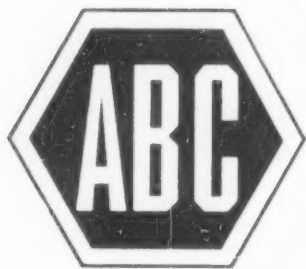
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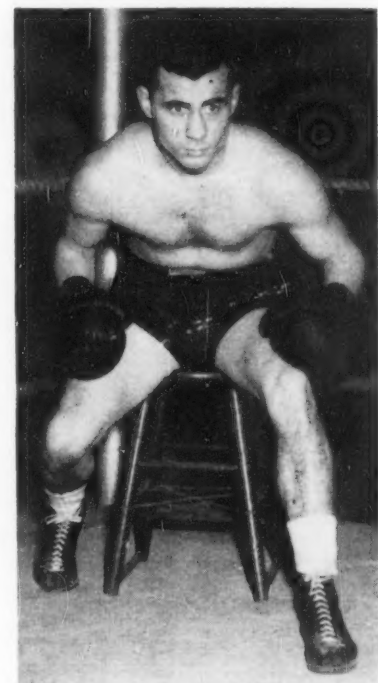


talks of a possible fight with Henry Cooper of England for the British Empire heavyweight title. That could lead to a world title bout with Floyd Patterson, he muses, since he and his father Frank are close friends of Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager.

In a few minutes, however, Bachman and Allen have agreed verbally to a return bout between Robert Cleroux and George Chuvalo, either in Montreal or Toronto. This decision is left with Eddie Quinn and Frank Tunney, his companion promoter in Toronto.

#### The old pro

In a room full of pugilistic celebrities, Dave Castelloux moves quickly from boxer to manager, shaking hands. Twenty years ago, Castelloux held three Canadian championships at once — featherweight, lightweight and welterweight. He made \$200,000 in a few



OLD PRO Dave Castelloux, who held three Canadian titles, earned \$200,000.

years. Some of it he lost by bankrolling a Montreal gambling establishment frequented by gamblers luckier than he was. Dave Castelloux is lithe in his body and his face is happy. The celebrities call him Champ. Tomorrow he will go back to work as a trucker for the CNR at \$1.77 an hour. ★



Today, Castelloux (left) is a CNR trucker.





## U. S. Report

Continued from page 13

forms had overstepped the mark. This faction slipped quietly out of Washington to resume classroom careers. In a few cases, they left noisily repudiating the New Deal, to accept lucrative offers from corporations.

Roosevelt appears to have realized, toward the end of his first term, that his academic advisers were turning into a political liability as conditions improved. He retained many experts from the universities in one capacity or another, and valued their advice, but he gradually shifted them from the centre of the stage to the wings. His successor, Harry Truman, and Truman's successor, President Eisenhower, both sought the specialized knowledge of professors and continued to appoint them to government agencies. But with certain notable exceptions, like the scientists responsible for atomic developments, they were kept out of sight. Most politicians were sure that professors were political poison, especially if they were economists or sociologists.

This view was strengthened when, after Eisenhower had defeated Adlai Stevenson for the second time, word spread around that Stevenson had trained for the 1956 race at a series of dinner discussions with Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith, Harvard historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., Paul Samuelson of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and other distinguished academic types.

Yet when John Kennedy launched his campaign for the presidency this year, he surrounded himself, quite openly, with a battalion of professors, among whom are Galbraith, Schlesinger and Samuelson. Also on his advisory staff are Professor Willard W. Cochrane of the University of Minnesota, an agricultural expert; Earl Latham, professor of political science at Amherst University; Harvard law professors Abram Chayes, David Cavers, Charles M. Haar, Archibald Cox and Paul A. Freund; Arthur Maass, a Harvard political scientist; Professor Walt Whitman Rostow of MIT; Professor James MacGregor Burns of Williams College; Professor Harris Wofford Jr. of Notre Dame, and Professor Robert C. Wood of MIT. Each of these men has his specialty. Galbraith, a craggy giant (he's six foot eight) from Ontario, wrote a best-selling book on economics, *The Affluent Society*. He briefs Kennedy on economic theories. Maass, the author of *Muddy Waters: The Army Engineers and the Nation's Rivers*, is an authority on land and water conservation. Freund advises Kennedy on desegregation. Haar is an expert on land planning and housing. Wood, an authority on suburban development, wrote *Suburbia: Its People and Their Politics*.

Veteran workers of both U.S. political parties were startled when Kennedy first paraded his carefully assorted professors. They thought he might easily be committing political suicide, and sat back to study the reaction of the public. The reaction was unexpectedly favorable. Apparently professors were no longer anathema to the electorate. What had

wrought the change? One thing, probably, was the so-called crisis in education that followed the successful launching of a satellite by the Russians. This shocked Americans into the realization that while they had taken a rather carefree attitude toward education and had tended to underrate their professors, Russian education had progressed rapidly. Sputnik prompted Americans to reappraise their educational system and their top teachers. But apart from this, Americans are concerned about their diplomatic setbacks abroad and problems like farm surpluses at home. Perhaps they wondered whether it wasn't time to dig the professors out of mothballs and let them test their theories, as Roosevelt had once done. Kennedy himself has offered no real explanation for collecting professors, other than that he is seeking solutions for America's troubles, both domestic and international.

Nixon, of course, is seeking solutions too. Although Kennedy unveiled his professors first, within a few weeks Nixon had announced the names of professors on his own policy advisory group. The announcement said he had been consulting them "over the last eight months." Among the names were those of Henry Ahlgren, director of the University of Wisconsin Agricultural Extension School; John Burchard, dean of the School of Humanities and Social Sciences at MIT; Arthur Burns, professor of economics at Columbia University; Paul W. Cherington, Harvard School of Business Administration; William Elliott, professor of government at Harvard; Lon Fuller, Harvard law professor; John A. Hannah, president of Michigan State University; John Heller, of the New England Institution of Medical Research; Joseph Kaplan, professor of physics at the University of California; Lawrence Kimpton, chancellor of the University of Chicago; Philip W. Thayer, dean of the School of Advanced Sciences at Johns Hopkins University; Dr. Millard Roberts, president of Parsons College; Allen Wallis, dean of the School of Business Administration at the University of Chicago, and Walter Fackler, of George Washington University. Most of these men, like most of Kennedy's, are recognized experts in their respective fields and have written books.

They are, on an average, slightly older than Kennedy's professors, and slightly more conservative. The economists among them view with alarm the economic reforms recommended by Galbraith, who believes wages and prices can be controlled, and that governments should spend a lot more on schools, hospitals, parks, highways and other public services, but that individuals should be dissuaded from squandering their money on useless personal possessions that they wouldn't dream of buying if it weren't for high-pressure selling. The Nixon economists say that this is authoritarian—that except in an emergency, the market should be permitted to govern wages and prices; that people shouldn't be compelled by the state to buy gigantic and unnecessary parks if they'd rather have backyard barbecues, and that while public services have to be expanded and improved constantly, the rate of expansion and improvement has to be geared to the national income.

What impact will the professors have on the election? Maybe none. Maybe quite a bit. But the strong and conflicting opinions of the scholars in opposite camps are at least adding spice to campaign speeches and the professors, after their long banishment to outer darkness, are definitely back in style in U.S. politics. ★



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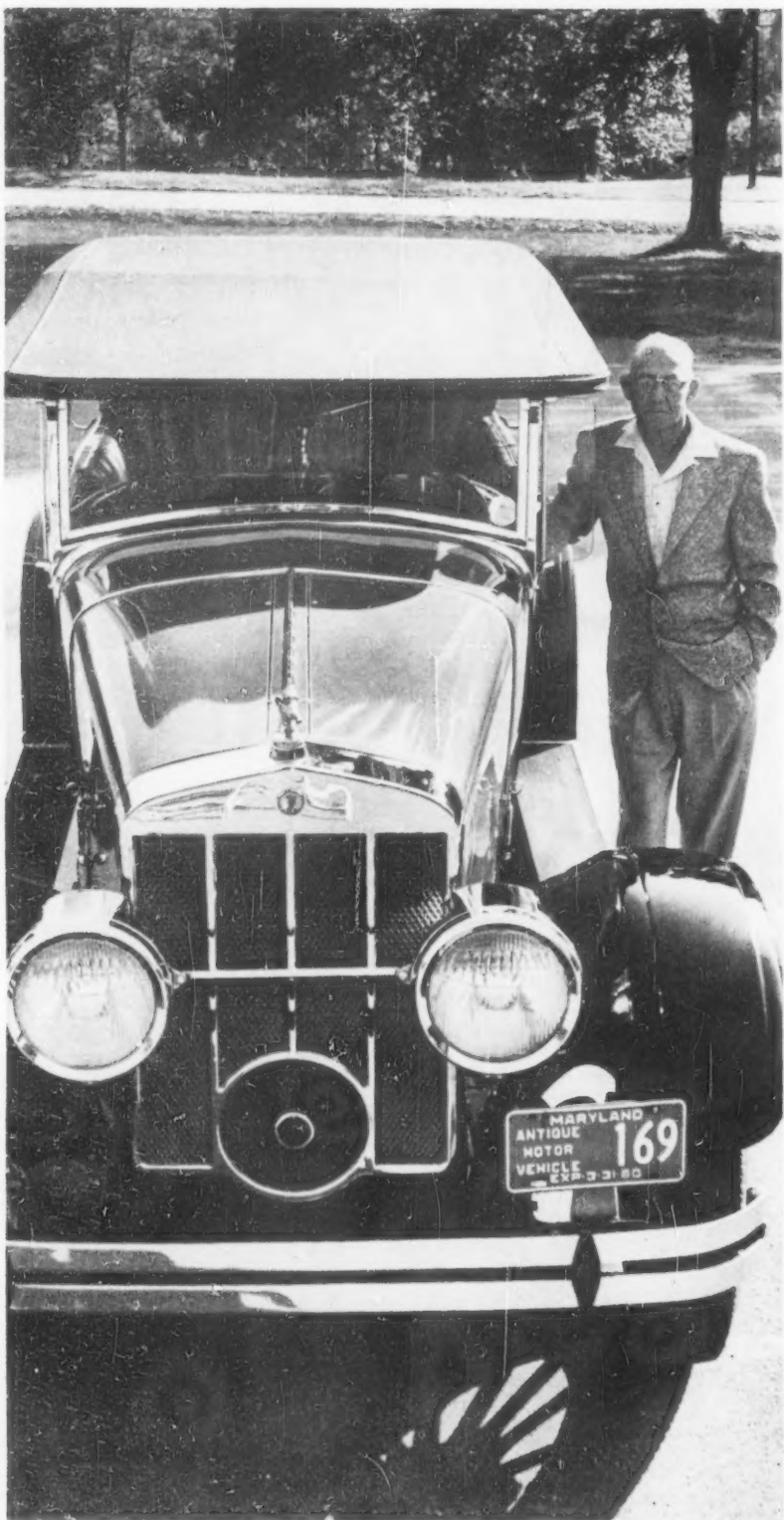
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## Parade

### New member of the wedding

A couple who moved recently to High River, Alta., from another small town where they were married four years ago, had never got over their disappointment that their wedding photographer had made a hopeless botch of the job. It suddenly occurred to them: new town, new photographer — why not let him have a try? They managed to round up all the members of the wedding in their original wedding finery and this time the pictures were a great success. The flower girl was a tight fit, having grown about a head taller, and the photographer's assistant was kept busy entertaining the bride and groom's two-year-old, who acted as though she thought she ought to be flower girl. A quiet reception followed, then everyone went home happy.

\* \* \*

Systematic looting of a peach tree and a walnut tree in a garden in Leaside, Ont., led the outraged householders to set a trap for a pair of squirrels seen frisking suspiciously about the yard. They caught one, too, which immediately set up an infuriated chattering. Before they could reach the cage themselves the other squirrel appeared, darted around the cage, got his foot on the spring release and opened the door to free his mate.

\* \* \*

A little girl in Oakville, Ont., who has to play with boys all the time because there isn't another girl on the block, talked her mother into letting her have a boyish haircut for the summer. Just before school opened mother dispatched



father to the barber's with daughter to get her a proper girl-type hair-do. Well, you know how barbershops are — father got talking to another father about football prospects, and the junior miss was just one of half a dozen kids waiting around in sweaters and jeans and . . . Anyway, his daughter now has the prettiest brush cut of any little girl in her class.

\* \* \*

Sad for-sale ad in the Winnipeg Free Press: "Forced sale, used once, home barber kit \$12. Wife wept buckets when she saw junior scalped. Phone . . ."

An energetic office boy in a Vancouver insurance firm went after a noisy buzz of flies that had invaded the premises, but was startled when the first one he clipped left a green splotch on the wall. The next left a red splotch, the next a blue. Soon office sports were making side



bets on what color would appear at each swat, and it wasn't until the whole flock had been annihilated that somebody wondered how to account for the phenomenon. Final conclusion of a scientific subcommittee detailed to investigate: the flies must have been thirsty and the only place to drink was a battery of three open inkwells — green, red and blue.

\* \* \*

Late-late tourist note from far-far Yukon. A native son was standing admiring a rainbow high over the main street of Whitehorse when a lady visitor marched up and demanded, "Is that the northern lights?"

\* \* \*

There's a workman on a mine construction job at Thompson, Man., who has toasted sandwiches for lunch on the job. His wife packs the sandwiches in his lunch box and he toasts them, come noon, with his blowtorch.

\* \* \*

A poor fellow in Penticton, B.C., shoved a quarter in the slot of a post office vending contraption and it not only didn't issue him any stamps — when he poked in a finger to try to find them the monster grabbed and held on tight. The postal staff had to soap his finger before the machine would let go, and then with profuse apologies they gave him his book of stamps. After the flustered citizen mailed his letter and departed it was discovered that in his confusion he'd put on only a one-cent stamp, but nobody had the heart to call him back. So four posties chipped in a penny each and sent the letter on its troubled way.

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